

# THE GRAPHIC

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WITH TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS:  
"The Opening of the Coaching Season" & "The Eruptions  
in the West Indies"

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On the arrival of the King at Temple Bar, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, who had been waiting there to receive his Majesty, advanced bareheaded to the Royal carriage. The Lord Mayor held on the palms of his hand the ancient City Sword and offered it to the King, saying: "I surrender to your Majesty

the sword of the City, and in the name of your loyal subjects, the citizens of London, bid you welcome." His Majesty touched the sword without taking it, and briefly thanked the Lord Mayor, who thereupon retired, and the ceremony was over.

THE THANKSGIVING FOR PEACE: THE KING RECEIVING THE CITY'S HOMAGE ON HIS WAY TO ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

DRAWN BY W. BATHERELL, R.L.

## Topics of the Week

### The Dawn of Better Days

THE new era in South Africa has commenced well. Nothing could be more auspicious than the spirit manifested on both sides during the formalities by which the close of hostilities has been consecrated. The prophets of evil, who have been foretelling an ineradicable racial bitterness, culminating in what they call "a new Ireland," as the result of the war, have as yet found no justification for their dyspeptic croakings. This is all the more gratifying, seeing that if there was to be bitterness it was more likely to have manifested itself at the moment when the sense of failure and humiliation was keenest than later on, when the permanence of the new conditions had been realised. The great difficulty which was anticipated in the work of pacification was that the sullenness of the vanquished might fix a gulf of suspicion and dislike between themselves and their conquerors which would take years to bridge over. Had there been this spirit the best treatment in the world would have been accepted without gratitude or appreciation. It might even have been regarded as a fresh sign of weakness. As it is, it seems clear that the Boers have confidence in us and that it will not be altogether their fault if, in the future, they do not work cordially with us, to make the new régime a success. It is always difficult to gauge accurately the Boer psychology, but we imagine that the real explanation of the strange enthusiasm with which our enemies of yesterday have surrendered to Lord Kitchener is not merely that they are sick of the war, but that as "first-class fighting men" they are glad to clasp hands and recognise kinship with a people whom they had long misunderstood and whom at last they have learnt to respect and like. And for this reason—making all necessary reservation for the unconventional workings of the Boer mind—we venture to think that the reconciliation which was manifested so strikingly at Vereeniging, and which has been since illustrated at so many surrender ceremonies, is likely to prove permanent. The Boer is a person of singularly obstinate convictions. Majuba convinced him that the *Koornik* was a negligible quantity, and that the British people had little strength of will and no stomach for hard fighting. He naturally resented the idea of being more or less subject to such a people, and for eighteen years he watched for an opportunity of driving them into the sea, with the absolute certainty that he could do it whenever he pleased. It has taken two and three-quarter years of the hardest fighting to convince him of his error; but that he is now convinced of it there can be no doubt. We imagine that his conversion will be persisted in with as much stolid persistency as the delusion by which he was formerly possessed. Great Britain has taken from him his political independence by means which he was powerless to resist and which his race will perhaps never be able to struggle against successfully. He has digested this fact, and he is not likely to be led away from it. In a word, he has accommodated himself to the inevitable, and he has done this all the more gladly because he has found out that his new masters are, after all, not "a bad sort," and that the new conditions of life they offer him will be at least as generous as those he enjoyed under the old Republic and perhaps a little more respectable and dignified. Some of the more imaginative among them already realise that in being defeated they have not become in any sense a subject race, but rather partners in a very great heritage of Empire. We may see this in the remarkable appeals for peace and concord and loyalty which Mr. Schalk Burger has addressed to his people. When the rank and file of the old commandoes also realise this we shall see the dawn of that "larger patriotism" of which Lord Milner spoke so eloquently the other day.

### The Liberal Party

THE whole-hearted manner in which the Boers have accepted the new situation established by the peace of Vereeniging has placed the Liberal party in England in an awkward position. The pro-Boers can hardly continue to be more zealous for Boer independence than the Boers are themselves. The Liberal Imperialists, on the other hand, are obliged to recognise that their favourite suggestions for the ending of the war—such as a meeting at a stray inn—were either superfluous or worse. The Government have steadily pursued the policy which they laid down for themselves, and they have pursued it with success. In face of that success, the Liberals are driven back upon gloomy prophecies such as those made by Mr. Morley at Edinburgh. Probably Mr. Morley would have struck a still more gloomy note if he had been aware of the comments that are being made upon pro-Boer politicians by the Boers who have at last surrendered after making such a splendid fight. They have no grudge against

Mr. Chamberlain, but they have a very bitter grudge against Mr. Chamberlain's enemies here, who, to gratify their political animosities, encouraged the Boers to carry on a hopeless war. Apart, however, from the advantage which the Government derives from the establishment of peace, the Liberals are in a better position than they were. The Education Bill and the Corn Tax have given them a rallying cry which they have long been wanting. An Opposition can, in fact, only exist by opposing, and for many years past there has been no proposal made by the Government which the Liberals could unite in zealously condemning. This requisite has at last been provided. The Corn Tax has aroused much of the dormant Liberalism in the country, and Liberal politicians of every section have seen the advantage to be derived from the cry that the Government is taxing the food of the people. The Education Bill in the same way revives the memories of old struggles for the establishment of religious liberty, for it suggests that an advantage is to be given to particular sects at the expense of the general taxpayer, or of the general ratepayer, as the case may be. The Education Bill is also strongly opposed on purely educational grounds by the supporters of School Boards, who are by no means an unimportant body in many towns. The coalescence of these different forces has given to the Liberals a cohesion and a growing sense of power that they have not known for a long time past. It may be added that this improvement in the Liberal position is not altogether a disadvantage to the Conservatives, for every political party is strengthened by the necessity of meeting active opposition.

### The Training of Our Officers

ARMY reformers—and, indeed, the nation at large—are deeply indebted to the Military Education Committee for speaking so plainly on the imperfections of our present system of training officers. Whether the remedies suggested may not be, in some instances, counsels of perfection need not be inquired into for a time. Happily, however, it is quite within the bounds of possibility to place the Royal Military College on a wholly different and infinitely more efficient footing. The Committee's trenchant report brings into vivid light a system which appears to have been expressly devised for implanting idleness in young officers at the very beginning of their professional careers. At Sandhurst, we are told, the students consider it "bad form" to address their minds seriously to hard work. They learn only just enough for the final passing-out examination, a test of ability and industry which has little more than a perfunctory character. The result is that many who, under the stimulus of real competition, passed the entrance examination with flying colours, emerge after completing the College course with every shred of academic distinction gone. Nor does the evil stop there; they carry with them to their regiments the acquired habit of systematic indolence, and are apt to subordinate the acquisition of professional knowledge to the pursuit of pleasure after their own liking.

### Hospital Sunday

SOME time back a loyal subject of King Edward desired to learn what sort of Coronation gift His Sovereign would like best. The Royal reply left the choice open to every individual, as any expressed preference might have provoked controversy. Happily, there is no reason of that kind to restrain us from urging that it would be impossible to cause His Majesty greater gratification than by largely increasing the annual Hospital Sunday collection. This, be it remembered, stands altogether apart from the Coronation Gift and from the Special Fund which the King brought into being long before he ascended the Throne. All these have, it is true, the same object—the relief of human suffering among five or six millions of people, crowded together in the greatest hive of industry in the world. But in their operation, each is intended to be supplementary to the others; while there is neither rivalry nor antagonism between them, any deficiency of public support for one or the other necessarily clogs the machinery as a whole. In the case of the wealthier classes, liberal support should be accorded to all three; but many of His Majesty's lieges, who are not in a position to do that, might, at all events, double the amounts they have been accustomed to give to the Mother Fund, as a grateful tender of homage at the crowning of King Edward VII.

### "ENGLAND AGAINST AUSTRALIA"

is the title of an Extremely Interesting Cricket Article in This Week's

### GOLDEN PENNY.

Illustrated by Diagrams showing the International Record of each of our First-class Counties at a glance.

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

IT will be interesting to see the effect of Mr. Yeats's idea of the declamation of verse with a psaltery accompaniment. If his fore-shadowing of the result of his notion should prove to be correct, I am afraid some of the great unread will take a somewhat unfair advantage of the innovation. For we are told, "They will go here and there speaking their verses and their little stories wherever they can find a score or two of poetical-minded people in a big room, or a couple of poetical-minded friends sitting by the hearth, and poets will write their poems and little stories to the confounding of print and paper." This prospect sounds somewhat alarming. The recitation nuisance in private life is bad enough, but if we are likely to have poets with psalteries turned on unexpectedly to declaim their own poems another terror will be added to social life. I believe, in my time, I have tried most musical instruments, from the key-bugle to the kettledrum, but I don't know that I was ever trusted with a psaltery. So I am unable to speak critically of its merits as an accompaniment. My own opinion is that it would not be suitable for every class of poem.

A stirring patriotic composition would require drums and trumpets, a love-song would demand the guitar or the harp, a pastoral lyric should be supported by the oboe or the flageolet, while the ophicleide might give extra value to a drinking ditty. As for a great deal of the so-called poetry of the present day the most fitting accompaniment would be the brassiest of blaring German bands that would effectually prevent you from hearing any of the words. But after all the notion is hardly new—except with regard to the psaltery. For some years past, if I mistake not, Mr. Clifford Harrison, has given us specimens of the highest art of declamation combined with music. I know that I was once very much charmed with his rendering of some of my own lyrics in his especial manner. He seems to have a wonderful power in extracting the very essence of a composition and enshrining it in the most appropriate musical setting. Though not usually in love with my own verses, I know, on the occasion referred to, I was immensely pleased. I shook hands with myself and congratulated myself and went away fancying I was a poet instead of only being a street singer or a lazy minstrel.

Everybody must be gratified at the abandonment of the tax of an extra penny on cheques. It would have been a most annoying impost without the compensating advantages of a large return. It is said, however, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will some day have to level another tax to take the place of the annual sum he expected to receive from the extra burden on cheques, and various suggestions have been made with regard to this matter. It is a strange thing that amid all the schemes that have been offered for consideration, no one has thought of a tax on petroleum. This is well worth thinking of for next year's Budget. A fractional charge per gallon on petroleum would bring in an enormous revenue, and, as a matter of fact, no one would feel it.

In the present day we have improvements in farming and novelties in agricultural schemes and implements that would have mightily astonished those that lived in the days of our grandfathers. Though both manual and animal labour have been to a large extent supplanted by mechanical appliances, I never thought I should have seen the day when the sheep-dog would have been superseded by machinery. Nevertheless, I found this to be the case recently. Passing through a mighty pleasant old-fashioned country town in Gloucestershire the other day, I saw a smart young fellow, with a smart straw hat and a gay ribbon, driving a flock of sheep with a bicycle. He had no dog whatever, but he was very expert at his business. He kept the sheep in their places by a series of sharp yelps, and his activity when any of them went down a side street or into a linen-draper's shop was most surprising. The manner in which he headed them with his cycle and jumped off quickly when they occasionally got out of hand was highly creditable, and the way in which he fell down suddenly in the middle of the flock and rolled merrily in the road, as if it didn't matter, but was all naturally included in the day's work, was worthy of all praise. For my own part, however, I should prefer the old-fashioned method of sheep-driving—when you can walk quietly along, endeavour to look pastoral and picturesque, while the dog does all the work, barking included.

When I was a boy, I can remember, anyone who dreamed of converting a gilt into cash—unless he were in necessitous circumstances—was looked upon as a person who would use somebody else's visiting card unauthorised, or would pocket your spoons or counterfeit your signature if he had the chance. But the code of manners has altered considerably since the period to which I allude, and nowadays it would appear that the selling of presents is quite a common occurrence. Otherwise how would you account for the frequency with which you see presentation volumes in the catalogues of second-hand booksellers? This, too, when the donors and the donees are still living, and the latter, to all appearance, in flourishing circumstances. If the latter have no feeling on the matter you would think they might at least have the decency to remove the presentation inscription. But why should they? They are well aware that the aforesaid inscription adds to the value of the book, and to make an extra two or three shillings out of your friends, when you can, is quite in harmony with the manners of to-day. This kind of thing is, however, not entirely confined to books. You see most astonishing things in the same line with regard to presentation pictures and sketches at the various sale-rooms, and the more celebrated the artist is, the more determined his so-called friends seem to be to make money out of him. Fine-art dealers and second-hand booksellers could, I fancy, tell you some strange stories with regard to this matter, were they so minded.

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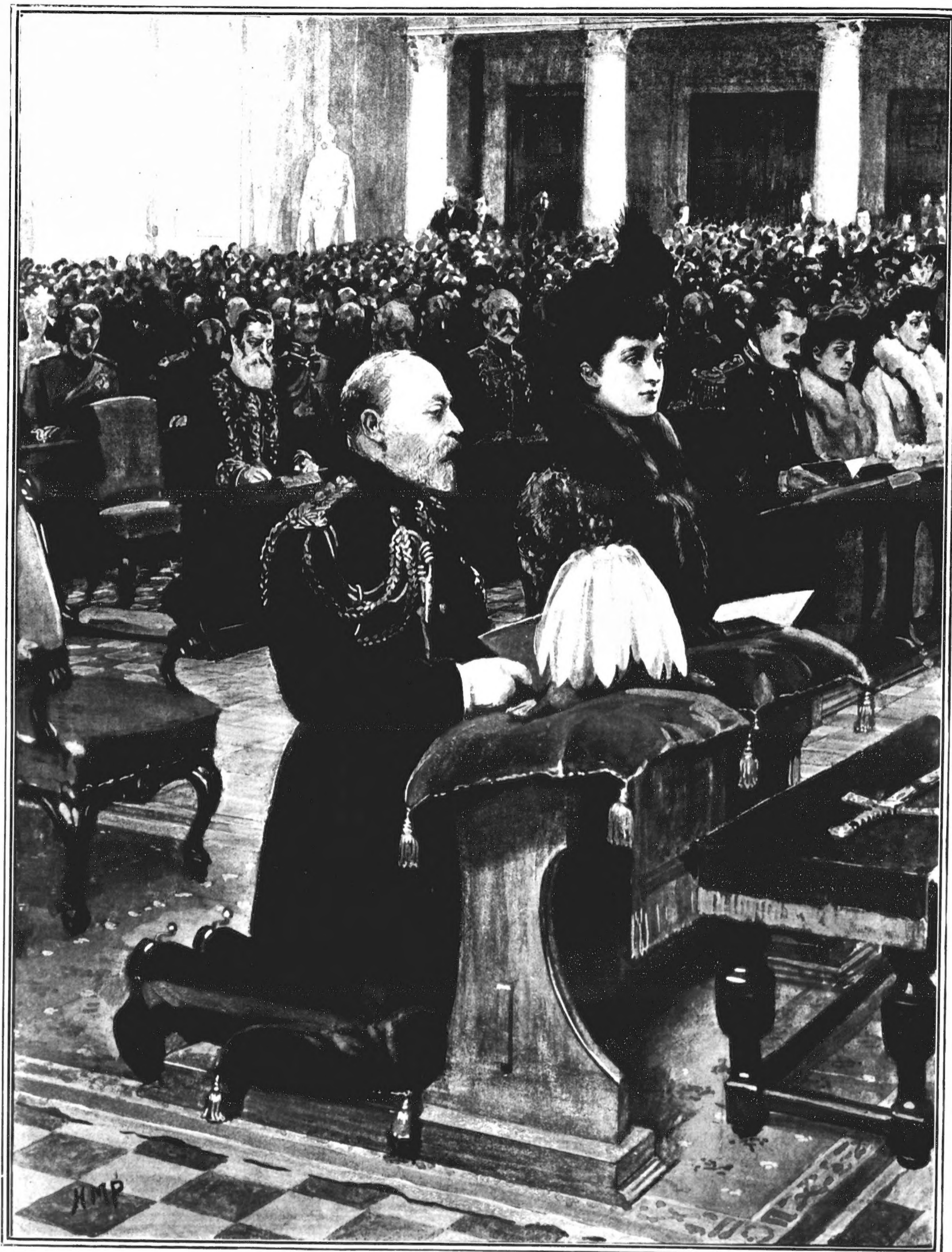
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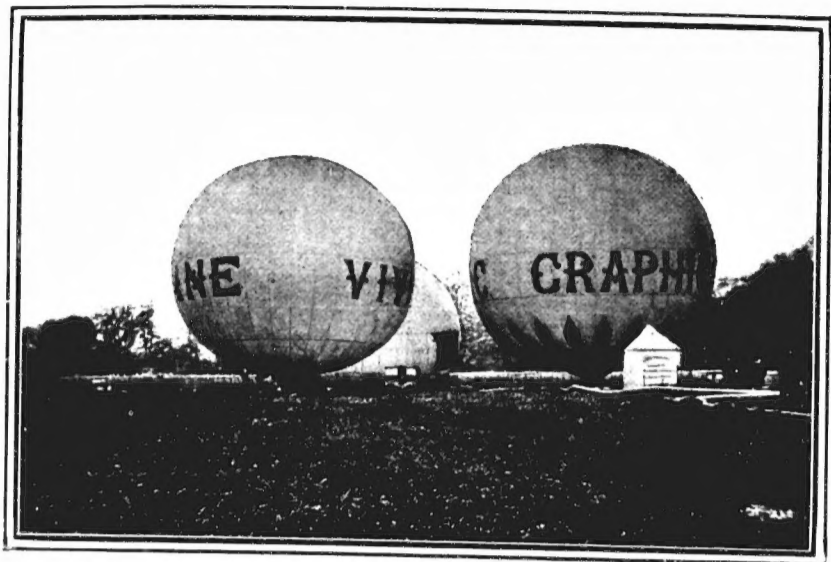
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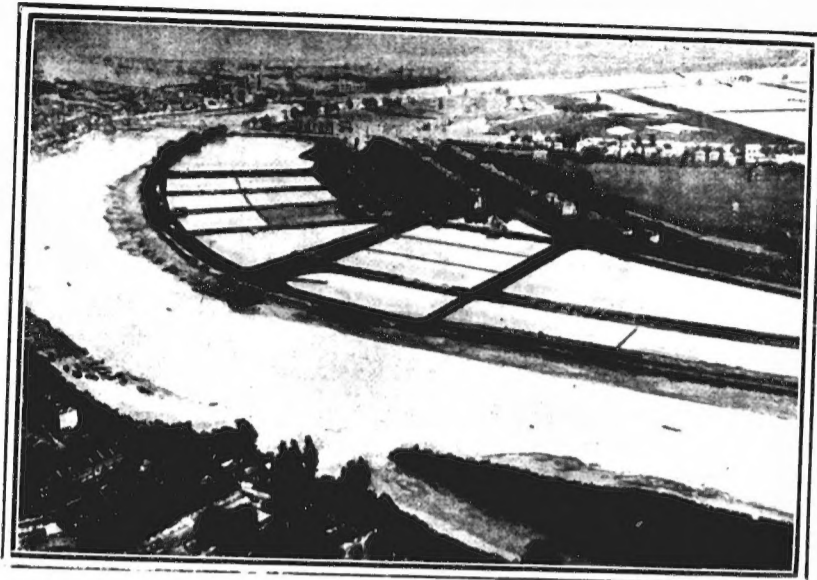


THE THANKSGIVING FOR PEACE: THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE SERVICE IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

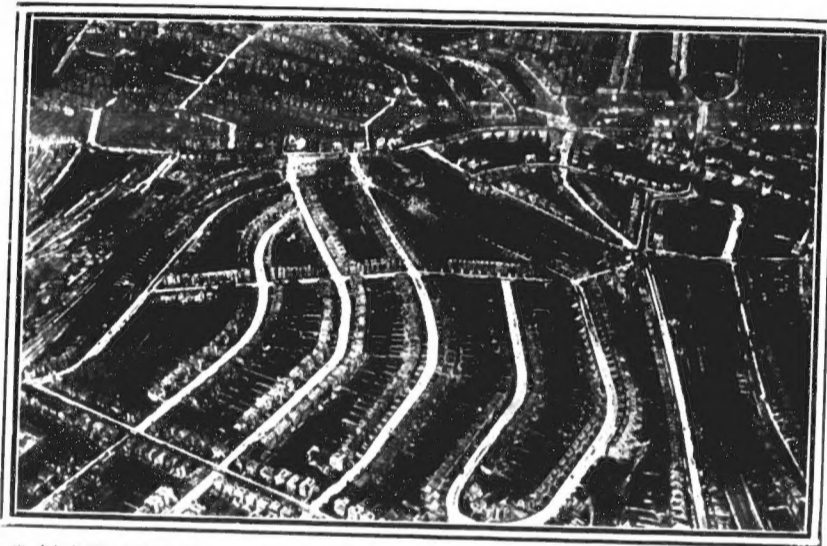
DRAWN BY H. M. PAGE



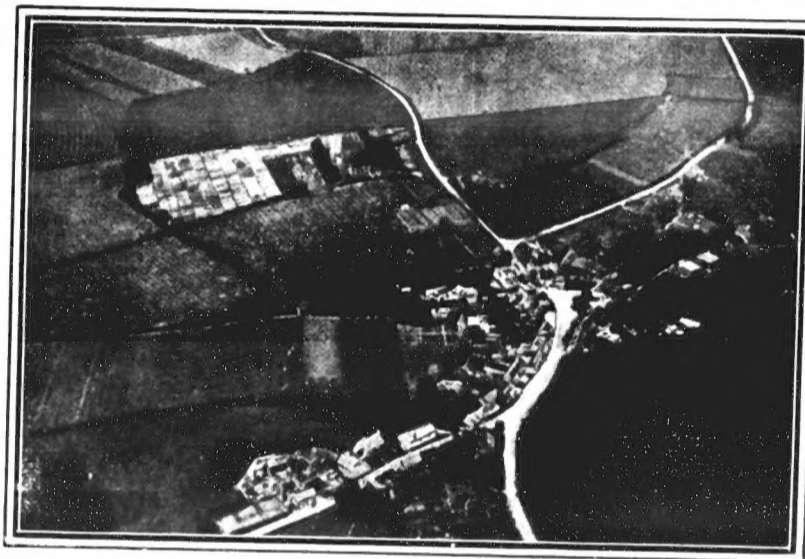
PREPARING FOR THE START



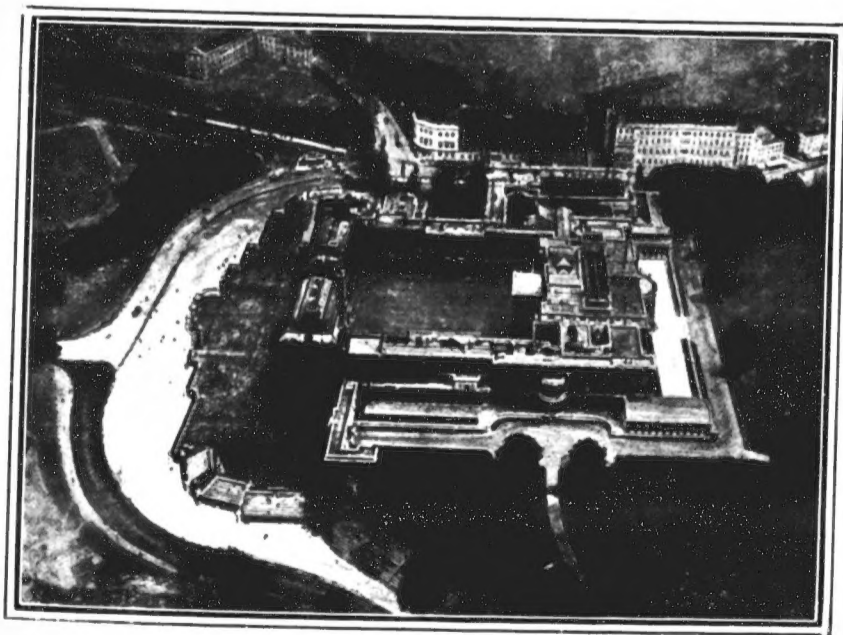
THE THAMES: HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE AND THE RESERVOIRS



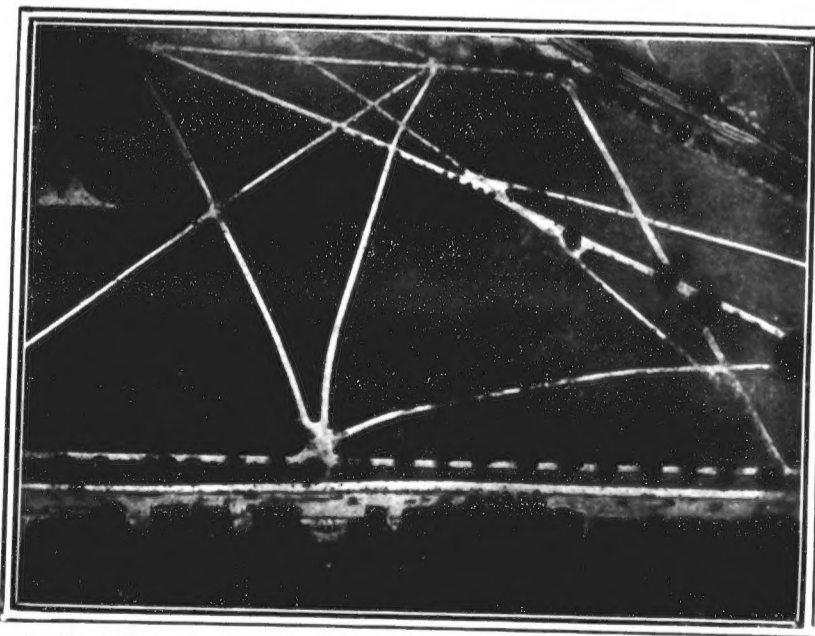
St. John's Wood District from an altitude of 1,500ft. The London and North-Western Railway at London Road Station may be noticed  
THE NORTHERN SUBURBS



A snapshot of the Garden of England from a height of 2,000ft. showing Igham village  
A KENTISH VIEW



Buckingham Palace from an altitude of 500 ft.  
A GLIMPSE AT ROYALTY



Piccadilly from a thousand feet high, showing the Green Park with its intersecting footpaths, band enclosure, and trees  
OVER THE WEST END

A JOURNEY IN THE AIR: LONDON AS PHOTOGRAPHED FROM "THE GRAPHIC" BALLOON



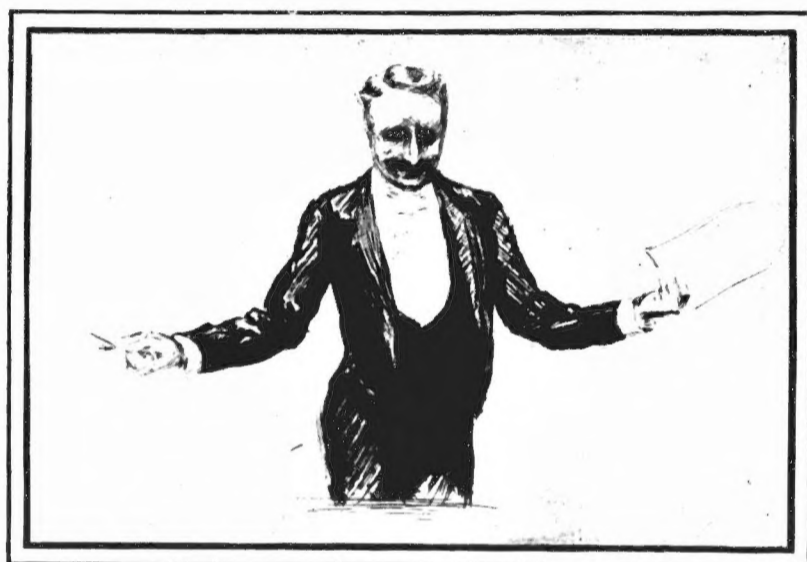
BEFORE THE SITTING



"MESSIEURS, THE SITTING IS OPEN"



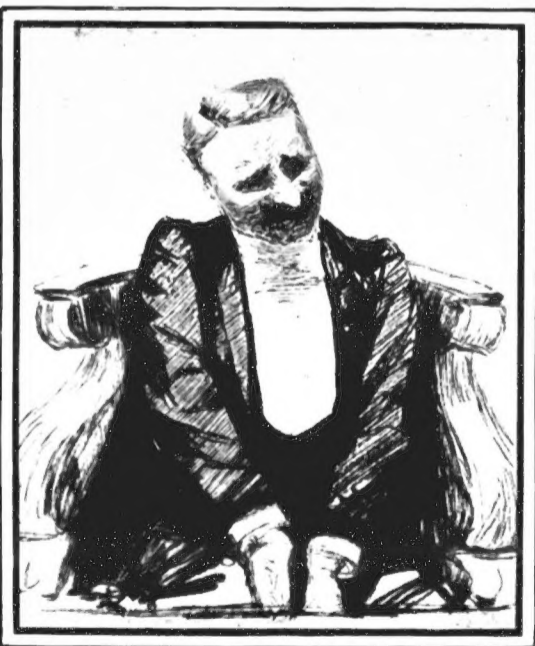
"ORDER, MONSIEUR COUTANT, ORDER!"



"WELL, GENTLEMEN—"



"I HAVE RECEIVED THREE MOTIONS"



"PLEASE DON'T INTERRUPT THE SPEAKER"

"YOU CAN SURELY LISTEN IN PATIENCE TO AN INTERPELLATION  
ON TUBERCULOSIS AMONG CATTLE"

"I BEG TO CALL ON THE PRIME MINISTER"

The election of M. Léon Bourgeois to the Presidency of the Chamber of Deputies has put an end to M. Paul Deschanel's term of office. His record was, however, a most creditable one, as he occupied the presidential chair for four consecutive years, the second longest since the foundation of the Republic,

being only beaten by the record of seven years established by M. Brisson. And the ex-Premier did not establish this record in a single term, but was twice elected. As M. Deschanel is young there is every chance that he will still further add to his reputation as President.

# PORTRAIT STUDIES OF THE EX-PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY PAUL RENOARD

## Over London in "The Graphic" Balloon

By PERCIVAL SPENCER

THE first of the contemplated series of balloon voyages over London took place some days since. So unsettled had been the weather during the month that it was impossible to determine which of the six stations which had been arranged in a girdle round London would be best to start from. It was not until the day before the ascent that the Welsh Harp, Hendon was decided upon. A north-westerly breeze had set in and this position seemed to most likely assure our being wafted over the great metropolis. As it happened the selection proved satisfactory. To cross London some thousands of feet in the air is always an interesting venture, to do so with a camera enables one to perpetuate the fleeting scenes which so much impress the mind at the moment but which as rapidly fade from memory as they do from view.

The north-west suburbs rapidly approach, and our first picture is secured over Kilburn. Priory Road, with Aberdare Gardens and Goldhurst Terrace, which can be recognised by their peculiar lunular curve, are underneath, and the photograph shows so many roads and turnings that it requires an inhabitant of the district to name them. We had been up a few thousand feet, and are descending, Hyde Park and the Serpentine are underneath, and now we approach Piccadilly. I take another photograph, and whilst passing over we are so low that greetings can be exchanged with a party on the steps of the New Aero Club premises. Hyde Park Corner is to the right, the Green Park and Buckingham Palace in front. It seems as if the Royal residence has attracted the balloon, so a photograph is taken, then lightened of ballast the balloon steadily rises as it sails away over Victoria Station, over the Thames, and past Kennington Oval to the southerly suburbs. The streets below are full of persons always interested in the air craft which pass overhead. We see the folks running to secure our postcards and "messages from the balloon," which flutter prettily earthwards.

We noticed the immense preparations in the form of stands to witness the Coronation procession. The flag which flutters on Buckingham Palace indicates a brisk north-west breeze, and so it proves. We are carried on to Chislehurst in half an hour.

Whilst passing over the Common we permitted our trail rope to touch the ground and entered into conversation with those below. Any attempt to hold the rope failed, we were speeding on and human strength was unavailing. We bade adieu and again soared skywards and passed on to the open country beyond. The balloon meantime had reached its greatest elevation. At a mile and a half high we were in clouds, and upon emerging from them found ourselves over the Kentish fields.

De Wet's Son  
(his Secretary)

Thunisson  
(De Wet's Orderly Officer)

Lieut. Mangles  
(Signalling Officer)

Captain Master  
(D.A.A.G.)



Major-Gen. Wilkinson (Brigade-Major)

General C. de Wet

General E. O. F. Hamilton

Commandant Olivier

Captain Tufnell (A.D.C.)

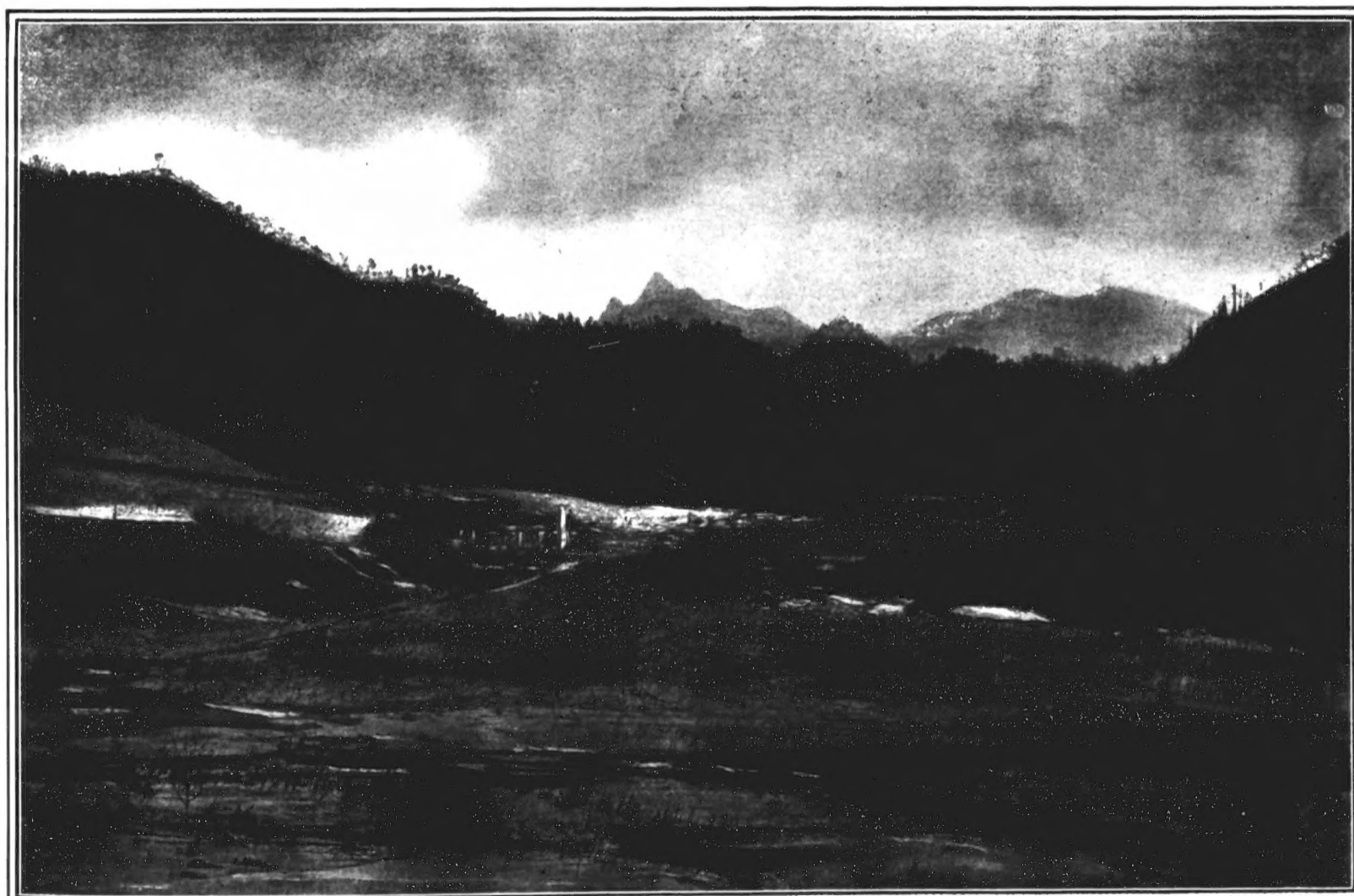
Captain Craig (Intelligence Officer)

This group was taken at Heilbron on April 19. The Boers met there before dispersing again to their separate commands for consultation

THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS: BOER DELEGATES AND BRITISH OFFICERS AT HEILBRON

The fickleness of the weather was now apparent—the wind had completely blown itself out—and we scarcely moved over the ground. The village of Ightam underneath made a nice view and was photographed. Then we peacefully settled into an opening between many orchards, emptied the balloon of its gas, assisted, as usual, by

the whole good-natured population, including the oldest inhabitant and the village constable, and drove away in the vehicle placed at our disposal to Wrotham Station, on the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway, which safely conveyed ourselves and our balloon to London.



The whole of this estate has sunk to a level of about 200 feet, and some portion of it, including labourers' cottages, is covered with lava and many feet of dust. The loss of stock is, of course, considerable. When the photograph was taken there was a haze of smoke over the place.

THE ERUPTION OF LA SOUFRIÈRE, ST. VINCENT: THE RICHMOND SUGAR ESTATE AFTER THE DISASTER



DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER

A Correspondent writes:—"Life in blockhouses in South Africa is at times apt to be a little dull. Most of us perhaps are glad of the rest when we first come and take up our quarters in a blockhouse after a few months' hard trekking, but the life of wearisome monotony soon palls, and trekking seems preferable after a very short time. However, there are blockhouses and blockhouses, and the regiment holding the line of the Mooi River may esteem itself fortunate. The Mooi River (Beautiful River) is a

FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN R. C. OIR

delightful little stream of clear water, very deep, full of fish and covered in places with water-lilies. One of the chief pleasures it affords in the summer, as the days grow gradually hotter, is bathing. Sometimes six or eight officers manage to collect at the favourite bathing-place on the river for a game of water polo, when a football is produced, goal-posts hastily extemporised and the fun is fast and furious."

#### GARRISON LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA: A GAME OF WATER POLO IN THE MOOI RIVER



DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

Everyone is familiar with the Christy Minstrels who frequent the seaside places in the summer months. But these are only artificial "niggers." In Pretoria four enterprising Kaffirs have mastered

FROM A SKETCH BY LIONEL JAMES

the rudiments of civilised music, and every evening, like the singers in Cairo, they perform outside the hotels during the dinner hour—and perform very well, too

#### THE GENUINE ARTICLE: KAFFIR MINSTRELS PERFORMING IN THE STREETS OF PRETORIA



"Both men were on the ground now in the water and the mud."

## THE VULTURES

A STORY OF 1881

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. Illustrated by W. HATHERELL, R.I.

### CHAPTER XXXIV.

#### FOR ANOTHER TIME

THE thaw came that afternoon. Shortly before sunset the rain set in; the persistent, splashing, cold rain that drives northward from the Carpathians. In a few hours the roads would be impassable. The dawn would see the rise of the Vistula; and there are few sights in nature more alarming than the steady rise of a huge river.

There is to this day no paved road across the plain that lies to the south of Warsaw. From the capital to the village of Wilanow there are three roads which are sandy in dry weather, and wet in spring and autumn. During the rains the whole tracks, and not only the ruts, are under water. They are only passable and worthy of the name of road in winter when the sleighs have pressed down a hard and polished track.

[Copyright, 1902, by H. S. Scott, in the United States of America.]

Along the middle road—which is the worst and the least frequented—a number of carts made their way soon after eight o'clock at night. The road is not only unmade, but is neglected and allowed to fall into such deep ruts and puddles as to make it almost impassable. It is bordered on either side by trees and a deep ditch. In the late summer it is used for the transit of the hay, which is grown on the low-lying land. In winter it is the shortest road to Wilanow. In spring and autumn it is not used at all.

It was raining hard now, and the wind hummed drearily through the pollarded trees. Each of the four carts was dragged by three horses, harnessed abreast in the Russian fashion. They were the ordinary hay-carts of the country, to be encountered at any time on the more frequented road nearer to the hills, carrying produce to the city. The carts were going towards the city now, but they were empty.

Fifty yards in front of the caravan a man splashed along through the standing water, his head bent to the rain. It was Kosmaroff. He was in his working clothes, and the rain had glued his garments to his spare limbs. He walked with long strides, heedless of where he set his feet. He had reached that stage of wetness where whole water could scarcely have made him wetter. Or else he had such business in hand that mere outward things were of no account. Every now and then, he turned his head half impatiently to make sure that the carts were following him. The wheels made no sound on the wet sand, but the heavy woodwork of the carts groaned and creaked as they rolled clumsily in the deep ruts.

At the cross ways, where the shorter runs at right angles into the larger Wilanow road, Kosmaroff found a man waiting for him, on horseback, under the shadow of the trees, which are larger here. The horseman was riding slowly towards him from the town, and led a spare horse.

He was in a rough peasant's overcoat of a dirty white cloth, drawn in at the waist, and split from heel to band, for use in the saddle. They wear such coats still in Poland and Galicia.

Kosmaroff gave a little cough. There is nothing so unmistakable as a man's trick of coughing. The horseman pulled up at once.

"You are punctual," he said. "I was nearly asleep in the saddle."

And the voice was that of Prince Martin Bukaty. He had another coat such as he was wearing thrown across the saddle in front of him, and he leant forward to hand it down to Kosmaroff.

"You are not cold?" he asked.

"No, I feel as if I should never be cold again."

"That is good. Put on your coat, quickly. You must not catch a chill. You must take care of yourself."

"So must you," answered Kosmaroff, with a little laugh.

Though one was dark and the other fair, there was a subtle resemblance between these two men which lay, perhaps, more in gesture and limb than in face. There also existed between them a certain sympathy which the French call "camaraderie," which was not the outcome of a long friendship. Far back in the days of Poland's greatness they must have had a common ancestor. In the age of chivalry, some dark, spare knight, with royal blood in his veins, had, perhaps, fallen in love with one of the fair Bukatys, whose women had always been beautiful, and their men always reckless.

Kosmaroff climbed into the saddle, and they stood side by side, waiting for the carts to come up. Martin's horse began to whinney at the sound of approaching hoofs, when its rider leant forward in the saddle, and struck it fiercely on the side of its great Roman nose, which sounded hollow, like a drum.

"I suppose you had little sleep last night," said Kosmaroff, when Martin yawned, with his face turned up to the black sky.

"I had none."

"Nor I," said Kosmaroff. "We may get some—tomorrow."

The carts now came up. Each team had two drivers; one walking at either side.

"You know what to do," said Martin, to these in turn. "Come to the iron foundry, where you will find us waiting for you. When you are laden you are to go straight back as quickly as you can by this same road to the military earthworks, where you will find our friends drawn up in line. You are to turn to the left, down the road running towards the river on this side of the fortifications, and pass slowly down the line, dropping your load as directed by those who will meet you there. If you are stopped on the road by the police or a patrol, who insist on seeing what you have in your carts, you must be civil to them, and show them; and while they are looking into your carts, you must kill them quietly with the knife."

The drivers seemed to have heard these instructions before; for they merely nodded, and made no comment. One of them gave a low laugh, and that was all. He appeared to be an old man with a white beard, and had perhaps waited a long time for this moment. There was a wealth of promise in his curt hilarity.

Then Martin and Kosmaroff turned and rode on towards Warsaw at a trot. Before long they wheeled to the right, quitting the highway and taking to the quieter Czerniakowska, that wide and deserted road which runs by the river side, skirting the high land now converted into a public pleasure ground, under the name of the Lazienki Park.

In the daytime the Czerniakowska is only used by the sand-carts, and the workmen going to and from the manufacturing. To-night, in the pouring rain, no one passed that way.

Before the iron foundry is reached, the road narrows somewhat, and is bounded on either side by a high stone wall. On the left are the lower lands of the Lazienki Park; the yards and store-houses of the iron foundry are on the right.

At the point where the road narrows, Kosmaroff suddenly reined in his horse, and leaning forward, peered into the darkness. There are no lamps at the farther end of the Czerniakowska.

"What is it?" asked Martin.

"I thought I saw a glint under that wall," answered Kosmaroff. "There—there it is again. Steel. There is someone there. It is the gleam of those distant lights on a bayonet."

"Then let us go forward," said Martin, "and see who it is."

And he urged his horse, which seemed tired, and carried its head low, beneath the rain. They had not gone ten paces, when a rough voice called out:—

"Who goes there?"

"Who goes there?" echoed Martin. "But this is a high road." And he moved nearer to the wall. The man stepped from the shadow, and his bayonet gleamed again.

"No matter," he said, "you cannot pass this way."

"But, my friend—," began Martin, with a protesting laugh. But he never finished the sentence; for Kosmaroff had slipped out of the saddle on the far side, and interrupted him by pushing the bridle into his hand. Then the ex-Cossack ran round at the back of the horses.

The soldier gave a sharp exclamation of surprise, and the next moment his rifle rattled down against the wall. Both men were on the ground now in the water and the mud. There came to Martin's ears the sound of hard breathing, and some muttered words of anger; then a sharp cough, which was not Kosmaroff's cough.

After an instance of dead silence, Kosmaroff rose to his feet.

"First blood," he said, breathlessly. He went to his horse, and wiped his hands upon its mane.

"Bah!" he exclaimed, "how he smelt of bad cigarettes."

Martin was leaning in the saddle, looking down at the dark form in the mud.

"Oh! he is dead enough," said Kosmaroff. "I broke his neck. Did you not hear it go?"

"Yes—I heard it. But what was he doing here?"

"That is yet to be found out," was the reply, in a sharp, strained voice. "This is Cartener's work."

"I doubt it," whispered Martin. And yet in his heart he could scarcely doubt it at that moment. Nothing was farther from his recollection than the note he had given to Netty in the Saski Gardens ten hours ago.

"What does it mean?" he asked, with a sudden despair in his voice. He had always been lucky and successful.

"It means," answered the man, who had never been either, "that the place is surrounded, of course. They have got the arms, and we have failed—this time. Take the horses back towards the barracks—and wait for me, where the water is across the road. I will go forward on foot, and make sure. If I do not return in twenty minutes it will mean that they have taken me."

As he spoke he took off his white overcoat, which was all grey and bespattered with mud, and threw it across the saddle. His working clothes were sombre and dirty. He was almost invisible in the darkness.

"Wait a moment," he said. "I will get over the wall here. Bring your horse against the wall."

Martin did so, avoiding the body of the sentry which lay stretched across the footpath. The wall was eighteen feet high.

"Stand in your stirrups," said Kosmaroff, "and hold one arm up rigid against the wall."

He was already standing on the broad back of the charger, steadying himself by a firm grip of Martin's collar. He climbed higher standing on Martin's shoulders, and steadying himself against the wall.

"Are you ready—I am going to spring."

He placed the middle of his foot in Martin's up-stretched palm, gave a light spring, and a scramble, and reached the summit of the wall. Martin could perceive him for a moment against the sky.

"All right," he whispered, and disappeared.

Martin had not returned many yards along the road they had come, when he heard pattering steps in the mud behind him. It was Kosmaroff, breathless.

"Quick!" he whispered, "Quick!"

And he scrambled into the saddle, while the horse was still moving. He was, it must be remembered, a trained soldier. He led the way at a gallop, stooping in the saddle to secure the swinging stirrups. Martin had to use his spurs to bring his horse alongside. Shoulder to shoulder they splashed on in the darkness.

"I went right in," gasped Kosmaroff. "The arms are gone. The place is full of men. There is a Sotnia drawn up in the yard itself. It is an ambushade. We have failed—failed—this time!"

"We must stop the carts, and then ride on, and disperse the men," said Martin. "We may do it. We may succeed. It is a good night for such work."

Kosmaroff gave a short, despairing laugh.

"Ah!" he said. "You are full of hope—you."

"Yes—I am full of hope—still," answered Martin. He had more to lose than his companion. But he had also less to gain.

They rode hard until they met the carts, and turned them back. So far as these were concerned, there was little danger in going away empty from the city.

Then the two horsemen rode on in silence. They were far out in the marsh lands, before Kosmaroff spoke.

"I am sure," he then said, "that I was seen as I climbed back over the wall. I heard a stir among the rifles. But they could not recognise me. It is just possible that I may not be suspected. For you it is different. If they knew where the arms were stored, they must also know who procured them. You will never be able to show yourself in Warsaw again."

"I may be able to make myself more dangerous elsewhere," said Martin, with a laugh.

"I do not know," went on Kosmaroff, "if they will have arrested your father and sister; but I am quite sure that they will be in the palace now awaiting your return there. We must get away to-night."

"Oh!" answered Martin, gaily. "It does not matter much about that. What I am thinking of are these four thousand men waiting out here in the rain. How are we to get them to their homes in Warsaw?"

And Kosmaroff had no answer to this question.

Beneath the trees on the low, wet land inside the fortifications, they found their men drawn up in a double line. There were evidences of military organisation and training in their bearing and formation. If the arms had been forthcoming, these would have been dangerous soldiers; for they were desperate men, and had each in his heart a grievance to be wiped out. They were only the nucleus of a great rising, organised carefully and systematically; the brand to be thrown amidst the straw. They were to surprise and hold the two strongholds in Warsaw, while the whole country was set in a blaze, while the foreign Powers and the parties to the treaty which Russia had systematically broken, were appealed to and urged to assist. It was a wild scheme, but not half so wild as many that have succeeded.

The four thousand heroically waiting the word that was to send them on their forlorn hope, heard the news in silence, and all silently moved away.

"It is for another time—it is for another time!" said Kosmaroff and Martin repeatedly and confidently, as the men moved past them in the darkness.

In Warsaw there was a queer silence, and every door was shut. The streets had been quite deserted, and they were now full of soldiers, who, at a given word, had moved out from the barracks to line the streets.

At midnight they were still at their posts, when the first stragglers came in from the South, silent, mud-bespattered, bedraggled men, who shuffled along in their dripping clothes in the middle of the street in groups of two and three. They hung their heads, and crept to their homes. And the conquerors watched them without sympathy; without anger.

It was a miserable fiasco.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### ACROSS THE FRONTIER

Those who listened at their open windows that night for the sound of firing, heard it not. They heard, perhaps, the tread of slipshod feet hurrying homewards. They could scarcely fail to hear the Vistula grunting and grumbling in its new found strength. For the ice was moving, and the water rising. The long sleep of winter was over, and down the great length of the river that touches three Empires, men must needs be on the alert night and day.

Between the piers of the bridge the ice had become blocked, and the large flat floes sweeping down on the current were pushing, hustling and climbing on each other with grunts and squeaks as if they had been endowed with some low form of animal life. The rain did not cease at midnight, but the clouds lifted a little, and the night was less dark. The moon above the clouds was almost full.

"There is only one chance of escape," Kosmaroff had said, "the river. Meet me on the steps at the bottom of the Bednarska at half-past twelve. I will get a boat. Have you money?"

"I have a few roubles—I never had many," answered Martin.

"Get more if you can—get some food if you can—a bottle of vodka may make the difference between life and death. Keep your coat."

And they parted hurriedly on the hill where the road rises towards the Mokotow. Kosmaroff turned to the right, and went to the river, where he earned his daily bread, where his friends eked out their toilsome lives. Martin joined the silent, detached groups hurrying towards the city. He passed down the whole length of the Marszałkowska with the others slouching along the middle of the street beneath the gaze of the soldiers, brushing past the horses of the Cossacks stationed at the street corners. And he was allowed to pass, unrecognised.

A group of officers stood in the wide road opposite to the railway station, muffled in their large cloaks. They were talking together in a low voice. One of them gave a laugh as Martin passed. He recognised the voice as that of a friend; a young Cossack officer who had lunched with him two days earlier.

Soon after midnight he made his way down the steep Bednarska. He had found out that the Bukaty Palace was surrounded; had seen the light filtering through the dripping panes of the green-house. His father was probably sitting in the great drawing-room alone, before the wood-fire, meditating over the failure which he must have realised by now from a note hurriedly sent by one of the few servants whom they could trust. Martin knew that Wanda had gone. He also knew the address that would find her. This was one of a hundred details to which the Prince himself had attended. He had been a skilled organiser in the days when he had poured arms and ammunition into Poland across the Austrian frontier, and his hand had not lost its cunning. All Poland was seamed by channels through which information could be poured at any moment day or night, just as water is distributed over the land of an irrigated farm.

Martin had procured money. He carried some large round loaves of grey bread under his arm. The neck of a bottle protruded from the pocket of his coat. Among the lower streets near the river these burdens were more likely to allay than to arouse suspicion.

Between the Bednarska and the bridge which towers above the low-roofed houses fifty yards farther down the river are the landing-stages for the steamers that ply in summer. There is a public bath, and at one end of this floating erection a landing-stage for smaller boats, where as often as not Kosmaroff found work. It was to this landing-stage that Martin directed his steps. In summer there were usually workers and watchers here night and day; for the traffic of a great river never ceases, and those whose daily bread is wrested from wind, water and tide must get their sleep when they can.

To-night there were a few men standing at the foot of the street where the steps are; river workers who had property afloat and imprisoned by the ice, dwellers perhaps, in those cheap houses beneath the bridge which are now gradually falling under the builder's hammer, who took a sleepless interest in the prospects of a flood.

Martin went out on to the landing-stage, and looked about him as if he also had a stake in this, one of Nature's great lotteries. There he had a fit of coughing, such as any man might have on such a night, and at the most

deadly time of the year. He waited ten minutes, perhaps, coughing at intervals, and at length Kosmaroff came to him, not from the land, but across the moving floes from the direction of the bridge.

"The water is running freely," he said, "through the middle arch. I have a boat out there on the ice. Come!"

And he took the bread from Martin's arms, and led the way on to the river that he knew so well in all its varying moods. The boat was lying on the ice a few yards above the massive pier of the bridge, almost at the edge of the water which could be heard gurgling and lapping as it flowed towards the sea with its burden of snow and ice. It was so dark that Martin stumbling over the chaos of ice, fell against the boat before he saw it. It was one of the rough punts of a primordial simplicity of build used by the sand workers of the Vistula.

Kosmaroff gave his orders shortly and sharply. He was at home on the unstable surface, which was half water, half ice. He was commander now, and spoke without haste or hesitation.

"Help me," he said, "to carry her to the edge, but do not stand upright. We can easily get away unseen, and you may be sure that no one will come out on to the ice to look for us. We must be twenty miles away before dawn."

The boat was a heavy one, and they stumbled and fell several times; for there was no foothold, and both were lightly made men. At last they reached the running water and cautiously launched into it.

"We must lie down in the bottom of the boat," said Kosmaroff, "and take our chance of being crushed until we are past the citadel."

As he spoke they shot under the bridge. Above them, to the left, towered the terrace of the castle, and the square face of that great building which has seen so many vicissitudes. Every window was alight. For the castle is

## The Theatres

BY W. MOY THOMAS

### "THE BISHOP'S MOVE"

THERE is no strong conflict of passion in *The Bishop's Move*, by John Oliver Hobbes and Mr. Murray Carson, and if there were any persons among the audience at the GARRICK Theatre on Saturday evening who were craving for fierce excitement they were certainly doomed to disappointment. It is only a story of a wise and tender-hearted bishop, who applies his good offices and his natural tact and talent for diplomacy to the task of reuniting a couple of young lovers, temporarily estranged through the young man's weak habit of philandering with a witty and beautiful Duchess. But the principal characters are drawn with a subtlety and a delicacy of handling which are not common gifts, and the dialogue, though never dull or diffuse, is free from all straining after epigrams. To this is to be added that, although for some unexplained reason, the production had been reserved for what was practically the last night of the season, and was, therefore, foredoomed—at least, for the present—to be limited to a run of one night only, the play had been most carefully rehearsed and was throughout admirably acted. Mr. Bouchier's Ambrose, Bishop of Rance (the action is supposed to pass near Dinan, in Brittany, in these days) is a highly finished and essentially pleasing performance. As for Miss Violet Vanbrugh's Duchess of Quenten, it would be difficult to suggest any detail in which the portrait might be improved. The profits of the evening were devoted to the Queen Alexandra Fund for Soldiers and Sailors, and a preliminary concert was varied by the introduction of an Ode to Queen Alexandra, written by Mr. Owen Seaman and since published in *Punch*, which was delivered from the stage by Sir Squire Bancroft.

### "FRANCESCA DA RIMINI"

Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Paolo and Francesca* did serious injury to the poetical story of the two lovers as we know it in the

The comedy, rearranged in three acts, is beautifully mounted, and the whole performance is characterised by taste and judgment.

## Our Portraits

THE Hon. Michael Henry Herbert, C.B., who succeeds the late Lord Pauncefoot as British Ambassador at Washington, has had a long experience of American diplomacy, and for several years was the right hand of the late Ambassador. His succession to Lord Pauncefoot has given the greatest satisfaction in official circles in the United States. Mr. Herbert, who will be forty-five years of age in a few days, is a younger son of the late Right Hon. Sydney Herbert, and brother of the Earl of Pembroke. His diplomatic career has extended over just a quarter of a century, during which time he has made hosts of friends in many European capitals. He first appeared in Washington in 1888 with the rank of Second Secretary, and when Lord Sackville received his passports, under painful circumstances, the difficult position of *Chargé d'Affaires* devolved upon him. His courtesy and tact conciliated everybody, and it is chiefly the recollection of his action at this period which has rendered him so popular with the Government in Washington. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Sir William James Richmond Cotton, Chamberlain of the City, was born in 1822. The son of a surveyor, on finishing his education, he entered upon a mercantile career. He first came into public notice as one of the promoters of the London fund for the relief of the sufferers by the Lancashire cotton famine. Owing largely to his exertions a sum of £20,000 was raised, and the cotton operatives subsequently showed their gratitude by subscribing for a memorial window in the Guildhall. In 1866 he was elected an Alderman of the City of London, and he served the office of Sheriff in 1868-9, and Lord Mayor in 1875-6. He represented the City in Parliament from 1874 to 1885, and was a member of the London School Board for the first nine years of its existence. In 1882 he was transferred



THE LATE REV. HENRY LATHAM  
Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge



THE HON. MICHAEL HERBERT, C.B.  
Appointed British Ambassador at Washington



SIR MARTIN GOSSELIN, K.C.M.G.  
Appointed British Minister at Lisbon



MR. L. H. ORMSBY, M.D.  
New President of the Royal College of Surgeons,  
Ireland



THE LATE SIR W. J. RICHMOND COTTON  
Chamberlain of the City of London

used as a barracks now, and the soldiers, having been partially withdrawn from the streets, were going to bed. Soon these lights were left behind, and the outline of the citadel, half buried in trees, could be dimly seen. Then suddenly they left the city behind, and were borne on the breast of the river into the outer darkness beyond.

Kosmaroff sat up.

"Give me a piece of bread," he said. "I am famished."

But he received no answer. Prince Martin was asleep.

The sky was beginning to clear. The storm was over, but the flood had yet to come. The rain must have fallen in the Carpathians, and the Vistula came from those mountains. In twenty-four hours there would be not only ice to fear, but uprooted trees and sawn timber from the mills; here and there a mill-wheel torn from its bearings, now and then a dead horse; a door, perhaps, of a cottage or part of a roof; a few boats; a hundred trophies of the triumph of Nature over man, borne to the distant sea on muddy waters.

Kosmaroff found the bread and tore a piece off. Then he made himself as comfortable as he could in the stern of the boat, using one oar as a rudder. But he could not see much. He could only keep the boat heading down stream and avoid the larger floes. Then—wet, tired out, conscious of failure, sick at heart—he fell asleep too, in the hands of God.

(To be continued)

THE *Grande Semaine*, which began with the Fête des Fleurs last Saturday and finishes on Sunday with the Grand Prix de Paris, has not been favoured by the weather. It cannot be said that actual rain has spoiled the pleasure of the Parisians, but the element of doubt has always been present, which has been just as effectual as active hostilities on the part of the clerk of the weather. When a lady is in doubt as to whether furs or muslins will be worn on the morrow, the triumphs of the Rue de la Paix do not get a chance of showing themselves. And, of course, the great attraction of the great sporting functions like the French Derby, the Grand Steeplechase and the Grand Prix lies in the marvellous scene in the Passage or paddock, and when the dresses are buried under furs and mackintoshes they can be regarded as failures.

immortal pages of Dante—notably by ante-dating the passion of Paolo for his brother's young wife to a period antecedent to the fatal reading of the story of Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere. Mr. Marion Crawford's play, however, in which Madame Sarah Bernhardt made her first appearance in London this season at the GARRICK theatre on Monday night, goes very much further in the same direction, and may be said to have given the final touches to the deposing process which seems to be inseparable from the attempt to transfer this legend from the poem to the stage. Saving a brief prologue, in which Francesca is entrapped into a marriage with the hideously deformed Giovanni Malatesta, in the belief that she is espousing his youthful brother, the play, which occupies some four hours in representation, is but the story of a guilty intrigue between a married woman and her brother-in-law. This is carried on with such stealth and hypocrisy that for fourteen years their stolen interviews and rapturous embraces escape the notice of the husband, and would apparently have continued so to do had not the innocent talk of Francesca's child, fostered by her father's interrogations in the manner of the painful scene in *Pellás et Melisande*, confirmed his tardy suspicions. Regarded as a picturesque melodrama, the play has much to recommend it; but it provides few opportunities for a great tragic actress. Madame Bernhardt delivers her lines (the dialogue, be it noted, is in prose) in those musical tones at once tearful and joyous, which have so often given pleasure to her worshippers, and if the linked sweetness is rather too long drawn out, that is rather the fault of the author and of the tenuity of his theme.

### "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR"

The revival of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, at HER MAJESTY'S Theatre, will take a place among notable events in the annals of the stage, not merely by reason of the distinguished recruits whom Mr. Tree had been able to secure for the occasion, but for the general excellence of the cast. The humour and the gaiety of Mrs. Kendal's Mistress Ford wants, no doubt, something of the delightful unchecked exuberance of Miss Ellen Terry's Mistress Page. Mrs. Kendal's art is not of the kind that conceals itself, but it has a charm of its own, and the differentiation (to borrow from the Evolutionists a rather fine word) of the two wives is in itself a gain to the effect. Mr. Tree's Falstaff is now an old acquaintance, but it has acquired a ripper touch—a higher degree of Rabelaisian exuberance—since it was last seen on the London stage, and it may safely be said that it has not been equalled by any actor who has grappled with the difficulties of this great comic creation within the memory of the living.

to the Aldermanic seat for Bridge Ward Without, and in 1892 he resigned in order to stand for the office of City Chamberlain, to which he was elected. He was knighted in the same year. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

The Rev. Henry Latham, Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, was in his eighty-second year. He was educated at Trinity College, and graduated as eighteenth Wrangler. From 1847 until 1886 he was Tutor of Trinity Hall, and two years after his resignation of that office he succeeded the late Sir Henry Maine as Master. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Mr. Lambert Hepenstal Ormsby, the new President of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, is the second senior surgeon of the Meath Hospital and County Dublin Infirmary, having served on the surgical staff of that charity for upwards of thirty years. He was an articled apprentice of the late Sir George Porter, Bart., and was closely allied with that distinguished surgeon in all his surgical work down to the time of his death. He studied at the Meath Hospital and the School of the Royal College of Surgeons, and filled with credit the several offices of prosecutor to the late Professors Bevan and Morgan, senior demonstrator and surgical teacher, examiner in surgery, and was for the last two years vice-president. Mr. Ormsby is a Graduate in Arts and M.D. of Dublin University, and a member of Senate, Fellow and late member of the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons, and one of the senior surgeons of the Meath Hospital and County Dublin Infirmary. He is a New Zealander by birth, having been born in Auckland, N.Z. Our portrait is by W. Lawrence, Dublin.

Sir Martin Gosselin, the new Minister at Lisbon, has had a distinguished career, a large part of which has been spent in Paris. In 1868 he joined the Diplomatic Service as an Attaché, and his first post abroad was at the Court to which he has now been appointed Minister. From Lisbon he went to Berlin, and thence successively to Copenhagen, St. Petersburg, Rio de Janeiro, Brussels, Madrid, and Paris, where he arrived in 1895 with the rank of Minister Plenipotentiary. He remained in Paris until he was succeeded by Mr. Herbert in 1898. Sir Martin Gosselin was one of the secretaries attached to the staff of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury during the memorable Berlin Congress. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.



THE ROYAL STANDARD, CARRIED BY THE EARL OF HARRINGTON



THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN

those of Ireland and Scotland by Lord Beresford and the Earl of Lauderdale respectively, that of England by Lord Hill, the Union Standard by Earl Harcourt, and the Royal Standard by the Earl of Harrington. Each peer was attended by a page bearing his coronet and was followed by a couple of peers. Thus two dukes (Montrose and Argyll) followed the Royal Standard, two marquesses the Union Standard, two earls the Standard of England, and two viscounts the Standards of Ireland and Scotland. The Royal Standard is an oblong flag bearing the arms of Great Britain and Ireland. The three lions of England in gold appear in a red ground in the first fourth quarter of the flag; the Scottish lion is red on a yellow in the second quarter; and the Irish harp in gold on a blue ground in the third quarter. The English Standard is the Red Cross of St.

### Standards and Other Features of a Coronation Procession

No State procession would be complete without flags and banners, which have from time immemorial formed part of all military and State pageants. Apart from regimental colours belonging to troops on duty, six banners or standards figured in the procession at the Coronation of George IV. Keeping to the order in which they were placed in the procession, we find that the six were as follows:—The Standard of Hanover, the Standards of Ireland and Scotland, carried abreast, so that neither had precedence, the Standard of England, the Union Standard, and the Royal Standard. They were borne by the following noblemen: That of Hanover by the Earl of Mayo,



LORD HOWARD OF EFFINGHAM (KEEPER OF THE PRIVY PURSE) FOLLOWED BY A GENTLEMAN WITH THE PRIVY PURSE

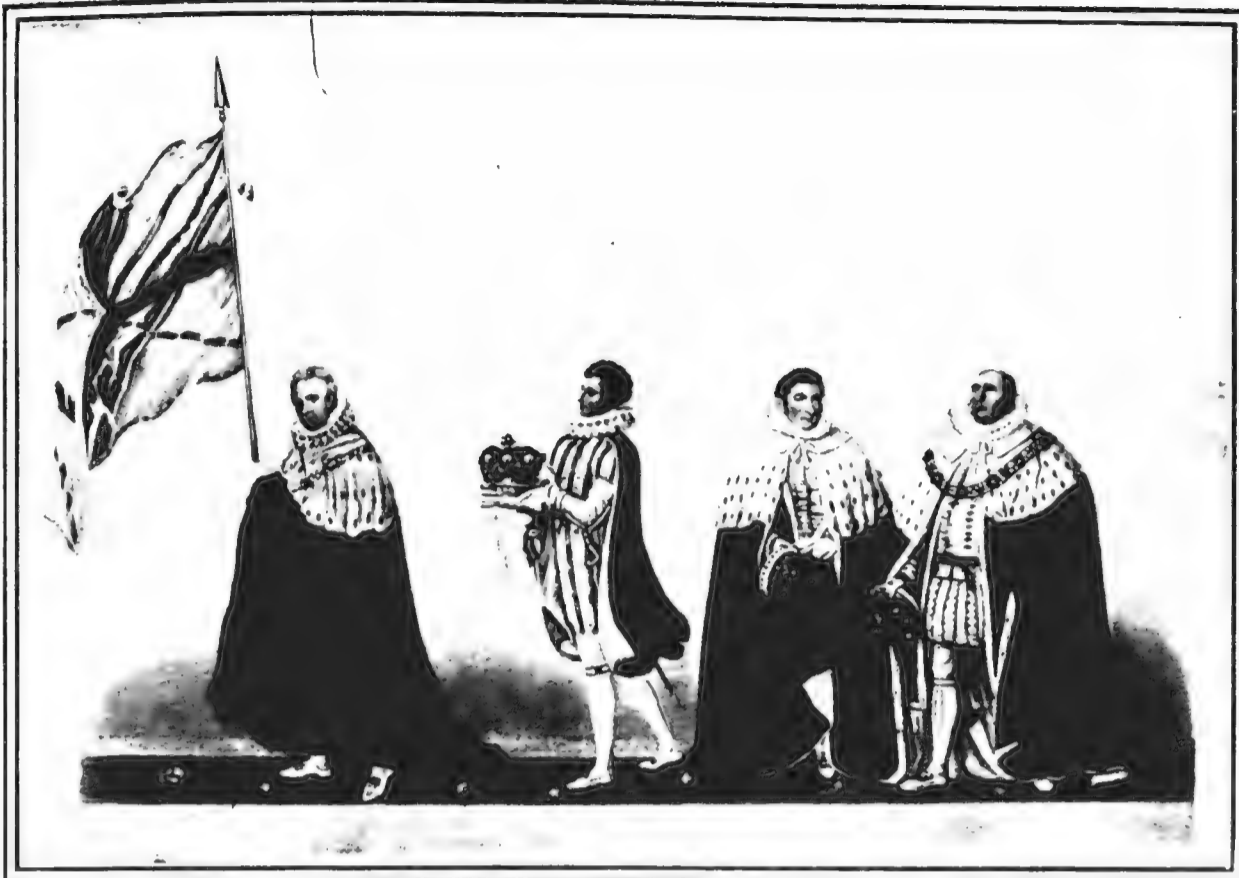


THE STANDARD OF ENGLAND, BORNE BY LORD HILL, FOLLOWED BY A PAGE WITH HIS CORONET, AND TWO EARLS



THE TREASURER OF THE KING'S HOUSEHOLD

THE COMING CORONATION: STANDARDS AND OTHER FEATURES OF GEORGE IV.'S PROCESSION

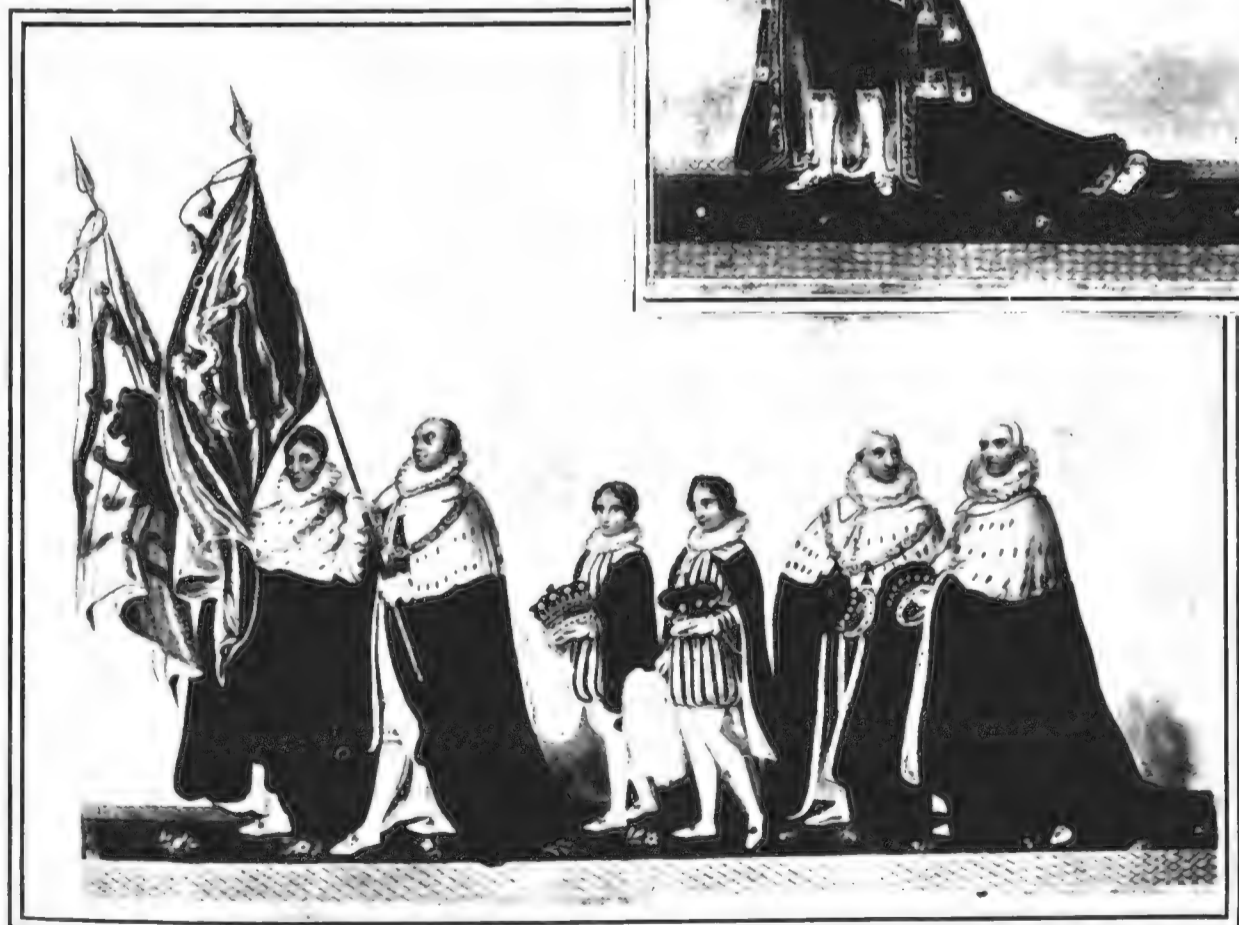


THE UNION STANDARD, BORNE BY EARL HARCOURT, FOLLOWED BY A PAGE AND TWO MARQUESES

George on a white field; the Scottish Standard, the white saltire of St. Andrew (or diagonal cross) on a blue field; and the Irish Standard the red saltire of St. Patrick on a white field. The Union Standard is a combination of three national standards—a combination which, by the way, violates all heraldic principles. The blue field of white Scottish saltire forms the groundwork of the flag. The red Irish saltire finds its white field on the white saltire which is kept distinct by the broad white diagonal stripe being uppermost in the first and third quarters of the flag and the red diagonal stripe being uppermost in the second and fourth quarters. The outlines of the



THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON WITH HIS MACE, AND THE DEPUTY LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN WITH HIS WHITE STAFF



THE STANDARDS OF IRELAND AND SCOTLAND, BORNE BY LORD BERESFORD AND THE EARL OF LAUDERDALE RESPECTIVELY, FOLLOWED BY PAGES AND TWO VISCOUNTS



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON HABITED AS A KNIGHT OF THE GARTER

English and Irish crosses are double (fimbriated as it is properly called), the colour of the fields being shown between the double lines. Our other illustrations refer mostly to high officers of State bearing the insignia of their office. A picturesque and gorgeous sight was the Lord High Chancellor in his wig and robes of State, his coronet in one hand and a bag containing his seals of office in the other, and followed by his purse-bearer. His place in the procession was after the Archbishop of York and before the Archbishop of Canterbury, who walked just in front of the Queen and her personal attendants. The Treasurer of the King's Household carried a crimson bag with the Coronation medals to be afterwards distributed. The Lord Mayor and twelve citizens of London claim the right to assist the Chief Butler in the execution of his office. The Lord Mayor at the banquet used to serve the King with wine from a gold cup, and received a fee for it. The Lord Mayor was clad in State robes of office and bore the mace of the City of London—not the great symbol of authority which the public are accustomed to see sticking out of the window of the State coach on Lord Mayor's Day, but a small portable staff of office. In the procession at George IV.'s Coronation, the Lord Mayor walked abreast of the Lord Mayor of Scotland, behind the Usher of the Green Rod and the Garter King-at-Arms and the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, who were immediately behind the Usher of the White Rod. Lastly we come to the Duke of Wellington, the most popular figure in the Coronation procession. He was dressed as a Knight of the Garter, and carried his staff of office as Lord High Constable of England, a page attending him, carrying his Field-Marshal's baton. The great Duke's place in the procession was on the right of the Duke of Dorset, who bore the Sword of State, while on the left was the Deputy Earl Marshal. These three walked just in front of the peers carrying the Royal insignia, after whom came the King himself. As Lord High Constable, the Duke of Wellington rode beside the Champion of England when the Challenge was made at the banquet.

THE COMING CORONATION: STANDARDS AND OTHER FEATURES OF GEORGE IV.'S PROCESSION

The official order of the Procession in the coming Coronation up the nave of the Abbey, starting from the west door to the choir, has now been published, and there are one or two notable differences in it, as far as the standards are concerned, from that of George IV. The procession on the 26th inst. will be headed as follows:—

Chaplains in Ordinary.	
The Prebendaries and Dean of Westminster.	
Officers of Arms.	
Comptroller of His Majesty's Household.	Treasurer of His Majesty's Household.
The Standard of Ireland, borne by	The Standard of Scotland, borne by
The Rt. Hon. O'Connor Don.	Henry Scrymgeour Wedderburn, Esq.
The Standard of England, borne by	
F. S. Dymoke, Esq.	
The Union Standard, borne by	
The Duke of Wellington,	
His Coronet borne by a Page.	

The Standard of Hanover is, of course, no longer carried in the procession. But the other omission, that of the Royal Standard, is not so easy to understand. There is, however, no mention of it in the order of the Procession published. Another conspicuous difference is that in the coming Procession three of the Standards are to be carried by Commoners, the Union Standard being the only one borne by a Peer, the Duke of Wellington. The Standard of England is to be borne by Mr. F. S. Dymoke, the representative of the family that has, by hereditary right, performed the picturesque office of Champion at the Coronations since the reign of Henry III. The Lord Mayor of London, in his robe, collar, and jewel, bearing the City Mace, figures in the coming procession. So, too, does the Lord High Chancellor, attended by his purse-bearer.

to ensure a seat. Under the dome was a most representative gathering of high Court officials, comprising Ministers, Judges, Members of Parliament, and, above all, the military element, including Lord Roberts. The Royal Family were there in strength, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with their son and two daughters, Princess Christian and her two daughters, Princess Louise and the Duke of Argyll, Princess Henry of Battenberg and her only daughter, Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, and the Duke of Cambridge. Cheering outside announced the arrival of the Royal party—punctual to the moment. They were met at the west door by the clergy and choir, who turned and headed the procession up the nave, the choir singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Behind the clergy came the Lord Mayor, bearing the Pearl Sword, and then the King and Queen, followed by the Prince and Princess of Wales. Their Majesties occupied two tall crimson State chairs placed on a carpet, with *prie-dieux* in front, and a large crimson stool beyond. The Prince and Princess of Wales sat on their Majesties' right. After the Service the King and Queen drove home cheered vigorously by a crowd which had grown to such enormous proportions that the Queen specially drew the King's attention to the scene.

The King and Queen's Court at the end of last week had an extra picturesque element in the presence of numerous Indian Princes who have come over for the Coronation, and who were received in audience by the King before the Court began. The Indian guests then took up their position in the Throne-room to witness the presentations. The Royal circle was larger than at the previous Court, including Princess Victoria, Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur, Prince and Princess Christian with their younger daughter, and Princess Henry of Battenberg. Queen Alexandra was wearing a most regal costume of white satin with

## The Week in Parliament

BY HENRY W. LUCY

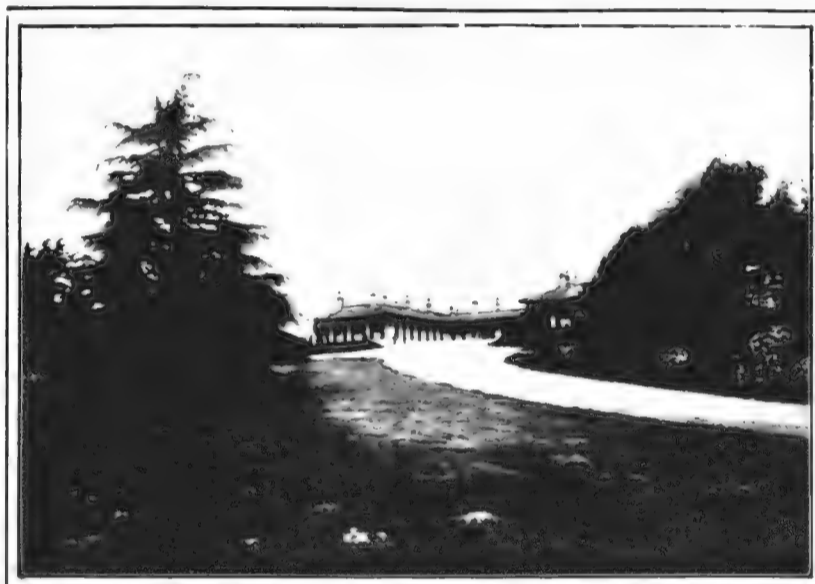
THE week has chiefly been devoted to consideration of the latest form of the much-manipulated Budget. The vicissitudes of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's Bill find no parallel in Parliamentary record. Fashioned in time of war it is enacted in time of peace. With the exception of the clause adding an additional tax to cheques, peace or war make no difference to the marvellous scheme. The shilling tax on corn and the added penny to the Income Tax were avowedly imposed as war taxes. The war is over, but the taxes remain, and through the week the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been engaged in explaining what on the face of it is certainly an anomaly.

The situation has been further complicated by the interposition of Mr. Chamberlain. As the Chancellor of the Exchequer observed on Tuesday, the Opposition, notably right hon. gentlemen seated on the Front Bench, live in a state of terror of the Colonial Secretary. In him they recognise the author of all evil. Speaking at Birmingham the other day, Mr. Chamberlain made some remarks that were straightway construed as indicating existence of a scheme for giving preferential duties to the Colonies to the disadvantage of foreign nations. Putting this and that together in fashion familiar in polemics, Sir William Harcourt and other eminent authorities on the Opposition benches came to the conclusion that, in some unexplained manner, the proceeds of the Corn Tax were to be devoted to carrying out the Colonial Secretary's nefarious designs upon Free Trade. On Monday afternoon, in a crowded and profoundly interested House, the Chancellor of the Exchequer replied to this new charge. He ridiculed the idea that he contemplated a scheme revolutionising the customs tariff and instituting protectionist rates levied against foreign countries. This disclaimer was warmly cheered, not only from the Opposition side but by his own party, the vast majority of whom are as faithful to Free Trade as are gentlemen sitting opposite.



THE RECEPTION ROOM

The King, during his visit to Aldershot for the Grand Review, will reside in the Royal Pavilion, which adjoins the present residence of the General Commanding. The building is all on one level, but has ample accommodation, and is the only military residence of the Sovereign. It was built after the special idea of



THE EXTERIOR FROM THE GROUNDS

Prince Consort, and is intended to represent in its interior decorations, a tented structure. The grounds are spacious and well wooded, and the drives and walks picturesque. Our photographs are by Charles Knight, Aldershot

THE ROYAL PAVILION AT ALDERSHOT WHERE THE KING WILL STAY FOR THE GRAND REVIEW

## The Court

SOVEREIGN and people alike kept Sunday as their Thanksgiving Day for Peace. Originally, the King and Queen wished to attend the Service at St. Paul's in quite an informal manner, but it was found impossible to avoid a certain amount of State ceremony. Tradition made the official City welcome necessary, special guests had to be accommodated in the Cathedral, and the general public massed themselves all along the route between Buckingham Palace and St. Paul's, taking the opportunity to show their loyalty to the King and their delight at the conclusion of the war. So far as their Majesties themselves were concerned, however, there was little outward show. They drove in a plain open landau with four bays ridden by postilions in blue, and accompanied by outriders in the familiar Royal scarlet, but there was no military escort. King Edward wore a Field-Marshal's uniform, while Queen Alexandra's dress had touches of violet like her toque, but was nearly hidden by a sable and lace cape. Princess Victoria was with the King and Queen. When the Royal party reached the City boundary at the Griffin, the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and other civic officials were in waiting for Sir Joseph Dimsdale to surrender the City Sword to the King on His Majesty's first visit to the City since his accession. This was the famous Elizabethan "Pearl Sword," so called from its scabbard being encrusted with pearls. The Lord Mayor offered the sword to the King with a few words of welcome, His Majesty just touching the scabbard near the hilt and returning it to the Chief Magistrate. Then the civic procession preceded their Majesties to St. Paul's.

Outside the Cathedral an enormous throng had collected, while inside the building the space allotted to the general public was crammed a few seconds after the doors were opened at 7 a.m. Indeed, some energetic beings were waiting at the doors by 2 a.m.

lace embroidered in rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, and a cloth of gold train, lined with ruby velvet; while Princess Charles's graceful toilette of white *cripe de Chine*, with garlands of pink roses, was much admired. The King and Queen gave a luncheon-party on Saturday, with the Duchess of Albany and Princess Alice, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife as chief guests, and in the evening the King went to the Opera. On Wednesday the King held a Council, and another Court was fixed for last (Friday) night. To-day (Saturday) their Majesties go to Aldershot to stay at the Royal Pavilion until Monday, when King Edward holds the large review on Laffan's Plain, some 35,000 troops being present. A grand military torchlight tattoo will be held on the night of their Majesties' arrival. After the review they go to Windsor for Ascot week, and entertain a large party at the castle, attending the races in state.

The Prince of Wales finds his public duties much increased since his return from his tour, and this week he has been hard at work. On Saturday, the Prince and Princess were present, in the Albert Hall, at a display of physical training by children from elementary schools, belonging to the Lads' Drill Association. The Prince is president of the Association, and the Princess distributed the prizes at the close of the show, where the girls acquitted themselves as well as the boys. In the evening the Prince and Princess went to the French plays. On Wednesday, the Prince was at St. John's, Clerkenwell, to unveil a memorial to the members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade who have fallen in the war; next day he went down to Reading to visit the Royal Counties Agricultural Show, and yesterday (Friday) would accompany the Princess to the Richmond Royal Horse Show, in the Old Deer Park, Richmond. Last (Friday) night he was also to preside at the annual Civil Service dinner, besides attending the King's Court, and to-day (Saturday) the Prince reviews the Boys' Brigades on the Horse Guards' Parade.

This important statement was evidently unpremeditated. It arose following a particular turn debate had taken. As he spoke, Sir Michael carefully weighed his words. His manner gave peculiar significance to a sentence in which he declared his inability to see why this country should not establish a system of Free Trade with its Colonies that would not necessarily involve increased duties against foreign nations, "although," he added, "to secure such an end some sacrifice in that direction might be justified." This presented itself in the form of an afterthought, an apparent hedging on his emphatic declaration that nothing new was contemplated in connection with the customs and the Colonies. The impression left in the mind of the watchful House was that under the smoke there is some fire.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has, from the first, personally borne the brunt of battle round the Budget. His only assistant is Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who finds in the position an admirable training for a young Minister. On the Front Bench opposite, Sir William Harcourt naturally comes to the front. He has now finally abandoned his attitude of seclusion at the far end of the Bench, whither he retired with Mr. John Morley on an early disruption of the Liberal Party. This week he has not only performed the functions, but has filled the place of the Leader of the Opposition, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, meekly seating himself lower down the Bench.

The beneficial effect of the New Rules is markedly shown in dealing with a Bill of the magnitude of the Budget. Regularly, not later than a quarter to three, fifteen minutes in advance of the appointed hour, the Bill is taken in hand, and through five quiet hours it is dealt with in business-like fashion. The earlier hour of meeting has no appreciable effect upon the attendance. It is true that at Question time gaps are seen on the benches. But that is a case where depressing effect has wholesome influence. With no gallery to play to there is no temptation to waste the time of the House by wrangling with Ministers.



Princess Christian, who was accompanied by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, on Tuesday afternoon opened, at the French Embassy, a two days' bazaar, which was held under the patronage of the King and Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales and other

members of the Royal Family, and the President of the French Republic, in aid of the French charities in London. The affair, which was the first of the kind in this country, Princess Christian and Princess Victoria afterwards spent some time in inspecting the various

articles on the stalls, all of which had been presented by prominent French and English firms. The stalls were crowded with goods, and the bazaar was largely attended. The bazaar was largely attended

IN AID OF THE FRENCH BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS IN LONDON: AT THE BAZAAR AT THE FRENCH EMBASSY

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENE



Will it ever be done in time? That is the question that comes to the lips of everyone who sees the condition of the Strand. The clearing away of Holywell Street has necessitated the repaving of nearly the whole thoroughfare, since the roadway has had to be lowered some six feet on

the north side. The south side has had to be repaved to make it even. The result has been what looks like chaos, out of which, however, order is being slowly evolved. Not only are the road-makers at work ceaselessly, but the carpenters are busy making stands for spectators of

the Coronation Procession. The place once occupied by the colony is now filled by a huge stand erected by the London County Council. Dances and St. Mary-le-Strand are being well-nigh covered up with

SIGNS OF THE TIMES: PREPARING THE EAST END OF THE STRAND FOR THE CORONATION

DRAWN BY W. SMALL

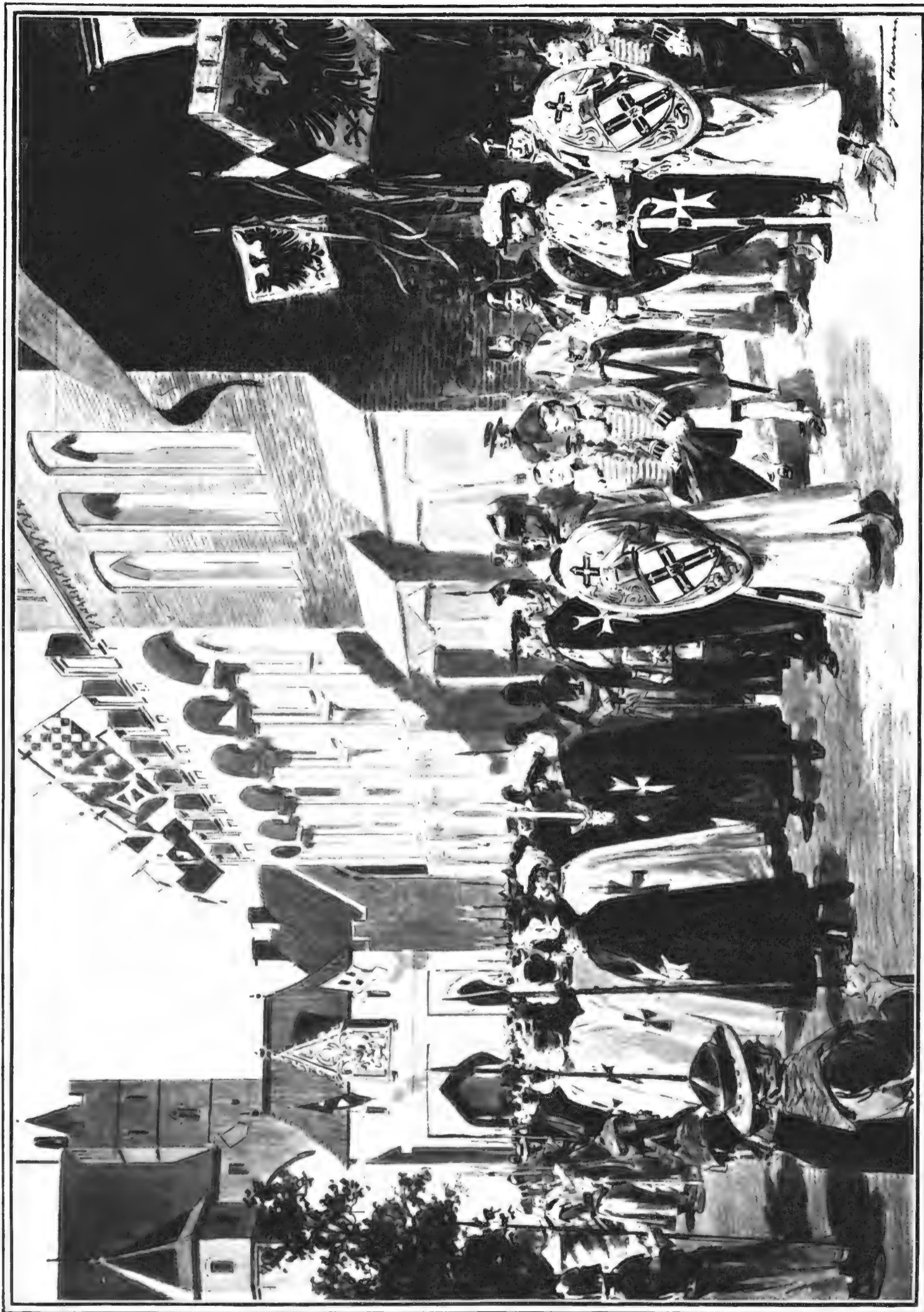


side has had to be repaved to make it even. The result is a new road which, however, order is being slowly evolved. Not only so, but the carpenters are busy making stands for spectators of the Coronation Procession. The place once occupied by the colony of second-hand booksellers is now filled by a big stand erected by the London County Council. Both St. Clement's Church and St. Maryle Strand are being well high covered up with grand stands. The change

in their appearance is to be marked almost daily. No sooner is a new stretch of roadway repaved and opened to traffic than another piece is raised up, the wood torn up, and the underlying masses of concrete broken up with great difficulty.

PREPARING THE EAST END OF THE STRAND FOR THE CORONATION PROCESSION

DRAWN BY W. SMALL



DRAWN BY F. DE HAESEN

The Castle of Marienburg is one of the most remarkable survivals of German mediæval architecture. It was formerly the stronghold of the Teutonic Order of Knights, the last of the militant Orders founded in the Holy Land by the Crusaders, and established on the Order

of St. John of Jerusalem. The church has just been restored, and the dedication was the occasion of a picturesque display of mediaeval arms. The Kaiser himself was present, and a deputation of Knights of the English Order of St. John of Jerusalem—consisting of the

Marquess of Breadalbane, Colonel Sir Herbert Jekyll, Sir John Farley, and Colonel Bowdler—was sent by King Edward to attend. Deputations from the Austrian Hoch and Deutschmeister from Vienna also attended.

FROM A SKETCH BY E. KASKELINE

# THE RECONSECRATION OF THE CHURCH OF THE RESTORED CASTLE OF MARIENBURG: THE PROCESSION OF KNIGHTS





THE OPENING OF THE COACHING SEASON: THE MEET OF THE C

DRAWN BY FRANK C



THE COACHING CLUB AT THE POWDER MAGAZINE, HYDE PARK  
BY FRANK CRAIG

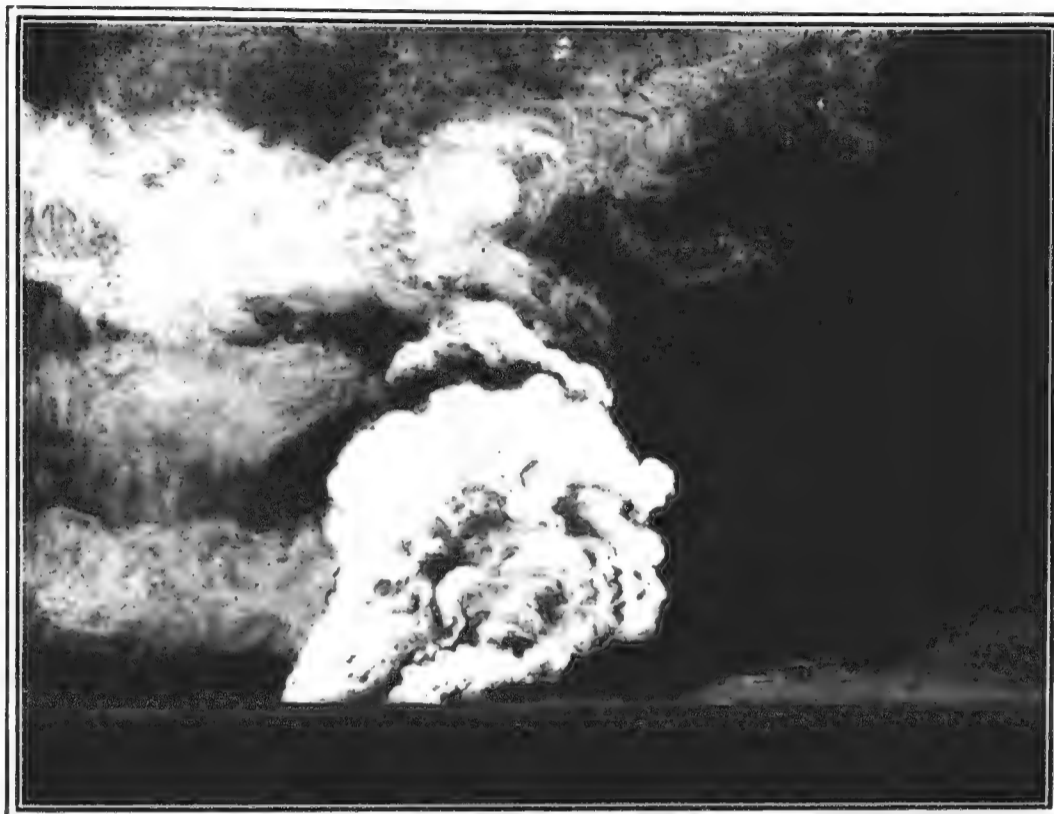


# THE ERUPTIONS IN THE WEST INDIES

A DIARY OF THE VOLCANIC DISASTER IN ST. VINCENT

By CAPTAIN CALDER (CHIEF OF POLICE, ST. VINCENT)

On May 5, 1902, many rumours reached Kingstown that the Soufrière, near the middle of the northern end of this island, was shewing unmistakable signs of eruption. On the following day these reports were more persistent, and it was further stated that the people inhabiting the slopes of the mountain were flocking into Châteaubelair, the nearest village (about four miles from the volcano). At 8.30 p.m. I left by boat for this place (a distance of over twenty miles by sea down the coast). Approaching Châteaubelair Wharf about midnight, the whole top of the mountain burst into flame, the long flashes of deep red fire travelling from the top downwards in a descending circular track, just like fire brushing from a heap of smithy coal when fanned by a strong draught from the bellows. This was immediately followed by an explosion as if of many heavy ordnance dying away in a long-drawn, angry grumble. The top of the mountain emitted a dense volume of very dark, heavy smoke rising in an angry manner straight up. The village streets and the wharf were



STEAM RISING FROM LAVA FROM MONT PELEE, MARTINIQUE, AS IT REACHED THE SEA

crowded with people in a great state of excitement, the most of them having run from their houses on the mountain sides a few hours before. Between 2.30 a.m. (7th) and 5 a.m. similar explosions occurred, with only a little flame, and as daylight dawned the ordinarily quiet little country village had the appearance of a huge hive of bees disturbed and angry. On all sides one heard of the short but ominous warning that had been given the poor settlers, and their hurried flight with only the clothes they stood in. In a bay close at hand were gathered at least 150 refugees, while Châteaubelair held at least twice that number. Meanwhile one met a continual stream of stragglers, each with an account of a marvellously narrow escape and each fearing that others left behind had perished. About 10 a.m. there was a terrific explosion, shaking the land as though it were only a shrub, and on looking to the crater one saw an enormous quantity of dense heavy smoke ascending. Its volume very quickly increased in force and density, and it became apparent that there was considerable force in



A family of nine people ran to this house for refuge when the eruption began, and are supposed to be buried in the ruins  
AFTER THE ERUPTION: THE RUINS OF RICHMOND GREAT HOUSE, ST. VINCENT

the upward draught. Occasionally a little pale flame was visible, and as time went on the cloud of dust rose more rapidly and the flames appeared more frequently until about 11 a.m. the top of the mountain became invisible. After a slight lull of about half an hour the Soufrière, with an angry grumble, showed increased activity, dark red flames belched forth from the entire crater, and a volume of smoke, growing each second more dense, ascended with terrific force, accompanied by a continual grumbling and vibration so severe that the iron handrails on the wharf rattled loudly. The stupendous pillow of smoke and fire fascinated one by its awful grandeur. About 1.30 p.m. the smoke had reached a height of at least two miles, getting lighter and lighter in colour until it assumed a very pale slate. As it was forced from the centre it shed to either side in a most graceful manner, assuming most perfect imitation of thousands of groups of Prince of Wales feathers, with here and there most faithful representations of the convolutions of the human brain. As the top of this stupendous cloud bent over towards our little village, the weird fascination gave place to a feeling of impending doom. It was vividly apparent that in a very short space of time this dust, charged full of sulphureous smoke, must envelope the district for miles. When the black people realised their danger most of them got madly excited, and in a few minutes everything in the shape of a boat or canoe pushed off from the shore weighed down to a dangerous degree with human freight, each individual excitedly urging on the others. I could then have left with the Police in our boat, but with three or four hundred refugees on the shore I quickly determined our duty

another minute's life than on that hill side that dark afternoon. As we gained the summit of the next mountain the poisonous dusty cloud was held in check by a steady breeze coming in the opposite direction, and but for which the death-roll by suffocation must have been appalling. I pushed on for nine miles until I got an opportunity of communicating with Kingstown, when I learned that the cloud of sulphureous dust and ashes, accompanied by semi-fused stone, had fallen there, the stones measuring in the average at least an inch in diameter. When about four miles from Châteaubelair, thinking the danger from falling stones had passed, I removed the board tied over my head, and as a result of my want of caution I was struck down and remained in a semi-conscious state for over half an hour. It is impossible to fully describe that terrible trek through a continual blaze of lightning, driving as we were before that deadly and enveloping cloud of dust and ashes.

The awful grumbling and rumbling of the volcano continued throughout the night, and as the morning dawned the deep green of the young arrowroot and cane plants had given place to a smooth, leaden cover of dust several inches deep, not a single green leaf of any description being visible. Having arranged that the boat conveying food supplies from Kingstown should pick me up at this point (ten miles from Châteaubelair) I returned there to find the whole place covered in dust and ashes to a depth of several inches, and the volcano on the hill above us still active and surrounded by clouds of dense smoke stretching for miles out at sea. Between 9 and 10 a.m. (8th ult.) this dense cloud descended on the district, and it

disappeared and is replaced by a bluff evidently composed of lava and ashes.

May 8th. 4.15.—Rumbling noise is becoming louder and more persistent, and the mist is again becoming more dense.

5 p.m.—A great deal of thunder and lightning; heavy black clouds descending from the mountain and travelling seawards.

6 p.m.—Rain falling; all view to sea-ward and up to the coast being obscured by heavy, smoky, thundery-looking clouds.

7 p.m.—Thunderstorm with showers of rain at intervals; a great amount of lightning near at hand continuing during the whole night.

May 9. 4 a.m.—A very loud explosion, as if directly underneath the station, followed by heavy rumbling. Plenty of lightning near at hand, continuing with light showers of rain till 6 a.m.

7.15 a.m.—Through a rift in the clouds large quantities of boiling mud or lava seen rushing over Richmond estate to the beach. A very heavy black discharge rising from the crater to an enormous height.

8 a.m.—Very heavy rumbling at intervals, accompanied by lightning. Getting dark again and breathing becoming difficult. Heat intense.

9 a.m.—As clouds lift from Richmond Point it is evident that enormous quantities of mud and lava have been disgorged this morning, as a new promontory of slate-coloured matter has been formed beyond Richmond Point.

10 a.m.—Thunder and grumbings continuously since 9.

10.35 a.m.—A very dense volume of steamy smoke is now



LAVA BEDS IN ST. VINCENT AS SEEN FROM THE SEA

was to remain. Whilst speaking to the people in the street the excitement and danger was increased by hot, half-melted stones falling from the enveloping cloud. I ordered everyone in the streets to at once leave the town, and, to prevent injury by falling stones, directed them to take old boards and shingles from the dilapidated houses and cover their heads. Stones up to half a pound weight were now falling, while the sulphureous fumes and fine, light dust rendered breathing difficult. So with at least three hundred refugees in front we started out of the Châteaubelair valley, accompanied by the prayers of some, and the excited yelling of others, while a feeling of despair was on nearly all. Men, women and children of all ages scurried up the steep hill as hard as possible, mothers urging by young children hardly able to crawl, old men imploring the assistance of the younger and stronger, each helping and encouraging the other, clearly showing the brotherhood a common danger engenders. One poor woman with a family of at least eight was kept behind by the inability of the two youngest to keep up the pace. Her agonised cry for help I can never forget, nor the thankful look I got when I picked them up, one in each arm.

By this time the dense volume of sulphureous cloud, which had chased us like a death-pall, began to overtake us, and it was hard indeed to get the people to continue struggling on. As the darkness settled over us a storm of lightning and thunder broke over our heads, and so near were the flashes that one thought that each surely must strike the people on the road, especially as the dry grass on the hill sides was ignited.

It would, indeed, have been difficult to be more uncertain of

became so dark that it was difficult to recognise anyone a few yards away, while the heat was almost unbearable, although I was simply clad in light pyjamas; the air had a most sulphureous smell, and the pressure was so great on the ears that even the sound of one's footfall on the floor caused intense pain. This darkness was dispelled by half an hour's lightning and thunder followed by a fall of rain.

The use of the telephone had to be entirely suspended, while the heavy limb of a mango tree growing four yards from the Police Station was struck down.

About 2.15 p.m. the Soufrière was fairly visible, and clouds of smoke accompanied by fire were seen belching from the crater, while down each deep ravine the molten lava was coursing, clouds of white vapour marking its path over the damp earth. Numbers of people came in with wounds in their heads, more or less severe, inflicted by falling stones. These and the other persons from among the 600 odd refugees then in Châteaubelair were attended to by Dr. Hughes, who had accompanied me from the start from Kingstown on the 6th. Nearly all the windows in the Police Station were shattered, while the heavier stones had crashed through many a roof, and the estates Richmond and Wallibou and the surrounding settlements were covered with lava to the depth of several feet. The whole appearance of that side of the hill and coast line is completely changed, and it is said by those who had previous knowledge of the locality that there is a huge new fissure on the side of the Soufrière Mountain. No live animals were to be seen, but numbers of dead goats and pigs were strewn on the beach and in the water. The nice sandy beach below Wallibou Estate has

risen from the direction of Richmond Point, without doubt indicating another heavy overflow from the crater.

12.30 p.m.—Another similar appearance in the same direction. Crater very active. Heat again very intense. Oppressive feeling in the atmosphere. List of refugees being led now over 600.

12.50 p.m.—Stream of lava and mud increasing.

1.15 p.m.—Heavy clouds of dust and sand falling; heat continues almost unbearable.

2.5 p.m.—Started in boat to inspect coast but forced back by heavy indraft from the Soufrière and sea of dense sulphureous misty smoke; rumbling more pronounced.

2.10 p.m.—Air heavily charged with sulphureous mist. Have shut up all windows in the building.

2.20 p.m.—Heavy rain commenced clearing the air. Rain at short intervals. Crater evidently quieter. Slight rumblings continue during afternoon.

6.30 p.m.—Soufrière again showing signs of activity. Rumblings increased.

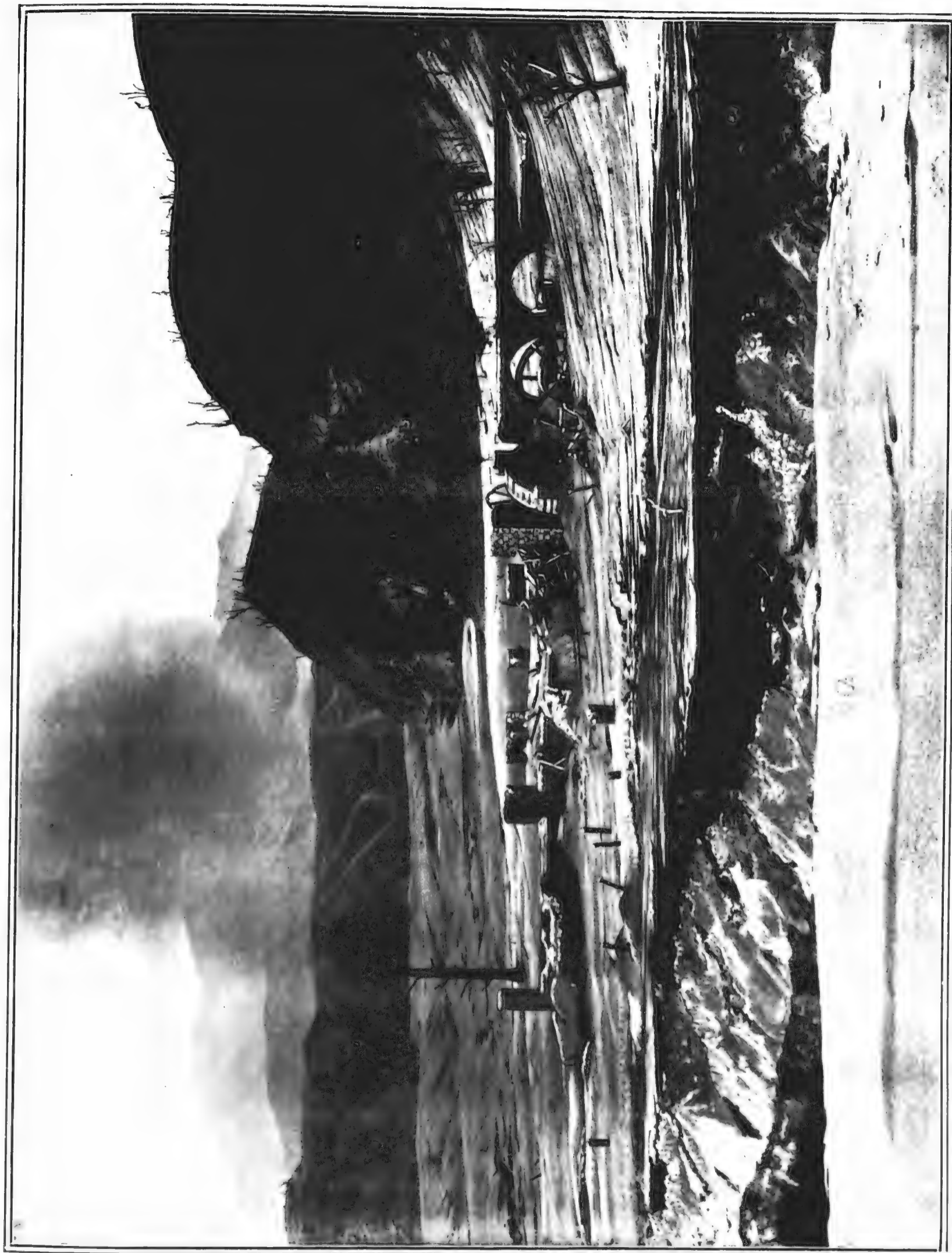
8 p.m.—Rumblings more faint. Mountain quieter.

May 10. 5.30 a.m.—Top of the mountain visible for the first time. Small volumes of smoke of steamy appearance continue to rise during the day, but the worst is evidently past.

May 11.—Distant rumblings and small volumes of smoke emitted during the day. Over 700 refugees being led twice a day.

3 p.m.—Left by boat for Kingstown.

Our photographs are all by J. C. Wilson, except the smaller one on the front page, which is by C. L. Warren, R.N.



Wallison Estate contained sugar, arrowroot, and coffee plantations, all of which have been completely destroyed. The ruins of the works shown in our illustration are about three-quarters of a mile from the sea. Here, too, was a village containing 200 inhabitants, but it has completely disappeared, and the sea now reaches to within 100 yards of the wrecked works. The volcano, which can be seen in the distance, is two miles away.

#### THE REMAINS OF A FLOURISHING PLANTATION AND VILLAGE IN ST. VINCENT



Over two thousand people, whose homes or means of livelihood have been destroyed, are supplied with food by the Government  
 SURVIVORS WAITING FOR RATIONS IN ST. VINCENT



The military tents here shown are being used for the care of some 200 injured people, who are attended by a few members of the Ambulance Corps  
 A TEMPORARY HOSPITAL IN ST. VINCENT

## "Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

Now that ladies wear so many jewels in the day-time, a sequence of colour should be thought out. The Siamese arrangement may perhaps afford suggestions. In that country a certain coloured dress is worn for every day in the week, and the precious stones are chosen to go with it. For instance, on Sunday red silk with a parure of rubies is worn; Monday brings a silver and white dress



At the fêtes held at Earl's Court in aid of the French charities in London prizes were given for competition in the Battle of Flowers, the Automobile Battle of Flowers and other events. These prizes, which took the form of handsome banners, were presented by the French Ambassador, the Lord Mayor of London, the Mayor of Nice, the Mayor of Havre, the Mayor of Westminster, the Municipality of Boulogne-sur-Mer, THE GRAPHIC and others

BANNER PRESENTED BY "THE GRAPHIC" AT THE FRENCH CHARITY FETES AT EARL'S COURT

and a necklace of moon stones; Tuesday is dedicated to light red, with coral ornaments; Wednesday is devoted to green, with emeralds; Thursday sees a display of variegated colours, with cat's eyes; Friday the lady is arrayed in pale blue with flashing diamonds; and Saturday the more sombre, darker blue, with sapphires to match, forms the favourite adornment. Here is a variety from which to choose.

In a new book on dress, entitled quaintly "The Cult of Chiffon," chiffon being itself the most evanescent of materials, Mrs. Eric Pritchard gives advice to women. Some of her hints are not to be disregarded. For instance, she advises ladies of limited means to eschew white tulle, chiffon ruffles, bright-coloured petticoats, and white or pale gloves, and to wear a becoming tweed dress, and tan, chevrete, or reindeer gloves. But when did coquettes consider price, and what will the lady in tan gloves paying a visit do when the bechiffoned, well-gloved lady enters and looks at her from top to toe in contemptuous fashion? The love of dress has descended even to the lower classes. Servant girls wear chiffon hats and tulle bows, and half-clean gloves and finery. Beauty unadorned has ceased to be a term of praise, and merely denotes bad taste or want of money. And what pretty girl, conscious of her looks, will expose herself to such aspersions?

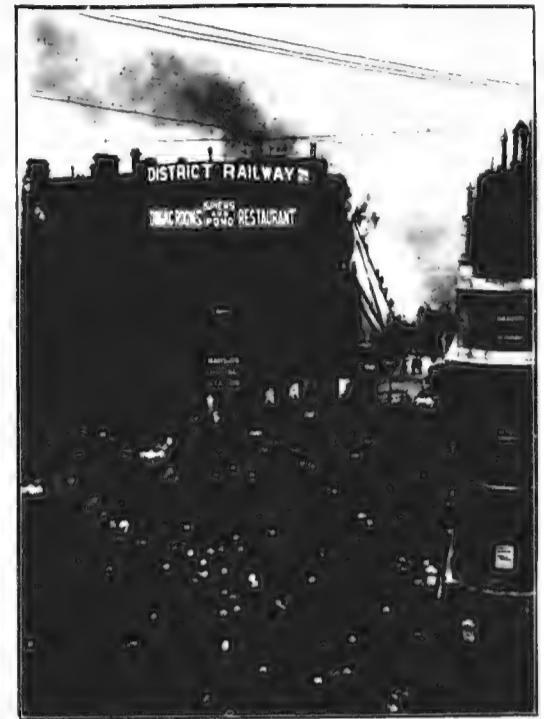
An exhibition of miniatures and embroidery and a sale of drawings was held last week at Lord and Lady Windsor's house in aid of the Jubilee Institute for Nurses. Princess Henry of Battenberg opened it, and the miniatures exhibited were sent by the Duchesses of Somerset and Wellington, Lady Wood, etc. Some beautiful specimens of ecclesiastical embroidery were to be seen, and tapestries of the James I. period. The fund has made good progress, in over a year 40,000*l.* having been received. There are now about nine hundred nurses at work, and the good work inaugurated by Queen Victoria promises to continue successfully.

Ambition is not only the prerogative of men; women compete in every profession, and the amateur loves to follow in the wake of the actress. Thus a select company of amateurs has been formed by Mrs. Emerson-Bainbridge to perform the celebrated Gaiety piece, *The Toreador*, at the Court Theatre this week. The rehearsals have been constant and business-like, and the principal performers will, no doubt, show their several merits to the best advantage, though the correct musical comedy style of singing and acting is very difficult to acquire. One of the principal merits of amateurs is their perseverance. No difficulties rebut them, and they are never chary of their time. One must wish them all success in this the latest and most enterprising of ventures.

The hours of dinner are growing later and later. Half-past eight is now the usual hour, while the late Queen frequently only sat down to her evening meal at nine. It is high time dinner were restored to its rightful position in the middle of the day, and supper took its place at night. Luncheons are now so long and so elaborate (only differing from dinner in the fact that soup does not make its appearance), that dinner need no longer be early, especially if the interval be filled by tea, sandwiches and cakes. But the fact is the problem of the hours of meals is a very difficult one to solve. Whether to dine early and hurriedly, or sup late and equally hurriedly, is a question that tries the soul of the ordinary

playgoer, and is often only solved by the unfortunate individual achieving neither. Hours of business interfere with a heavy mid-day meal, while the overworked and tired would even prefer dinner about seven, an hour which is now hopelessly impossible. In addition to the lateness of the hour, guests consider it fashionable to be unpunctual, which still further adds to the worries of the hostess and the difficulties of the cook.

It is said that at the reception of the dusky monarch Leuwanika



A disastrous fire occurred on Monday evening on the premises of the General Electric Lighting Company, Queen Victoria Street, City. There were a number of young persons, chiefly girls, at work in the upper floors of the building; escape by means of the staircase was cut off by the flames, and before the fire-escapes could be got into action one girl had been killed and seven injured by leaping from the windows, while, when the fire had been got under after severely damaging the three upper floors, the bodies of seven girls and a boy were found in the premises. One of the injured girls has since died, making the number of deaths nine. Our photograph is by A. and G. Taylor

THE FATAL FIRE IN QUEEN VICTORIA STREET

by the King the former threw himself so violently face foremost on the ground, beating his forehead three or four times against the floor, that the lookers-on were alarmed for his safety, and feared he must have injured himself in this serious act of obeisance. He rose up, however, in a perfect state of health.

# THE CORONATION ILLUSTRATED.

On MONDAY, JUNE 16, will be published the First of the Series of Special and Double Numbers of THE GRAPHIC devoted to illustrating events in the Life of the King and the Coronation Ceremonies. The Complete Series will form a most valuable Souvenir, and the first number, orders for which should be given immediately, will be published next Monday. It will consist of a completely illustrated chronicle dealing with

## THE LIFE OF KING EDWARD VII.

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OVER ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS CONNECTED WITH THE KING'S LIFE

The Infant King Receiving Visitors	Ascending the Great Pyramid	Entertaining the Shah	Funeral of Duke of Clarence	Review before Q. Victoria, Aldershot, 1893
Room where the King was Born	Dining with the Sultan in Constantinople	In the Hunting Field	At the Opening of the Imperial Institute	Opening the National Gallery of British Art
Prince Consort	The King as a Colonel in the Army	A Shooting Party at Sandringham	Receiving a Deputation of Working Men	On the Royal Yacht <i>Osborne</i>
Queen Victoria	Queen Alexandra at the Time of her Marriage	The King as a Freemason	Marriage of the Prince of Wales	Witnessing the Trooping of the Colour
The Christening at Windsor	The King Bringing Home his Bride	A Fancy Dress Ball at Marlborough House	York Cottage, Sandringham	Reviewing Volunteers at Aldershot
The King at the Age of Five Months	Coming of Age	Tiger-Shooting in India	Garden Party at Marlborough House	Proclaiming the King in the City
Queen Victoria Receiving Louis Philippe	A Royal Group on the King's Wedding Day	An Elephant Procession at Jeypore	Portrait of the King in 1893	Queen Victoria's Funeral
The King at the Age of Six	The King's Marriage	Queen Alexandra and her Children in 1875	At the Funeral of the Tsar Alexander III.	The King's First Appearance after Queen Victoria's Funeral
A First Visit to Ireland	Eton Boys Welcoming Queen Alexandra	With the Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds	At Shakespeare's Tomb	His First Privy Council
At the Opening of the Great Exhibition	Queen Alexandra in her Wedding Dress	Visiting Lord Beaconsfield at Hughenden	At one of Queen Victoria's Drawing Rooms	Presenting a "King's Colour" to Strathcona's Horse
The Royal Family, 1848	Visiting Russia in 1866	Marriage of the Late Duke of Albany	Christening the Prince of Wales's Second Son	Last Visit to Empress Frederick
The King with his Brother, Prince Alfred	Receiving the Order of St. Patrick	His Majesty in his Study	At a Shooting Party at Blenheim	Pledging Prince of Wales on the <i>Ophir</i>
At the Tomb of Napoleon I.	The King and Queen in Egypt	Visiting Ireland in 1885	Marriage of Princess Maud	Opening Parliament for the First Time
Visiting Crimean Veterans	Inspecting Crimean Battlefields	Their Majesties' Silver Wedding	Inspecting Massachusetts Artillery Company	Lord Mayor Proclaiming the Coronation
Sketching at Loch Laggan	Reading the Bulletins during the King's Illness	The Escort of Princes in the Jubilee Procession	The King's Horse Wins the Derby	Distributing War Medals to Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders
The King at the Age of Fourteen	Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's after the King's Recovery	The Jubilee Thanksgiving Service	The Diamond Jubilee in 1897	Welcoming Home the Prince and Princess of Wales
His First Stag	Driving with Queen Alexandra during Convalescence	Queen Alexandra and her Daughters	Thanksgiving Service at Diamond Jubilee	Dining with Prince of Wales
The Marriage of the Princess Royal		Marriage of Princess Louise	At Duchess of Devonshire's Costume Ball	Laying the Keel-plate of the Battleship <i>Edward VII.</i>
Prince Consort's Cenotaph		The Late Duke of Clarence	Presenting Diamond Jubilee Medals to Colonial Troops	
Funeral of Prince Consort				

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## Our Bookshelf

"THE REAL SIBERIA"

MR. FRASER rightly entitles his volume, "*The Real Siberia*," for this vast portion of the Russian Empire is as different from that which is usually described by travellers as chalk is from cheese. For generations the idea has been prevalent that Siberia is a land of almost perpetual snow, of tortured exiles, of the knout and indescribable horrors. But the author of this work finds it "a land capable of immense agricultural possibilities, great stretches of prairie waiting for the plough, huge forests, magnificent waterways, and big towns, with fine stores, great hotels, with electric light gleaming everywhere; in a word, instead of a gaunt, lone land, inhabited by convicts, I saw a country that reminded me from the first day to the last of Canada and the best parts of Western America." He also adds that he looks upon Siberia as the ultimate great-food producing region of the earth. The volume is extremely interesting and instructive from the first page to the last. Mr. Fraser is a clever writer, as all those who have read his "*Round the World on a Wheel*" already know, whilst his descriptions of people and places are wonderfully vivid and picturesque. The writer tells us that he went to Siberia on a mission of curiosity; he therefore travelled slowly, and instead of taking the Siberian express, of which the Russians are so proud, he journeyed on a slow train, which made many and prolonged stoppages, to Irkutsk, in Central Siberia, some 3,371 miles distant from Moscow. Although he says that before he came to the end of his journey he came to have a liking for the Russians, we rather fancy that that liking was not very deep. Those of the lower orders he describes as being indescribably dirty, and the officials—"Oh! the number of officials. You never turn without elbowing an official. Half the population of Russia seems made up of officials engaged in governing the other half"—are the most unscrupulous set of people imaginable—that is so far as bribery is concerned.

One thing I noticed the first day out of Moscow, and I kept on noticing it right across Siberia till Vladivostok, on the Pacific coast, was reached: how seldom any of the stations are near towns. You constantly see a town seven or eight miles off, but not once in six times does the line run near. If you ask a Russian the reason, he will laugh. Then he will tell you, "When the line was planned the engineers made millions of roubles by blackmailing the towns on the route! 'You give us so much money and the line will run close to you; don't, and we will take the line as far away as we can.' The Russian official, it is said, grows rich, not on his salary, but on bribery. Many an official does not deny it. It is as well understood as that he must wear uniform."

The Russian Government is exceedingly anxious to colonise Siberia, and immigrants are arriving in their thousands every year. "I was told," says the author, "that early that year (1901) as many as a dozen trains a day came over the Urals laden with emigrants, and that in May there were as many as 10,000 peasants living in the sheds erected for them, and feeding at the State kitchens till they could be sent to the interior." Trade in agricultural implements and other goods is increasing rapidly, and in most towns Mr. Fraser came across representatives of American and German firms, and those of other European nations, but when he asked if there were any English, the answer was invariably "Not one." After traversing Siberia, visiting the prisons—which are models of comfort compared to our own—and other places of interest, the writer, without permission, made a dash across Manchuria and into Mongolia, both of which he found more Russian than Chinese. The book is profusely illustrated, and is a work that is worthy of the consideration of all Englishmen, whether they be manufacturers, holiday-makers, or those interested in books of travel.

### THE CORONATION PRAYER BOOK

Mr. Henry Frowde has sent us "*The Coronation Prayer Book*," by John Forster Fraser. (Cassell.)

Book," a very handsome edition of the Book of Common Prayer, which has been printed at the Oxford University Press, to commemorate the coming Coronation. English type, cast from matrices presented to the University of Oxford by Bishop Fell in 1666, has been employed; the rubrics are printed in red, and appropriate initials and borders have been especially drawn and engraved. The form and order of the service that is to be performed and of the ceremonies that are to be observed at the Coronation in Westminster Abbey are included in the volume, which is admirably printed on Oxford India paper.



A monument by M. René de Saint-Marcieux in memory of Alphonse Daudet was unveiled the other day in the gardens of the Champs Elysées near the Avenue Gabriel.

IN MEMORY OF ALPHONSE DAUDET

### "WOODSIDE FARM"

Mrs. W. K. Clifford's "*Woodside Farm*" (Duckworth and Co.)—known to readers of serials under the title of "*Margaret Vincent*"—is a pleasant and interesting account of mostly pleasant and always interesting people, without anything in the way of plot or portraiture to place it outside ordinary experience and observation. Its authoress has turned her attention from morbid or exceptional psychology to the working of normal character under normal conditions, and has completely succeeded in what is by far the more difficult process of the two. The result is very like life indeed—that is to say, we care for the story chiefly, if not wholly, because it is about persons whom we heartily like or dislike quite

independently of their having any story at all. That one word "pleasant" is, in fact, an almost exhaustive description of a novel written with the ease and lightness that conceals strength of hand. It particularly applies to Mrs. Clifford's pictures of the Haslemere and Midhurst country in less populous times.

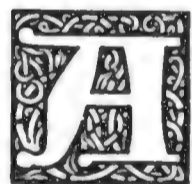
### "THE ZIONISTS"

"The Zionists," by Winifred Graham (Hutchinson and Co.), tells how the question of the restoration of Palestine as a prosperous Hebrew State was—or rather we must suppose will be—triumphantly solved by a wonderful youth, as beautiful as "a young god," and as wise as he was beautiful, a certain Lord Hawthorn, the son of a great English statesman who had married an heiress of Israel. This is all very well, especially as young Lord Hawthorn's inspiration is much more of the romantic than of the patriotic, or in this case—if we may coin a word—the patriotic order: and so also are the glowing descriptions of costumes and furniture that will surely go straight to hundreds of hearts and homes. What is not quite so well is the injustice done to the hero's brilliant intellect by his reflections and conversations, or the suggestion that even his magnetic influence must have failed had he not found a way of making the extraction of gold from the water of the Dead Sea a paying concern. At any rate Winifred Graham seems to feel her subject strongly, and her book has the additional merit of being the first to deal seriously with a subject which is engrossing the thoughts of a considerable number of people.

### "MONSIEUR MARTIN"

The hero and narrator of "*Monsieur Martin: A Romance of the Great Swedish War*," by Wymond Carey (Blackwood and Sons), is the English tutor to Countess Ebba Polensstjerna, the girl chief of a great historic house of Sweden, round whom centres such a chaos of intrigue, comprehending the whole of the politics of Europe by way of a single item, that the reader must be prepared for a hard tussle to get the facts into his mind, and for a harder to keep them there. His best course, we think, will be not to make the attempt, to put himself into the place of Monsieur Martin, to carry mysterious packets between Sweden and Dresden without knowing their contents or comprehending their consequences, and, in general, to take as they come the incidents of one of the most stirring of romances that have been written of late years. Mr. Carey's pictures of the Court of Augustus the Strong, of Saxony and Poland, literally glow with life and colour, and are among the best recent examples of historic fiction. The large stage is crowded with exceptionally strong characters, each as completely individualised as if he or she were the central personage of the drama; but over them all dominates the dazzling and bewildering figure of the Swedish King and hero, Charles the Twelfth, while at the height of his meteoric career—for half the novel merely a name and a shadow, but gradually taking form and force until he absorbs the devoted interest of the reader as fully as Monsieur Martin's own. The shrivelling up of all the miserable intrigues, personal and political, before the one man who told truth and thereby shamed all Europe, is a fine dramatic motive, of which the most is made. Whatever any given reader's opinion of King Charles may be, he will find himself compelled to share Mr. Carey's, or Monsieur Martin's enthusiasm—at any rate, while he is under the spell. There are not many battle pieces in the novel, considering its subject; but the few are so spirited, and so excellent in every way, that they are evidently the work of a master in that style. We look forward to meeting Mr. Carey, whose name is new to us, in the field of romantic history again; at the same time venturing to advise less bewildering complexity of plot, and greater speed in reaching the point where the grip of interest begins. For leisure is short, and novels of five hundred and fifty close pages are long.

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### "THE WEB OF EMPIRE"

Although Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace claims no official character for his record of the tour of the then Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York last year, there can be little doubt that the handsome volume just published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. will stand as the permanent record of the famous journey. The writer was assistant private secretary to the Duke throughout the journey; he had unrivalled opportunities of amassing material, and with great skill he has set forth all the important features of a tour which was as wisely conceived as it was admirably carried out. Events have moved quickly within the past few years, but no one change stands out more clearly than the consolidation of the Empire. The contributory factors to this consolidation can now be seen very clearly, and among them the famous Colonial Tour occupies a prominent place. In 1893 the idea was first mooted, but it only came to fruition in 1901. Queen Victoria had sanctioned the scheme in 1900: her death caused it to be abandoned for a time. But great ideas do not die even with a great Queen, and when the Australian Commonwealth came into being, it seemed right and fitting for the heir to the throne to make the opening of the first Session of the Parliament of the Commonwealth of Australia the great feature of the journey. So it came about. The *Ophir* was chartered and turned into a King's ship, a suite to accompany the Royal tourists was admirably selected, and on March 16, 1901, the ship sailed on her momentous journey, taking the Royal tourists from one to another of the great self-governing Colonies. Everywhere they were received with unbounded enthusiasm and the most gratifying demonstrations of loyalty, and though the war has done much by way of strengthening the bonds which unite the different sections of Greater Britain, it would be idle to ignore the fact that this Royal progress far more than justified the wise statesmanship which was responsible for it, and has been of inestimable benefit in bringing all the outlying parts of the Empire into intimate sympathy. The Prince of Wales's tact, no less than the Princess's charm of manner, won them golden opinions everywhere, and one cannot but believe that the remarkable journey, in spite of its fatigues, was as great a pleasure to the Royal travellers as it unquestionably was to those they visited. Some of the most picturesque chapters in the book deal with New Zealand, for the Maoris seem to have laid themselves out to give an imposing demonstration. While turning from this to the experiences in Canada, one cannot help being struck with Sir D. M. Wallace's remarks on the Red Indians. We have been so accustomed to regard them as *facile princeps* in their native arts that it is a little disconcerting to read that in racing war canoes they are no match for white men, any more than in their national game of lacrosse, the reason being that they will not submit to the restraints of regular training. Describing canoe-racing, the writer says:—

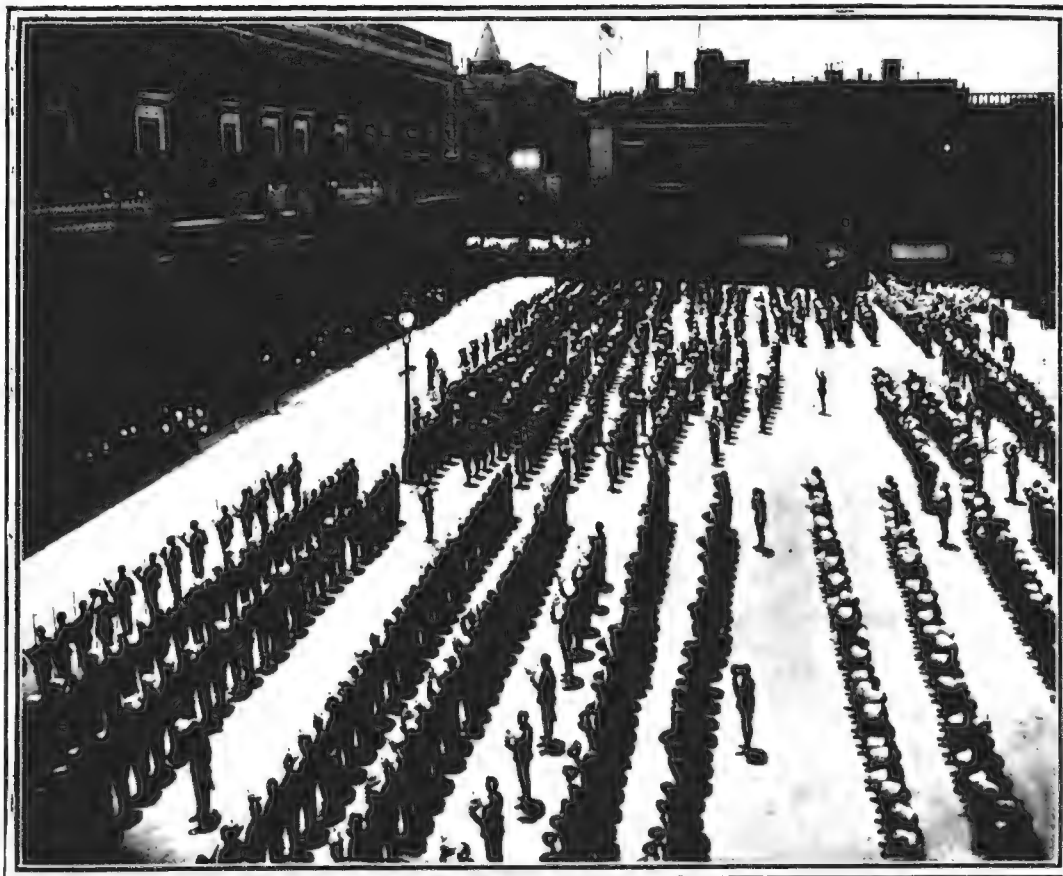
In the use of the paddle the Montreal bank clerk—for such is the class to which one of the best crews belongs—proves himself a better man than the noble savage, whose muscles have never been weakened by sedentary occupations. That is not what Fenimore Cooper taught us in the days of our youth.

Very well worthy of attention is the concluding chapter on Imperial Federation, in which the views are given of a number of representative men. About the loyalty of the Colonials there can be no question, but they consider in the main that any attempt to mould the present vague aspirations after Federation into hard and fast legislative enactments would be premature. The time is not ripe yet for a Federal Constitution. Canada certainly would not furnish an annual fixed subsidy for Imperial purposes, though ready

enough to strengthen the Empire in other ways, as, for instance, by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and by improvements in communications. One and all, indeed, are so free now that they do not want to join in any scheme which might hamper each colony individually. In short, while they recognise that they owe much to the Empire, they are like the people at home, who would object to forced military service, but are ready and anxious to volunteer when an emergency arises. The volume is admirably illustrated by Mr. Sydney P. Hall, the well-known GRAPHIC artist, who was of the suite, and who, it will be remembered, illustrated the tour in these

pages, and by the Chevalier de Martino, whose Naval studies are also familiar to our readers.

The National Gallery of British Art (Millbank) Illustrated Catalogue (Cassell and Co.) is published by authority of the Trustees, and contains a selection of illustrations of works in that branch of the National Gallery, which is better known as the Tate Gallery, and contains the Vernon collection, the Tate collection, the Chantrey collection, and a collection presented by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A. The illustrations are carefully produced.



On June 2, contingents of all the troops and of all the ships of war at Malta assembled at the Palace Square. At noon Sir Francis Grenfell appeared in the Palace balcony accompanied by his staff, Admiral Sir John Fisher and staff, Sir Giuseppe Carbone, Chief Justice, and all the members of the Executive Council, and read the Peace Proclamation, which was followed by three loud cheers by all those present. The Palace balcony is in the left-hand corner of the photograph, which was taken by Mallia and Co. from the terrace of Messrs. Bell's Bank.

SIR FRANCIS GRENFELL READING THE PROCLAMATION OF PEACE AT MALTA

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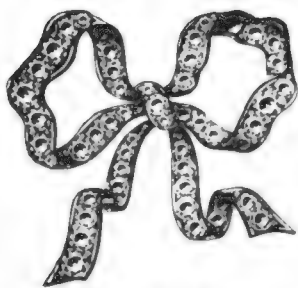
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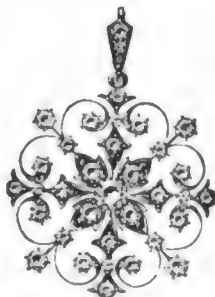


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## "THE NAVAL ANNUAL."

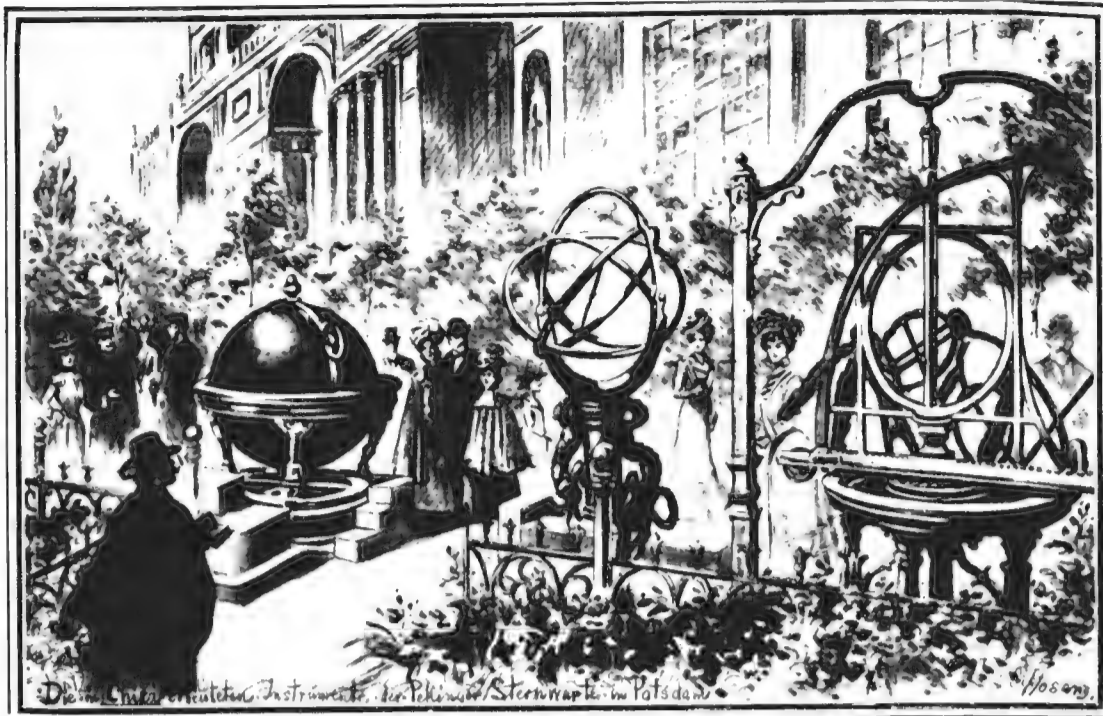
The new issue of the "Naval Annual" is fully up to the high standard of its predecessors, and there are some chapters in which it is better than any of them—especially those dealing with guns and armour. The standpoint of the work has always been conservative, yet it is worth the attention of the man in the street that throughout there is a note of disquietude with our position. In the matter of merchant cruisers, which the organisation of the Shipping Trust has now brought to the fore, it is stated:

Ten years ago we had a large proportion of the merchant steamers of the highest speed. Owing to the subsidies given by foreign Governments, we have lost our pre-eminence in vessels of this class. Germany now possesses, or will shortly possess, eight or nine vessels capable of crossing the Atlantic at 22-23 knots speed, which, so long as we have no ships that could catch them, might do great damage to our commerce in time of war.

We possess and are building nothing that could overtake these German ships, and no one who studies the problem of commerce protection can refrain from expressing uneasiness at the situation.

The serious delays in the execution of the British shipbuilding programme are briefly noted, though one would have expected this point to receive fuller treatment. It is to be observed that the same delays are occurring in France, but not in Germany, where not only is the gigantic programme of 1901 being steadily carried out up to date, but there are "indications to show that at the expiration of the first building period (1901-5) additions will be made to the programme to provide other cruisers for foreign service." Last year no less than five battle-ships were launched, and the new ships now on the stocks are, it may be, more formidable than even our *King Edwards*. In the account of the Russian Navy no allusion is made to the special and extraordinary appropriations devoted to new construction, and thus the Russian outlay is considerably understated. In the tables of ships, the usual difficulties will be felt in accepting the classification given. It is not clear why such modern ships as the *Jemnapes* and *Seniavin* should be classed below the British *Admirals*, which they could destroy with very little trouble, nor why such hulks as the *Inflexible* and *Orion* should still figure as efficient ships.

The later pages of the work contain some very severe criticism of modern British designs. Our gun-hoods, it is said, are very crudely planned compared with foreign types; our quick-firing batteries are too weak; and the armour is not disposed in a logical and scientific manner. In particular the author of these chapters protests against the mounting of 6-in. guns in the *King Edwards*, making the very "The Naval Annual, 1910," Edited by L. A. Brassey. (Simpkin, Marshall, London.)



These instruments were carried off from the Peking Observatory by German soldiers during the recent troubles in China. Much indignation has been expressed at their having been taken, and only the other day a suggestion was made in the Reichstag that they should be returned. They suffered in transport but have now been repaired and excite the greatest interest in their home in the Sans Souci Park.

CHINESE ASTRONOMICAL INSTRUMENTS IN THE SANS SOUCI PARK AT POTSDAM

FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOSANG

sound remark that "nothing could be more unsatisfactory . . . than that on completion . . . they should fall into the same category as the *Nile*, *Barfleur*, *Powerful*, *Arrogant*, *Minerva*, etc.,

etc., all of which, being much under-gunned when built, have had to be laid up for months while new guns are being supplied, which guns should have been put into the ships originally."



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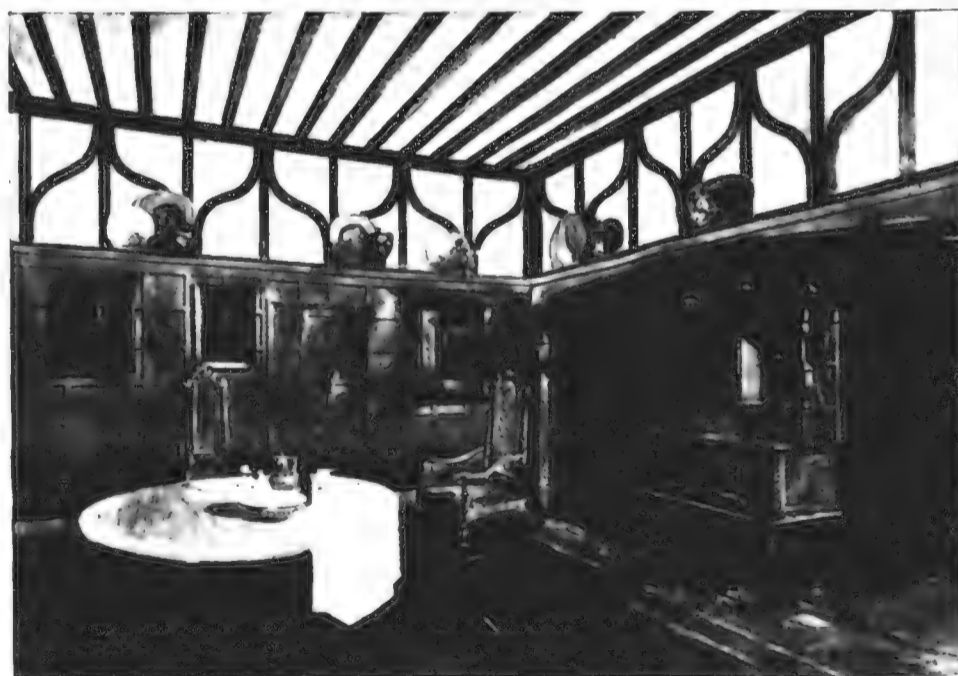
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And have a beau,  
And to the bridal altar go—  
All these fruitions of her hope



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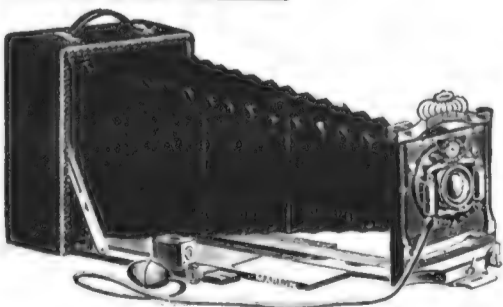
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## An Artistic Causerie

BY M. H. SPIELMANN

ALTHOUGH art is supposed to flourish only on the prosperity of the country and upon the blessings of peace, the national preoccupation in respect of the war and its cessation, of the Coronation, and other matters, has had no effect in stemming the energy and prolific productiveness of artistic effort. Still less effect has it exercised upon the acquisitiveness of collectors who buy either at auction or by private treaty. The purchase by Mr. Pierpont Morgan of the great Flemish tapestry which has latterly been in the hands of the repairers in the Victoria and Albert Museum, is one of the sensations of the moment. It is true that the sum did not reach the inflated figure mentioned in the public Press, but it is probable that it did amount to as much as 100,000/. This exquisite piece of a class already represented in a small specimen in the Museum (which cost the nation something like 1,100/.) will figure nobly at the Coronation ceremony, when it is expected that it will form the background to the Coronation Chair.

Another purchase which should hardly pass without comment is the small portrait, almost a miniature, of King Edward VI. painted in the manner of Holbein, or, more likely, Gwillim Streeter. That this little work, without a name attached to it, should have found a purchaser at sixteen hundred guineas is a very marked testimony to the extraordinary rise in value which has been the feature of the collector's world within the last few years. Streeter's portraits of the King have always fetched considerable sums, though more are attributed to him than ever came from his brush. The Duke of Hamilton's life-sized portrait fetched 800/. in 1882, and the bust-size from Rushton Hall two years later, about 500/. Yet this little picture, not entirely unlike the work now at the "Monarchs Exhibition" in Newcastle, lent by Lord Aldenham (which makes no special claim to any particular authorship), has advanced in this extraordinary measure. All the other objects of sale, whether pictures, silver, or jewels, have been subject to the same inflation, and seem hardly likely to recede.

It is no exaggeration to say that the exhibitions in London at the present time make a call upon gallery visitors altogether beyond their power to respond to. At the Burlington Fine Arts Club, where an exhibition of special interest and value to the connoisseur can always be relied upon, there is gathered together perhaps the most representative and select exhibition of fine mezzotint portraits that has yet been seen. The

whole of the great period from 1750 to 1830 is covered not only by fine prints but by unique "touched" proofs. The engravers include not merely such outstanding artists as Earle, Valentine Green, McArdell, S. W. Reynolds, and J. Raphael Smith, but more than thirty other engravers less known to the superficial student of the art of the scraper, but fully deserving the attention here given to them. It is a very extraordinary display, full of charm, and it is noteworthy that the contributors of the hundred prints consist exclusively of the King, Lord Chylesmore, Mr. Theobald, K.C., and Mr. Pierpont Morgan.

Humorous art is represented mainly by the irresistible exhibition of drawings by the Punch artists held at the Woodbury Gallery in aid of the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street. It is surely not necessary to comment upon the work of this jovial band. A visit to the Gallery, however, is interesting and curious, and nothing could be more amusing than to watch the visitors as they pass round to the accompaniment of continuous merriment and bursts of laughter. It must be admitted that the drawings appear much more interesting, artistically, upon the walls than they do in a printed page. Mr. Leslie Ward, known to the world as "Spy," has been exhibiting the humour of caricature in every form in the series of *Vanity Fair* cartoons which he displays at the Dowdeswell Galleries. His humour is really interesting, for although it belongs to what has been technically called "distortion-caricature," he is never offensive, but full of character and of fun.

Another series is that of "The World's Children," by Mr. Mortimer Menpes, at the Fine Art Society's Gallery. Mr. Menpes has shown children as he has seen them on his travels in England, France, Spain, Japan, China, India and elsewhere, and these character sketches on the whole are more attractive than the series of posture-drawings of little "Miss Phyllis Dower," the child actress in *Bluebell*. In the same gallery Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A., shows a wonderful collection of chalk studies of lions and dogs, for the most part masterly in the extreme, not only in the character of the animals represented, but in the facility of execution and economy of means. The bronze anatomical model of a lion with its muscular development, rounds off the testimony, if any were needed, of the profound and all-embracing knowledge of Mr. Riviere of the artistic aspect and construction of the *feline*—a knowledge which extends pretty well to the whole animal world.

Merely to record the names of all the exhibitions to which the art writer is summoned would occupy too much space. Mr. Wallace Rimington, with his drawings of landscape and work in

England and Spain—intended as a study in contrast; the pictures of Egypt by Mr. Talbot Kelly; the landscapes in Devon and Cornwall by Mr. King; of Highland scenery by Mr. Denholm; of East Anglian landscape by Mr. Tom Simpson; and somewhat similar works by that clever artist, Mr. Montague Smyth, do not exhaust the list. Mr. Forbes Witherby, with pictures of the New Forest, and Mr. Herbert Finn, with a new series of pictures of our cathedrals, should not be omitted, while Mr. Thomas Mostyn attracts attention with a religious painting more than usually able and sincere of "Christ and the Little Ones," at the Dowdeswell Gallery. There is also an incursion of foreign painters; Mr. Guirand de Scevola, M. Guacomanni, M. Carelli, and Count Giallina all claim attention; and Mr. Benziger, an American painter, invites the English public to express a verdict upon his portrait of Mr. McKinley.

Among all these exhibitions, including, besides the Dudley Gallery, the Surrey Art Circle, the '91 Club, and the French Gallery, it is not possible to record details, or even judgment, within a brief column; otherwise Mr. Charles Condor's paintings on silk and Mr. Muirhead Bone's drawings would demand particular notice. But the art-loving public may be urged to visit the gallery of Messrs Laurie and Co. in New Bond Street, in order to see the magnificent collection of pictures and drawings by Turner which has happily been placed on exhibition. This collection is altogether too famous and altogether too splendid to need any words of praise or commendation. The great picture of "Dort," "Signalling for a Pilot in the Channel," and the hundred water-colours and studies make a powerful appeal to the public in general. In quite a different way the silver work of Mr. Gilbert Marks, now being shown at the Black and White Gallery, 37, Old Bond Street, must attract the collector, for it is not unlikely that these pieces will be talked of and esteemed in the future, much as we talk of and esteem the work of Paul Lamerici to-day.

## Music of the Week

THE MUSIC OF THE THANKSGIVING

THE Thanksgiving Service for Peace, which the King and other members of the Royal Family attended at St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday, served for the first performance in public of Sir Arthur Sullivan's Thanksgiving *Te Deum*. We mentioned at the time of the great composer's death, that he had left this *Te Deum* in the hands of the St. Paul's Cathedral authorities, with an injunction that it was not to be used until after the Proclamation of Peace. Sir Arthur knew that his life was precarious, and the *Te Deum*, indeed, is officially stated to be his last completed work. It is

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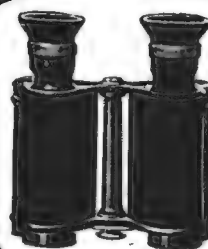


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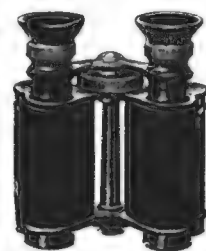
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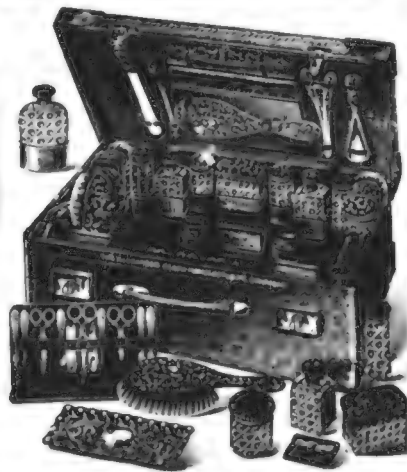
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## Rural Notes

## THE SEASON

THE weather since June came in has left very much to be desired, though doubtless both the ducks and the green peas are growing with a due view to their destiny. The wheat needs sunshine, the hops need sunshine, the very meadows run a risk of dank and harsh growth for want of the genial influence which, even if May with-holds, June may be expected to give. The rise in the night temperature, ten degrees above the average for May, is the most beneficial change of the fortnight, but the absence of steady warmth by day is very serious. Oats are coming on nicely, the frequent heavy showers having exactly suited them. Barley is far less

promising. The garden is of irregular promise, both roses and lilies look like disappointing the cultivator, for the first need plenty of sun and the latter require heat striking into a richly manured soil, in order to achieve their "possible." The early poppies have been beaten down by wind and rain, and injured by lack of sunshine. The finest trees, on the other hand, have benefited by the washing rains on their young leaves, which are very beautiful in their fresh greenery. The ash is recovering from its bad set-back in May, and the planes are at last fully out. The season has suited lettuces, which are cheap, abundant, and very good. But it has not been good for asparagus, which is comparatively tasteless, owing to the want of bright light and sun. The tomato plants are great sufferers from the deficiency in solar heat.

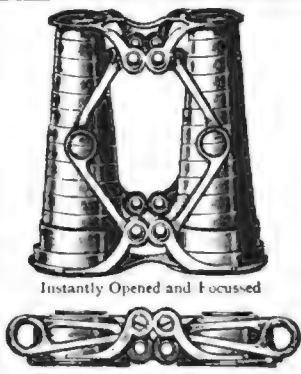
## THE FALL IN WHEAT

Of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach it has sometimes been said in vulgar parlance, that "he was not born yesterday," and some there are who would not be surprised to find that the delay in passing the Registration Duty was not unconnected with a wish to wait until the fall in prices (consequent on the arrival of the large supplies which were only on passage when the Budget was introduced) had been equal to the amount of the duty. This has now happened, the arrivals have exceeded the month's requirements by half a million quarters, and prices have receded the shilling which they advanced on the strength of the duty. These remarks do not apply to English corn, which is genuinely scarce, besides being unaffected by the duty.

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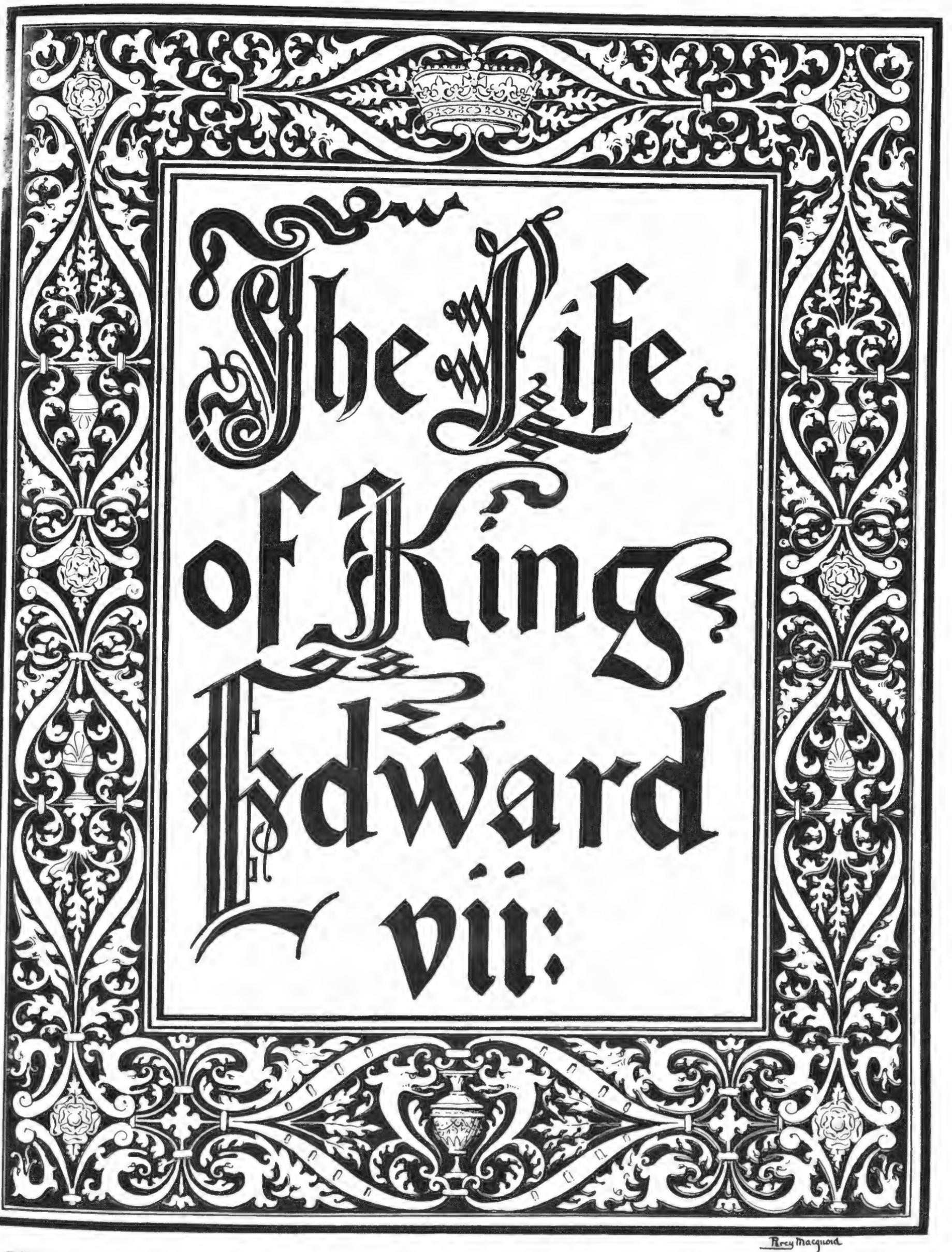
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The Life  
of King  
Edward  
vii:

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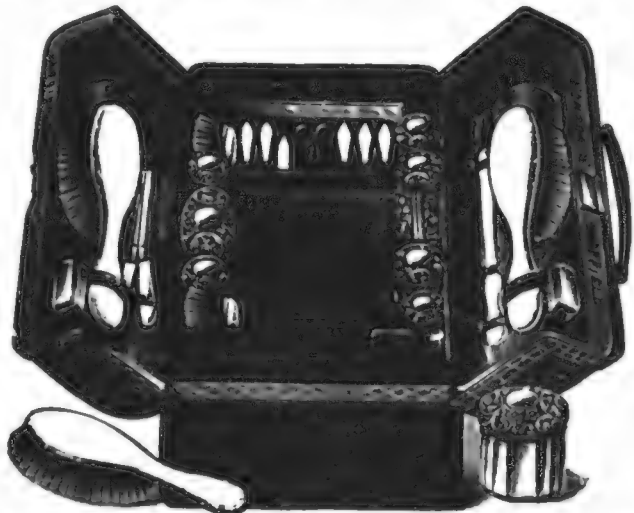
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THE FUTURE KING RECEIVING HIS FIRST VISITORS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL, M.A.O.

# Edward VII.

A SKETCH BIOGRAPHY BY SIR WALTER BESANT

## CHAPTER I.

### CRADLE AND NURSERY

KING EDWARD VII. was born at Buckingham Palace on Tuesday, November 9, 1841, at twelve minutes before eleven in the morning. There were present in the anteroom Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, several Lords of the Privy Council, and the Ladies of the Bedchamber.

The news of the birth was made known by the firing of cannon in the Park, and at the Tower of London, and by the ringing of the bells everywhere. A Privy Council was called at Whitehall immediately. At this meeting it was resolved that the Archbishop of Canterbury should be invited to draw up a Form of Thanksgiving to be used in all churches and chapels throughout England and Wales, and in the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, on Sunday, November 14, or on the Sunday after the respective ministers should have received the form. The latter clause is significant. At this time there is no part of the country where the news would not be received on the same day. Then there were vast tracts of the country that were not reached by railways; if the Archbishop's Form of Prayer was despatched on the Thursday there were certainly some parishes which it would not reach before the Sunday following.

Naturally, the day after the child was born, everybody began to talk about his rank and titles. As regards the former, opinions at first differed. For some maintained that the Archbishop of Canterbury was the first subject of the realm, and as such ranked before any other, while others, with greater knowledge, or greater wisdom, argued that the first subject of the realm was, and could be, no other than the Sovereign's eldest son. This, in fact, is his rank. He stands next to the Throne. After him follow his brothers, his own sons, his cousins, his uncles. The actual Royal Family thus ranks, all together, before any of the people. After them follows the Archbishop of Canterbury, and then come the rest of the people in due order, till we get down to "professional gentlemen," and then to those "others, not engaged in manual labour, farming of land, or retail trade, who are considered to possess some station in society, although the law takes no cognisance of these ranks *inter se*." The titles of the little boy were equally new to most people. It was generally believed that he was born Prince of Wales. Not at all. That title has to be created for the eldest son of the Sovereign. What he does inherit are (1) the Duchy of Cornwall. He is Duke of Cornwall by right of birth, following ancient Custom, which has given this title to the eldest son of the Sovereign since the Black Prince held it. (2) He is also hereditary Earl of Chester, following the custom begun by Henry III., when he conferred that title upon his eldest son, Edward the First. But the title of Prince of Wales he received by patent, according to ancient custom. (3) Other hereditary titles, however, came to him. He was Prince of Scotland, Hereditary Steward of Scotland, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, and Baron Renfrew. In 1396 Robert III. of Scotland made his son David, who was already Prince and Steward and Earl of Carrick, Duke of Rothesay, the first time that the title of Duke was used in Scotland. These honours afterwards fell to James I., surviving son of Robert III., and have been continued to the present day the inheritance and the right of the eldest son.

The Prince was also by birth Duke of Saxony and Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

On December 4 the young Duke of Cornwall was created by patent, according to practice, Prince of Wales. This creation made him a Knight of the Garter, by a statute of 1805, in which the Prince of Wales for the time being was declared a constituent part of the Order, so that he became a knight without investiture or appointment in becoming Prince of Wales.

It is remarkable, and somewhat unfortunate, that no Irish title came to the infant Prince. This omission is singular; one would have thought that it could have been perceived and remedied long before. The distracted history of that country, which for some hundred years had known no independence or native sovereign, seems to account for the fact that no Irish title awaited the Prince of Wales. Some years later they made a title for him. He was created Earl of Dublin by patent. All the other members of the Royal Family bear Irish titles, though none of them have hitherto thought it desirable to reside, for part of the year at least, in that kingdom.

One more hereditary privilege belonged to the Prince. His father was already a freeman of the Goldsmiths' Company; therefore, the Prince could at any time, if he chose, take up his freedom of the City by "patrimony," and by paying the fees. In the year 1863, shortly after his marriage, he actually exercised that privilege, and became a Freeman of the City.

At the Council of December 11 the name of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was inserted in the Liturgy after that of Prince Albert. The arms belonging to a Prince of Wales were also considered at this Council.

It is pleasant to add before we leave the cradle that the child very early in his babyhood received callers and visitors. He was dressed for the purpose *en grande tenue*. So early did he, who was destined in after life to assume so many robes and to wear so many uniforms, put on the livery of his rank. He wore, one reads with pleasure, a purple velvet robe trimmed with crimson and a lace cap adorned with a rosette.

And so early as this did the subject of so many portraits in the time to come sit for his likeness. Mr. W. C. Ross, A.R.A., received the commission to paint the first likeness of the Prince of Wales. No doubt it is still hanging on the wall at Windsor or at Buckingham Palace.

You have seen how this fortunate infant inherited so many titles

belonged to the House of Brunswick, which has furnished five Sovereigns to Great Britain and Ireland. By the mother of George I. he belonged to the Stuarts; by Queen Margaret of Scotland he was a Tudor; by Owen Tudor he was a Welshman; by the wife of Henry VII. and by the mother of Henry VIII. he was descended from John of Gaunt; by Elizabeth of York he was descended from Lionel Duke of Clarence and Edmund Langley, the other two younger sons of Edward III. By both sides he was a Plantagenet. By the Empress Maud he was a Norman; by the Queen of Henry I. he was a Scot; by the Queen of King Malcolm he was a descendant of Edgar, Athelstan, and Alfred, and also through them from the heroes and the gods and goddesses of the Saxons, who dwelt about the mouth of the Elbe. The pedigree of the King is, therefore, long and very ancient. There is no more ancient pedigree in the world, unless it is true that certain Jewish families can carry their line of ancestry back even to the days of King Solomon. It is a pedigree showing a very remarkable fusion of many races. The King is Saxon, Norman, Scottish, Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart, Hanoverian and Coburgian. By the other Queens—those who are not themselves links, but consorts of Princes who are links, he is French, Spanish, German, Fleming, Provençal, Dane, and much besides. He is not Russian, nor is he Chinese, Turk, Arab, or Red Indian. Yet, with all this mixture, the child was to become through and through an Englishman.

In his descent as well as everything else he was born to represent the people. For we all have the same ancestry as the King. Like him, we are Saxon, Norman, Scottish, Irish, Welsh, Fleming, French, German, Scandinavian, Dane, and everything else. Now and then among ourselves one or other of these races seems to break out; we seem to see in one or other of our statesmen, our captains, our poets, the fire of the Welshman, the melancholy of the Celt, the solidity of the German, the dexterity of the Frenchman. But, like the King, we are an amalgam of all. It takes a mixture of all these people to produce an Englishman. We are sometimes told that in the United States another blend is now going on. That is not the right way to put it. The old blend is still going on. The blend never stops, either here or across the Atlantic; but in the States it has been conducted on a far more extensive scale and over a far larger country.

The christening, about which there was no such hurry as would probably be the case at the present time, took place on Tuesday, January 25, 1842. The Cabinet Ministers were invited to Windsor Castle for the ceremony. They left town on Monday, the 24th, and returned on Friday, the 28th. In London there arose mysteriously a rumour to the effect that the theatres would be all thrown open to the public gratuitously on the day of the christening. The report was accepted and believed by that part of the public who hail gratuitous exhibitions. Unfortunately for their expectations the report proved baseless. Have the theatres ever been thrown open to the English public in commemoration of any national and joyful event?

Meantime, it was a very illustrious party which assembled in the Waterloo Gallery of Windsor Castle at eleven o'clock that morning. It is only on such occasions, one feels, that people of the higher rank can appreciate and understand their own importance in forming part of a function so select. The Knights of the Garter were there in their splendid mantles and collars; the Cabinet Ministers were there in their official uniforms; the Bishops of Winchester and Oxford in their mantles as Prelate and Chancellor of the Order of the Garter were there; the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs—"fellows in fur," George III. called them—were there; the great officers of State and of the Household were there. The account narrates how the Queen and Prince Albert, "with H.R.H. the Prince of Wales," as if the baby was walking between them, drove to the Chapel, the Duke of Sussex and Prince George of Cambridge being in the carriage with them, so that the Queen carried the child in her lap.

In the Chapel great preparations had been made for the reception of the child into the Christian faith. A raised dais had been constructed in front of the altar on which were placed chairs of State for the principal persons. These chairs were of crimson velvet embroidered with the Star of the Order of the Garter. The Naval and Military Knights of Windsor occupied the sides of the aisle; the Knights of the Garter sat in their stalls, the Prelate of the Order, with the Dean and Clergy of the Chapel, took up their places within the rails. Before the altar a new font, apparently of silver, was placed on a purple velvet cushion.

About one o'clock the Queen and Prince Albert entered the Chapel from the north side. Their party consisted of the Duke of Sussex, the two young Princes of Saxe-Coburg, and the Prince of Saxe-Weimar. The Duke of Wellington carried the Sword of State, preceded by the Lord Steward, the Lord Chamberlain and the other officers of the Household. At the same moment the King of Prussia, with the Duke Ferdinand of



THE KING'S FATHER, PRINCE ALBERT OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA  
FROM A MINIATURE PAINTED ABOUT 1841 BY ROBERT THORBURN

and honours. I may be allowed to anticipate the future in order to set forth the titles and honours he has received and held when Prince of Wales. I omit his military distinctions and the Foreign Orders. I also anticipate the record, and give the list in this place because it offers the keynote to the King's life and character in showing some of the broad and varied interest which he always took in the work and the objects of his time when heir to the throne.

Thus—the list is not complete—he was an Elder Brother of the Trinity House, a Trustee of the British Museum, Grand Master of Freemasons in England, Member of the Middle Temple and of King's Inn, Dublin, President of the Society of Arts, Doctor of Laws of Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin and Calcutta University, Hon. F.R.C.P., and received the Freedom of the City of London and of many other cities.

It was to be the fortune of this infant to become for many years the representative of the English people in their social and civic sides. Of this I shall have to speak in due course. He was the representative of the people in another way, not often considered, namely, in his descent and ancestry. By his father and by the marriages of the Georges he was connected with all the German reigning Princes—there was not yet a Germany, except in vision and in dream—that is to say, he belonged to the one House whose members sit on all the thrones of Europe. On his mother's side he

Saxe-Coburg, the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, entered at the south door. The King of Prussia acted as principal sponsor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Bishop of London, performed the ceremony, and at its close the choir sang the Hallelujah Chorus. Mr. Hayter and Mr. Baxter, artists, were present, by the Queen's command, to sketch the scene. After the function a Chapter of the Order of the Garter was read in the Throne Room.

The really important question, what was to be done about the Knighthood of the Garter, continued to occupy the public mind for some weeks. According to the Statute of 1786, the sons of the King were eligible, in addition, if necessary, to the twenty-five Companions; by that of 1805 the descendants of George II. were also eligible, and the Prince of Wales was officially a constituent member of the Order. It was objected to by persons ignorant of these two Statutes that there was no vacancy. What was to be done? At this juncture the Earl of Westmoreland was so obliging as to die, leaving a vacancy, if that was necessary. Still, what was to be done next? The Queen, it was pointed out by the *Times*, had three courses before her: (1) she might interpret the Statute as intending to enact that the Order should consist of twenty-five companions, whenever there was not a Prince of Wales, and twenty-six whenever there was one—but the Statute did not mean that at all; (2) the Queen might disregard that part of the Statute, and nominate her son as a lineal descendant of George II., as by that Statute she was entitled to do; or (3) she might disappoint those Peers from whom a successor to Lord Westmoreland would be chosen, and put her son in his place.

However, the business was settled by the Queen making the child a Knight of the Garter. It was pointed out that the title of Prince of Wales carried with it simple knighthood; so that there was no necessity for creating him a Knight Bachelor before making him a Knight of the Garter; and that whether investiture took place or not, among the child's titles must be set down that of K.G.

There was also a good deal of discussion as to the propriety of knighting the infant. Some sticklers maintained that the Duke of Wellington or the Prince Consort or the King of Prussia ought to do it; any one Knight, it was said, could confer knighthood upon another. The *Times*, again, summed up the situation. The Queen, and the Queen alone, acting with the advice of her Ministers, was the Fountain of Honour. No foreign Orders were recognised in the country, except by special licence from the Crown. In the end it is not recorded whether the baby went through the ceremony of dubbing or not. Perhaps some morning, when he was taken out of his bath, the Prince received the knightly accolade with a maternal kiss.

The present number of Companions of the Order is fifty. Of these the first twenty-five comprise the Sovereign, the Duke of Cornwall and York, the members of the Royal Family, most of the reigning Sovereigns of Europe, and certain Crown Princes and Grand Dukes. The other five-and-twenty belong to the English, Scottish, and Irish aristocracy; there are among them eleven Dukes, six Marquesses, and eight Earls. Below the rank of Earl no one, apparently, need dream of becoming a Knight of the Garter. It may be as well to note that the Order originally consisted of the Sovereign and twenty-five Companions; that in 1786 the sons of George III. were eligible, although the number was complete; and in 1801 the lineal descendants of George I. were also eligible. The power of making and of modifying the laws and regulations of the Order was at first in the hands of the Companions, until it was surrendered to Charles II. The election, also originally in the hands of the Companions, fell into the hands of the Sovereign. There remained the holding of Chapters and Installations. These have been gradually abandoned. At the present moment there are no Installations or ceremonies of any kind, which seems a pity, if it is considered desirable to maintain the splendour and dignity of the Order. The officers have always been the Bishop of Winchester as Prelate, the Bishop of Oxford as Chancellor, the Dean of Windsor as Registrar, Garter King of Arms as Herald, and as Usher, the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod.

How many presents have been sent to the King since his christening? Among the earliest was one from a private gentleman named Thompson, who lived at Hampstead. He offered as a gift worthy the acceptance of a Prince—a bedstead. It was a most elaborately carved and beautifully decorated bedstead, which had formerly belonged to Cardinal Wolsey. The sum of 1,500*l.* had been offered for it, and refused. The bedstead was of ebony, carved in every part with figures, shields and devices of all kinds. To lighten the dark ebony, friezes and scrolls were introduced of inlaid mother-of-pearl and ivory. The cornices and testers were also richly carved and the hangings were of purple satin damask. In addition to the bed the present consisted of the Cardinal's chair, with presses and cabinets and other pieces of contemporary furniture, the whole forming a room furnished entirely with work of the Tudor period. As, however, "sofas and ottomans" are mentioned covered with silver brocade, one fears that the antiquarian knowledge of the donor, as regards furniture, was not quite equal to that of the present day.

We need not pry into the Royal nursery with its successive occupants. Other christenings were performed in the chapel of St. George. The Crown Princess had already been christened there in

1840; in 1842 Princess Alice was christened there; in 1844 they carried Prince Alfred to the chapel for the same ceremony; in 1846 the Princess Helena, in 1848 the Princess Louise, in 1850 Prince Arthur, in 1853 Prince Leopold, in 1857 the Princess Beatrice, and so the tale was completed. Such glimpses of the domestic life as are desired may be found here and there among the Queen's "Leaves from the Journal of her Life in the Highlands," Sir Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort," and from Letters and Recollections and Reminiscences of the time.

Thus, in the notes of her first visit to Scotland, in the autumn of 1842, the Queen receives "good accounts of the little children." Two years later, when she is starting for her second journey North, "Alice and the baby"—Prince Alfred—"were brought down to say good-bye." Then came "Good Bertie," and then "Vicky," who was to go with her mother. The child was as good as gold, went to sleep at her usual hours, bowed to the people, and was not in the least frightened or put out by crowds and noise. Again in 1847, on the journey to the West Coast of Scotland, the two eldest children—the Princess, then seven; the Prince, six—went with the Queen. At Milford Haven the people turned out in thousands to gaze upon the Prince of Wales first, and at the Queen next, just as in Rothesay the honest Scots came out to shout for the Duke of Rothesay. When they visit Staffa, the children go in the barge with the party to see the cave, the first time that a Queen of Great Britain, with her husband and children, had ever entered Fingal's Cave. The Prince rides a pony, a gillie leading, and "Grant"

is also certain that the imperious selfishness which has marked the youth and early manhood of so many Princes was never a characteristic of Edward VII., or of any of his brothers. Partly he was saved from this vice of Royalty by natural amiability, which always made him thoughtful for others; partly he was saved from it by the care and watchfulness of the Queen and the Prince Consort first, and of his tutors next.

## CHAPTER II.

## SCHOOL AND PLAY TIME.

LET me recall one scene in the early life of the King. I do so because it was the first time out of many that I saw him.

It must have been in the year 1850 or 1851 that the last of the three-deckers was launched in Portsmouth Dockyard. The *Marlborough*, of 120 guns, was the largest and finest man-of-war ever built, except her twin sister, the *Wellington*. In length and breadth and depth she was nothing in comparison with the monsters of 12,000 tons and more which now speed across the ocean on which she herself sailed majestically slow. But she was the finest ship of the old-fashioned kind that had ever been built or launched.

It was a great day for the dockyard. The shed in which the ship was built was gay with bunting, and furnished with long bare benches for spectators. At the mouth of the dock they had erected a little cottage, or shelter, all flags and flag-poles, for Queen Victoria, who was coming over from Cowes to witness the launch. The quiet old dockyard, which at that time still belonged much more to the eighteenth than the nineteenth century—you may still find at Chatham a dockyard of the former period—was crowded with people, the ladies in bright colours and most of the men in uniform; a military band was playing in the building shed; the convicts were shoved away somewhere out of sight—the contemplation of their uniform, never exhilarating, was on such a day impossible; the walkers in the rope house were sitting down, and the countless hammers of the workmen were silent. For the dockyard it was a day of repose and holiday.

By some good fortune—I think it was the interest of a cousin "in the yard"—I had a ticket which permitted me to go on board and be launched in the ship. Imagine the enormous joy to a boy of twelve or thirteen! You may understand that I turned up in good time; that I was among the first arrivals; that I was over the gangway and exploring the great ship in every corner, running up and down the companions, getting down to the lower decks, even to the dark and gloomy orlop, which suggested the death of Nelson and the groans of the wounded. I remember that the cabins and the state-rooms were as yet bare and unfurnished, that the port-holes were ready for the cannon, not yet put on board, and that the magazines were open and empty; otherwise the ship was ready from the simple decorations of the cabins to the figurehead of *Marlborough* the Great and the carved balconies in the stern. To my great joy, by standing on the lowest of them, I found myself close to the pavilion provided for the Queen.

The time passed slowly; more people crowded on board. There were, I think, five or six hundred on the ship; there were many thousands sitting patiently in the shed; the bands kept on playing to keep us all in good temper. At last we heard salutes out at Spithead; then we all stood at attention, so to speak, for we knew what that meant—the Queen was on her way. The harbour was crowded with wherries lying off the dockyard to see the Queen and the launch; the bells of St. Thomas's Church were ringing; the arms of the semaphore were working without cessation. At last, the band struck up "God Save the Queen." Then there was a mighty roar of ten thousand voices. The Queen had arrived. She landed at the quay. She was taken to the pavilion. She came out of it with Prince Albert. She was escorted by the Admirals of the Port and of the Dockyard; and she was followed by two of her children—the Princess and the Prince. There were other children of the House, but to the world at large there were as yet but two—the Princess and the Prince.

I know not who broke the bottle at the bows, because I was at the other end of the ship; nor do I remember anything except that while the Queen stood there, the centre of that little group looking on, the great ship began to move; there was another roar of voices; the ship trembled as one who wakes to life; she trembled from stem to stern; she moved; she slowly began to slide down the slips. In another moment we should have been floating out in the harbour. The Queen was looking up with the children at the moving mass—when—suddenly—the ship stopped. The *Marlborough* stuck. She stuck fast. Again she trembled like a live thing. I say that I felt her tremble, but it was not in the deception of life and motion, but in the fear of death. We were, all of us—the whole of that immense multitude, though few realised it—face to face with a most terrible catastrophe. For the ship might capsize in the shed, and upon all those people, including the Queen herself and the children. Then I saw, standing where I was in the stern, the Queen snatch the children and hurry them back to the shelter—it would have availed her nothing—of the pavilion.

What happened after that I know not. The joy of the launch



THE KING'S MOTHER, QUEEN VICTORIA  
FROM A PORTRAIT PAINTED ABOUT 1841 BY SIR W. C. ROSS, R.A.

walking by his side; they all go together to see the Gathering of Braemar, and they all go together to see the Prince Consort deer-stalking; and so on—notes that speak of the quiet, domestic affection which makes much of small enjoyments, and of the mother who teaches the children to love nature and scenery and flowers and all things that are beautiful as well as all things that are good. It is in 1855 that we get the first note of change. The children are growing up—the Prince is fourteen; the Princess is fifteen, and she is engaged (on September 25) to Frederick, Prince of Prussia, whom she was to marry two years later. The young Prince, among his brothers and sisters, grew strong and lusty, passed from an infant to a child, from a child to a boy, learned many exercises and such things as were thought necessary for a Prince, and, fortunately for himself, had his numerous brothers and sisters as companions, so that he was not brought up in the terrible loneliness which is the unhappy lot of some Princes. One thinks of the childhood of Richard II.—lonely in his pride; and of that of Henry VI., lonely and melancholy; and that of Queen Anne's son, the little Duke of Gloucester, lonely and sickly. The King as Prince of Wales escaped these dangers; he was never brought up to believe that his was the only will to be obeyed, the only mind to be studied; these are dangers inevitable in such a position. It is certain that the late Queen understood the perils of the position and endeavoured to avoid them; it

was rudely destroyed; the people separated and went home. On board the ship they made all of us run aft and jump in unison, so to speak, to encourage the ship to further efforts. But it was no use. When, after two or three hours of ineffectual effort, we were allowed to go on shore, the shed was empty, the dockyard deserted; all the people had gone home to take off their uniforms and their fine clothes, and to lament the spoiling of the day. To the best of my recollection the Marines, a patient and much enduring body, on whom the really hard work is always shoved, were ordered to go on board and jump—a painful exercise if too long continued—until at midnight the ship consented to leave the shed and to join the ocean for which she was built.

The most useful books for a young Prince are the countries, towns, and peoples, first, of his own Empire, and next of the whole world. As regards the actual details of the Prince's other studies the world has, I believe, been left in ignorance. We know not what proficiency he acquired in Greek; how far he studied English literature; what progress he made in mathematics. On the other hand it is certain that he was placed under able tutors, especially Dr. Liddell and Mr. Gibbs. He is a good linguist, speaking French, German, English, and perhaps Italian, with fluency and ease; he was carefully taught the constitutional history of the country; he was very early taught, by the Queen's own example, that he must learn the nature, the pursuits, the character, and the ideas of the people, not by reading books, but by travelling about and observing; he became a good and fearless rider, a good shot, and a follower of all field sports: that he was taught the gracious manners which have always been his great distinction is unlikely, because it is impossible. A gracious manner is born, not made. Many Kings have never had it. Princes should, above all other people, have manners—a far more important branch of education to them than to other people—but all Princes do not acquire the affable bearing, the mind which never forges a friend or an acquaintance, and the grace which becomes a Prince. These things we may assume to be natural, not taught.

Perhaps it was the fear that music might too much absorb his attention, and in the general policy of discouraging special pursuits, that the Prince did not become the master of any instrument. His father, his brothers, his sisters, were all accomplished musicians. He alone, I believe, plays upon no instrument.

In Sir Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort" the anxiety of the Queen and the Prince for the education of their children, and the importance attached to a right understanding of the kind of education specially suitable for their position, and especially for the position of the Prince of Wales, are very carefully set forth. Baron Stockmar at the Queen's request prepared a memorandum on the subject, part of which is preserved in the book mentioned. The Baron is evidently afraid that the example of another George IV., another Duke of York, another William IV. would be absolutely fatal to the Throne. "On the choice of the principles," he says, "on which the Prince of Wales shall be educated, will in all probability depend whether the future Sovereign of England shall reign in harmony with, or in opposition to, the prevailing opinions of the people. The education of the Prince should nowise tend to make him a demagogue or a moral enthusiast but a man of calm, profound, comprehensive understanding, imbued with a deep conviction of the indispensable necessity of practical morality to the welfare of both Sovereign and people. . . . The proper duty of the Sovereigns in this country is not to take the lead in change, but to act as a balance wheel on the movements of the social body. Above all, the Prince should be trained to freedom of thought and a firm reliance on the inherent power of the sound principles, political, moral, and religious, to sustain themselves and produce practical good when left in possession of a firm field of development."

His voyages and travels of education and of observation began in the year 1847, when, a child of six, he accompanied the Queen and Prince Albert on a journey, the first of many, to the West Coast of Scotland and the Highlands. In 1848 he went with the Queen to the East Coast of Scotland. In 1851 there was the Great Exhibition to visit and to study. In 1853 he went with the Queen to visit Ireland. In 1855 he went with the Queen, Prince Albert, and the Princess Royal to visit the Emperor Napoleon at Paris. It was the visit of ceremony which formed part of the Anglo-French Alliance. In 1856 the Queen, with the Royal squadron, cruised along the South Coast, having with her five of the children. They put in at Dartmouth and at Plymouth, visiting the dockyards of Devonport. Here the Prince left the Royal party, and, with his own suite, made a tour in Devonshire. He travelled *incog.*, and was, therefore, not received and entertained by any of the county

people. Indeed, no one was told beforehand of this little journey. He visited Sidmouth, Exmouth, Exeter, and Teignmouth, avoiding observation and not being recognised by any one. It must be remembered that as yet the photographer had hardly begun his work of disseminating portraits of people; nor were the illustrated papers provided, as at present, with accurate portraits for reproduction. In other words, the Prince was not known by sight. In 1857 the Prince visited the English Lakes. In this year, also, he made his first appearance in the hunting field, where his riding gave general satisfaction. That at least, it was apparent, had not been neglected.

The Prince was at this time a slender, handsome boy, not tall, but of fair stature, resembling his father, or perhaps his great-grandmother, Queen Charlotte, rather than his grandfather, the Duke of Kent, or his great grandfather, George the Third. That type, however, has by no means left the Royal Family; there are many members of it whose resemblance to the Royal type of face, a most distinct and pronounced type—that, say of George the Second—is most remarkable.

Very shortly after his return from the Lakes the Prince travelled north to Newcastle, whence he made an excursion into the country and went down a coal mine. Observe that he was sent about the country in order to see everything and to go everywhere, and to be seen by everybody. It was this wise policy that made the young Prince so widely popular at the outset. Since the time of Richard the Second there was never an Heir to the Throne who made in his youth more friends and well-wishers among all classes of people than this Prince of the nineteenth century. The North Country people admired especially his pluck in allowing himself to be lowered into

the United States has turned out two of the most prominent monarchs Europe has had during the last generation—namely, Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon."

In April, 1858, the Prince paid another visit to Ireland. He landed at Cork. His ostensible visit was to the Lakes of Killarney; he travelled *incognito* and endeavoured to avoid crowds. That, however, was not always possible.

In September of this year (1858) the Prince made a stay of some weeks at Balmoral, where he brought down his first stag amid the rejoicings of his gillies. Later on, in the autumn, he went to Berlin on a visit to his sister, now married to the Crown Prince of Prussia. Before starting he gave a sitting—one of the first out of so many—to a photographer, Mr. Mayall it was, who had the honour of taking a full-length portrait of the Prince in his uniform as Colonel in the Army.

On January 11, 1859, he presented colours to the 100th (the Prince of Wales's Royal Canadian) Regiment of Foot at Shorncliffe Camp. The following is a verbatim report of the Prince's speech. It is reproduced here because it is his earliest and first public utterance:

"Lord Melville, Colonel de Pottenberg, and officers and soldiers of the 100th Regiment. It is most gratifying to me that, by the Queen's gracious permission, my first public act since I have had the honour of holding a commission in the British Army, should be the presentation of colours to a regiment which is the spontaneous offering of the loyal and spirited Canadian people, and with which, at their desire, my name has been specially associated. The ceremonial in which we are now engaged possesses a peculiar significance and solemnity, because in confiding to you for the first time this emblem of military fidelity and valour I not only recognise emphatically your enrolment into our national force,

but celebrate an act which proclaims and strengthens the unity of the various parts of this vast Empire under the sway of our common Sovereign. Although, owing to my youth and inexperience, I can but very imperfectly give expression to the sentiments which this occasion is calculated to awaken with reference to yourselves and to the great and flourishing province of Canada, you may rest assured that I shall ever watch the progress and achievements of your gallant corps with deep interest, and that I heartily wish you all honour and success in the prosecution of the noble career on which you have entered."

In July he was present at the Speech Day, Harrow, apparently without making a speech.

In the same month he went to Edinburgh with his tutor, Mr. Travers, taking up his residence in Holyrood Palace, and entering upon a short course of study, the subjects of which had been laid down by the Prince Consort. He was placed under the special care of Dr. Schmitz, the Rector of the High School, with a view especially to historical study. He attended the University almost daily, making the acquaintance of the Professors, attending lectures and visiting,

without publicity, the principal public places of the city. Among the studies of this time was that of Italian.

He was now in his eighteenth year. Already the newspapers had begun to discuss the various ladies of Royal blood who could be considered possible brides for the Prince in case he were to marry young. Certainly a Prince of Wales would not be allowed to postpone his marriage indefinitely; the mischief of that permission had been clearly shown by the glaring examples of George the Fourth and his brothers, who had filled the land with scandals. The country had not forgotten the scare when, on the death of the Princess Charlotte, it seemed as if, out of all the sons of George the Third, not one would leave an heir to the Crown. The conditions necessary for a bride of the Prince were:—(1) That she must be of Royal descent; (2) that she must belong to the Protestant religion; and (3) that she must be young—not older than the Prince. Other conditions, such as health, beauty, personal character, amiability and dignity, were understood but not expressed. The choice, it appeared to those who studied the "Almanack de Gotha," was extremely narrow. There were seven Princesses in Europe and only seven, who could be so much as mentioned. These were:—

1. The Princess Alexandrina, daughter of Prince Albert of Prussia, born February 1, 1842.
2. Princess Anne of Hesse Darmstadt, niece of the Grand Duke of Hesse and of the Emperor of Russia, born May 25, 1843.
3. Princess Augusta of Holstein Glucksburg, born Feb. 27, 1844.
4. Duchess Wilhelmina of Wurtemberg, born July 11, 1844.
5. Princess Alexandra, daughter of Prince Christian of Denmark, born December 1, 1844.
6. Princess Mary of Saxe-Altenburg, born June 28, 1845.
7. Princess Catherine of Oldenburg, sister of the Grand Duchess Nicholas of Russia, born September 21, 1846.

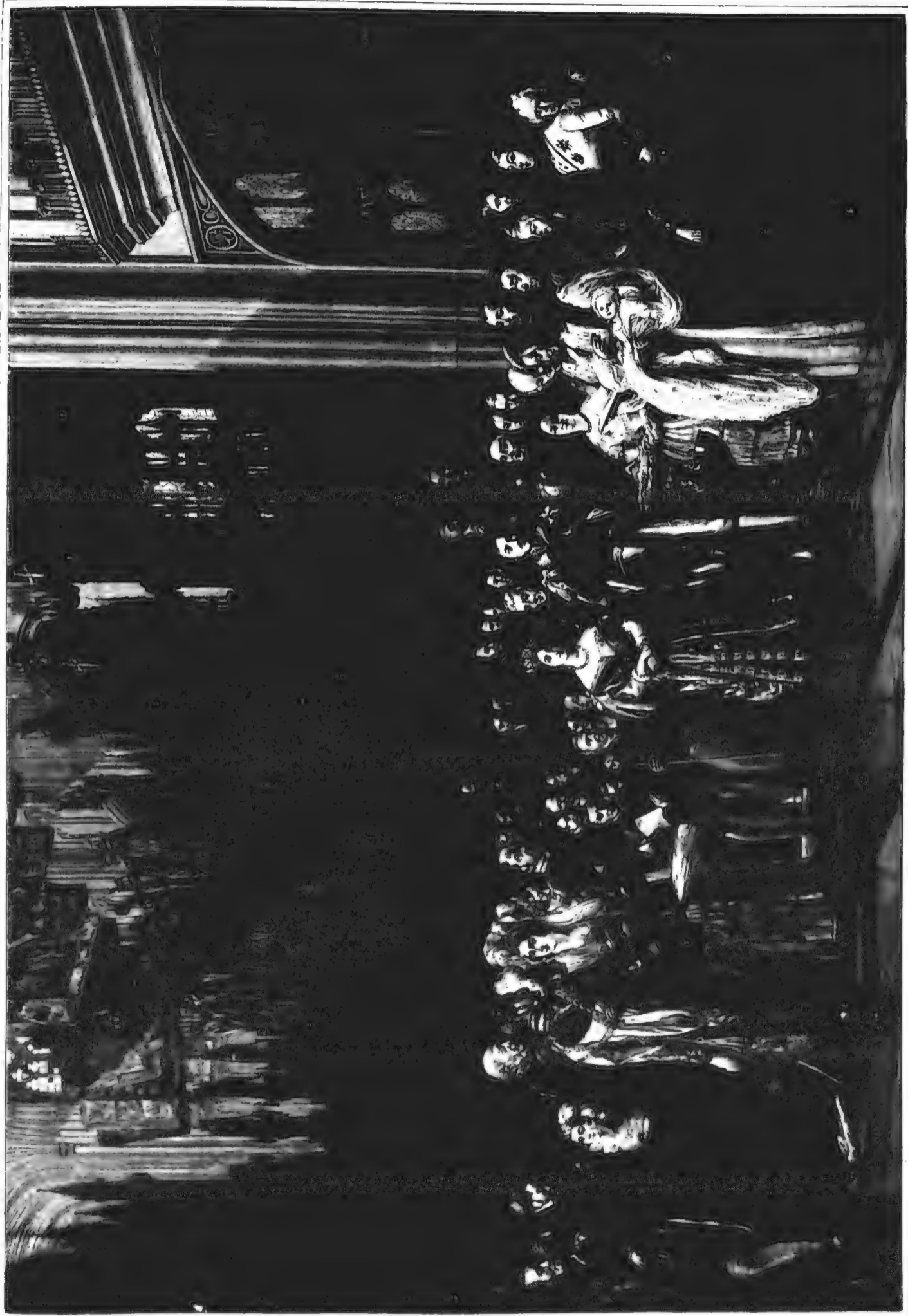


THE ROOM IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE, IN WHICH THE KING WAS BORN

the black pit. It was remembered that the Emperor Nicholas of Russia had been taken to the same pit, but as the mouth his courage failed him; he declared that it was like looking down into the infernal regions; he refused to step into the basket, and drove away. It seems a small thing to dare what pitmen face every day of their lives, but the Prince was as yet little more than a boy; no one would have blamed him for refusing to go down, while everybody was touched by the sympathy which made him anxious to learn how many thousands of the Queen's subjects earn their daily bread.

In this, truly his *winter jahr*, the Prince visited Switzerland as well. He travelled, with a party of eight in all, under the title of Baron Renfrew. He arrived at Chamounix on September 12; the place was full of visitors; among them was the late Albert Smith, the well-known novelist and entertainer, who was probably picking up a few more anecdotes and jokes for the embellishment of his "Mont Blanc." He had the honour of acting as guide to the Prince, taking him over a glacier and showing him cascades and ravines. At Great St. Bernard, the Prince was allowed to buy the finest puppy of the monks' famous breed of dogs. He ordered it to be carried for him over the Pass; unfortunately, the man who was sent with it stuffed the little creature with too much milk and then threw it over his shoulder and carried it by the legs like a kid, so that it was suffocated, and when the man arrived he threw a dead St. Bernard's pup at the feet of the Prince. The monks made up for his disappointment by sending him another pup.

The *New York Herald* remarked upon this journey of the Prince that his foreign travels might be more extended with advantage. "We propose that, after passing the present summer in looking at the little countries into which the peninsula of Europe is cut up, he shall come over here as plain Albert Guelph, Esquire, and take a look at this country, which occupies a whole Continent. Travel in



THE CHRISTENING OF THE INFANT KING IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR CASTLE, JANUARY 25, 1842  
FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR GEORGE HAYTER

The paper from which the above list is copied ventures a prophecy which proves its sagacity. "We are disposed to think that No. 5 will be considered the most eligible lady." But the reason for this conclusion alleged is surely the most unlikely to have weighed with the Prince, viz., that the Princess's father was heir presumptive to the Crown of Denmark! As if the consideration of a close connection with a small foreign throne would be likely to have the slightest weight, other things being equal. It is pleasant, however, to recall the fact that, four years before the event, the world was discussing the probabilities as to the Prince's future bride. And if we at home were beginning to speculate on the subject, there was no doubt anxious speculation abroad among those branches of the great German Royal family for whom such an honour was possible.

The Prince remained two months at Edinburgh. It is said that he was diligent in his studies. He worked at history with Dr. Schmitz; he also studied chemistry with Dr. Playfair, and Italian with Signor Lemmi. Perhaps there were other subjects. To be sure, a third share in the working hours of two months is not much for any one subject. One can hardly call it a professional training for a young man. But the object of the course, which was part of the education laid down, as we have seen, for the Prince, was not to make him a specialist, but to give him an insight into the meaning of many things. And this, there is no doubt, was done by Schmitz and Playfair. Whether the Prince was a hard-working student or not, it is remembered by those who were in the city during his stay that he won "universal esteem and admiration by his graceful and unassuming manners."

Before leaving the city he desired to mark his recognition of the facilities offered him for his work, and requested to be registered on the books of the University as a student. The Secretary of the University, then the poet, Alexander Smith, accordingly repaired to Holyrood, obtained the Prince's signature of his formal obligations as a student, and presented him with the usual matriculation ticket.

At this point the last of his tutors, who had been with him as companion as well as tutor for three years, resigned his charge and withdrew.

The Prince's boyhood was now over. He had left school, so to speak, and was about to enter at Oxford and Cambridge and to receive the Queen's commission in the Army. The second stage in his life is, therefore, now completed.

On leaving what may be called the schoolboy period, let me once more call attention to the wisdom of the education devised and steadily pursued by the Queen and the Prince Consort. The boy was to be prepared for his future duties by a course of study and teaching which should be above all things catholic in its character. He was to have what is called a Liberal education—one would like to know what Latin and Greek, and what amount of mathematics were taught the boy, but he was not to become a bookworm nor a scholar, nor a philosopher, nor a man of science; he was to learn the constitutional history of the country, but not under a lawyer or a pedant; he was to travel from the first; was to go everywhere and to converse with people of all conditions; he was to learn by observation and by discourse; he was to be imbued with the desire of seeing new places and new things; he was to become acquainted with people of every rank and of all the nationalities under the rule of the Sovereign; he was to be practised in every manly sport; he was to learn, but not too early,



THE KING AT THE AGE OF FIVE MONTHS  
FROM THE PORTRAIT BY SIR W. C. ROSE, R.A., PAINTED BY COMMAND OF  
THE QUEEN

the life of a soldier and the life of the camp; he was to be trained to speak, and to speak with ease; and his singular and wonderful attraction of manner was cultivated by the people who surrounded him until it became an inseparable part of him, the most valuable and precious of all the gifts with which lavish fortune endowed the Prince.

### CHAPTER III.

#### CAMP AND COLLEGE.

In the autumn of 1859 the Prince began his residence at Oxford. Frewen Hall, a house named after Dr. Frewen, formerly President of Magdalen (1626-1644), was taken for him. The house stood on

the site of St. Mary's College, where Erasmus once resided. It was opposite to New Inn Hall. The Prince on his arrival was received by the Vice-Chancellor, then the Master of Pembroke, and by the Mayor and Aldermen of the city. He was entered at Christ Church, and matriculated in the customary manner.

There is little to relate about his residence at Oxford. He attended certain lectures; he went to the Union; he walked about with little ceremony, but seems to have made few personal and private friends among the undergraduates. This appears to have been wisely considered desirable. There is always the danger of favourites. Facile friendships and intimacies with young men quite below his own station were discouraged in the interests of the latter as well as those of the Prince himself. A friendship between a lad of no family, who had his own way to make in the world, and the Prince, who could do little or nothing to advance the ambitions or the interests of impecunious friends, might prove a disturbing and disappointing element for the former, while it might, and very probably would, lead to the Prince being surrounded by a whole company of flatterers, sycophants, and needy adventurers, such as Piers Gaveston and the favourites of Edward II. The policy of keeping the Prince apart was certainly the wisest under the circumstances. Perhaps the case above mentioned of the weak and unfortunate King was remembered as one in which a naturally feeble and frivolous mind was made mischievously feeble and contemptibly frivolous by unworthy followers and private friends. If rank has any meaning, again, it is surely the duty of a Prince to maintain it by a certain amount of separation. It is well understood that the late Queen herself, with the approval of her advisers, always most jealously guarded and insisted upon all the ceremonial forms and functions that belong to the Crown (including the separation and even isolation which must accompany them). Respect for Royalty must be maintained by respect for ceremonial; without it the accession of such a King as George IV. would absolutely destroy the Institution and sweep away the Throne. Once gone it would certainly never come back again. Personal character will secure respect for the individual; but a dynasty wishes to be continuous. So that Court formalities must be observed and maintained, though they must be sometimes tedious and intolerable. The maintenance of rank, again, must be observed in many unsuspected ways. For instance, nothing can be more regardless of rank than the University examinations; all go in equal, and come out in order of merit and distinction without the slightest regard for rank. This was, doubtless, a consideration which prevented the Prince from being allowed to pass any Honours Examination; his name figures in no class lists; it would certainly be far from profitable that he should be placed even in the First Class with a dozen others, or that he should be "honoured" with a Third. It would not be convenient in after life to be reminded that the intellect of the Prince only got him a Second in Greats. To return to the question of companions, one hears of equerries and secretaries in the service of the Prince—young men of his own age and of social position, but one does not hear of private and intimate friends who were only qualified by powers of wit, conversation, and the faculty of amusing. There was no Piers Gaveston among the early associates of the Prince, nor was there a Sheridan, nor was there a Beau Brummel.

There is one nameless little adventure which I found in a paper of this time. It is called "The Prince a Prisoner," and it has no



THE KING  
THE KING AT QUEEN VICTORIA'S RECEPTION OF KING LOUIS PHILIPPE AT WINDSOR, OCTOBER 8, 1844  
FROM THE PICTURE BY F. WINTERHALTER

importance at all, except that it is almost the one anecdote which survives of the short stay at Oxford.

Not very far from Oxford, at a place called Steeple Barton, there was a farmer named Hedges, a man of much independence of character, commonly known as "Lord Chief Justice Hedges." On one occasion the Prince and his friends were out with the South Oxfordshire Hounds; but meeting with indifferent sport they resolved on riding home across country. This they did, galloping over the lands of Farmer Hedges, and presently riding into his farmyard. There they were confronted by the farmer himself armed with a fork. He closed the gates and informed the party bluntly that they had been trespassing on his ground and trampling on his young wheat, and that he would not allow one of them to leave his farmyard until he had paid a fine of one sovereign for the damage done. They whispered that the Prince himself was of the party. "Prince or no Prince," he replied shortly, "I'll have my money." There was little glory to be had by fighting a resolute farmer armed with a fork. They, therefore, made up their minds to pay, Prince and all. When he had the money in his pocket, and not till then, Lord Chief Justice Hedges opened the gates and let them go.

It was in the summer of this year that the Prince made his voyage and journey to the Dominion and the British Possessions in North America. This visit must occupy a chapter to itself.

The Prince landed at Plymouth on Thursday, November 15, having been away three months. He proceeded at once to Windsor, and was met at the station by the Prince Consort. On the 21st he went into residence again at Oxford, where, at the close of the term, he was visited privately by the Queen and a large party of Princes and Princesses and their suites. They drove round visiting the colleges, and returned to Windsor on the same day.

On the 21st the Prince completed the time assigned to him for his residence at Oxford. He had still to pass a short time at Cambridge, and a house was found for him three or four miles from the town, called Madingley Hall. He went into residence on January 19, was received by the Vice-Chancellor, was duly matriculated and entered as an under-graduate, signed his name, received an address from the Mayor, and began to attend lectures and to be seen about the narrow streets of the old University town, and at the Union, and in the Hall of Trinity and elsewhere.

If the annals of the Prince's residence at Oxford are meagre, still more meagre are those of his residence at Cambridge. There are still, however, plenty of men living who remember the quiet and unassuming manner in which he used to go to the Union. Those present rose on his entrance, and sat down as soon as the Prince was seated. No further notice was taken; he read, he hunted, he shot, he looked what he was, a quiet young man of highly prepossessing appearance and of the most charming manners. No one ever found out that he possessed a genius for mathematics or for classics; but then he was never encouraged to cultivate a genius for anything. It is not, if one thinks of it, a quality often found among Princes, chiefly, I suppose, because any suspicion of genius would be instantly nipped in the bud. It would be nothing short of a national misfortune were a Prince of Wales to become absorbed in the pursuit of pure mathematics, or devoted to producing a new and revised text of *Æschylus*, with suggestions for the corrupt passages. In the summer he received the last lesson of his long and elaborate education, a lesson in practical soldiering. This was learned at the Curragh of Kildare.

The Dublin reporters crowded to the Curragh in multitudes, but complained that they could find nothing to report about the Prince. What, indeed, was there to report? He attended to his regimental duties—parade in the morning, mess in the evening, visiting and riding in the afternoon. The sum of what the disappointed reporters would bring away was to the effect that word was brought to them that the Prince was minding his own business, and would be very glad if other people would let him alone and mind

theirs. It was hard upon the unfortunate reporters, because it actually was their own business to find out that of the Prince. The Prince on this occasion gave great offence to the Protestants by visiting Maynooth College and treating Archbishop Cullen as if he was a gentleman and a dignitary of the Church! It was too bad! The Ultra-Protestants, you see, could not, or did not, understand that under the Crown of Great Britain there are many millions of Roman Catholics, together with many millions of Mahomedans, Brahmins and Buddhists, as well as Protestants. The Imperial idea in matters of religion had yet to be cultivated.

Although holding rank as Colonel in the Army, the Prince had been attached for drill to the 1st Battalion of the Grenadier Guards, acting

Just, however, as there was no serious intention of making the Prince a scholar, so there was none of making him a practical and professional soldier. He learned the meaning of what was expected of him—namely, the work of commanding a company and the simple handling of troops, which would serve him at reviews and so forth. In September his duties at the camp came to an end. The Prince returned to England, but left it immediately for the Continent.

In October he paid his first visit to a private house, staying at Clumber, the seat of the Duke of Newcastle. Here he laid the foundation stone of a new church and met a great many county people, going back to Cambridge at the end of the month. Of this, his last term and the conclusion of his education, the chronicle is mostly silent. There is nothing that seems worthy of record.

Let us sum up. The Prince was brought up privately by tutors under the direction of the Queen and the Prince Consort; he was turned out a fine rider and a good shot; he was not sent to a public school, probably because it seemed fit that from the outset he should consider himself in a sense separated from the ordinary ambitions, pursuits, and occupations of the world, and on account of the danger that, as a boy, he might fall into the hands of those who would flatter and humour him; what he learned in the ordinary way has not been revealed; he was a linguist, understanding three languages perfectly; he was taught how to speak in public, plainly and effectively—a Prince is not expected to be eloquent, or persuasive, or convincing; he was trained in the useful arts of affability and graciousness; how to please, without forgetting his place and the duties it laid upon him; he was taught to learn everything that belongs to the life of the people; to go down mines, to inspect factories, to open agricultural exhibitions, to show himself interested in every worthy and honourable object; to become soldier enough to handle a company and to understand the meaning of a campaign; and, above all, to interest himself in everything that belongs to the improvement and elevation of the people.

Such was the education of our present King. His after life has proved the wisdom of those who devised for him an education by travel and by observation as much as by books.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### CANADA AND THE STATES

AMONG the many journeys undertaken by the Prince, three stand out prominently as the most important—namely, the journey to Canada and the United States, the journey to the Holy Land and the East, and the journey to India. Some of his travels have been political, some ceremonial, *i.e.*, to take part in a function; some, as the natural part of his work and duties. These three journeys were, so to speak, as purely personal, that is, undertaken for the purpose of seeing foreign lands, as the journey of a Prince can be.

The first of these, the visit to North America, was regarded, both here and there, as an event of the greatest importance. The Canadians were to receive a Prince of Wales for the first time in their history; the United States were to receive the great-grandson of the King whom they had been taught to regard as a kind of exaggerated

Nero; the heir of a family whom their school books, their Press, and their orators continually taught them to regard with mistrust and hatred. It is not too much to say that the average American considered the British as a nation which as yet knew not the meaning of freedom, and was still trodden down under the oppression of a despotic Monarch.

It was resolved that the visit to Canada and the British Possessions in North America should be conducted with every external acknowledgment of its importance. A numerous suite was appointed to accompany the Prince, while the responsible chief was the wise and sagacious Duke of Newcastle, then Secretary of State for the Colonies.

The party set sail from Devonport on July 10, 1860. The Prince



THE KING AT THE AGE OF SIX  
FROM THE PICTURE BY J. WINTERHALTER

as Captain to the 9th Company. No distinction whatever between his company and any other was permitted. The Prince turned out at the untimely hours of military life, and, wet or dry, hot or cold, submitted to the tedium of drill and exercise; nor had he any leave of absence except once, when a few days' furlough was granted to enable him to meet his sister, the Princess of Prussia. The Prince had for quarters a wooden hut, somewhat larger than the rest, and pleasantly placed. He was visited at the camp by the Prince Consort, who came to see with his own eyes how his son endured the military discipline which, as a German, and, thorough in everything, he so much admired. The Queen came over also, and had the pleasure of seeing the young captain on parade with his company of Grenadiers.

and his suite were on board H.M.S. *Hero* (Captain Scymour), which was accompanied by the *Ariadne* (Captain Vansittart) and the *Flying Fish* (Captain Hope). The route had been laid down and arranged very carefully beforehand. It was to be through Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island, thence to Quebec by the River St. Lawrence, afterwards as you shall presently discover.

The programme was duly carried out. The Prince was to be received as representing the Queen, and he was authorised to hold levées and to receive addresses for Her Majesty as well as for himself.

The squadron arrived at St. John's, Newfoundland, on July 23, after a voyage which we should call leisurely. The Prince landed, and after a day of rest he held a levée, at which 200 persons were presented, among them representatives of various trades and societies. Addresses and the customary loyal assurances were presented and received. As the festivities of St. John's were repeated wherever the party stopped, and as there is a certain sameness about loyal addresses and balls, it will be sufficient, perhaps, if I extract an account of the first ball and let it stand for all those which followed.

"A grand ball was given at the Colonial House. A gorgeous pavilion, representing a tent, was erected, and decorated with many coloured flags, banners and ribbons. Some beautiful drawings were also here and there dispersed. The bands of H.M.S. *Hero* and of the various regiments were on hand, and greatly contributed to the success of the demonstration. The whole city was again brilliantly illuminated. A dais was erected in the grand saloon for his Royal Highness. This was canopied with the Crown plumes of the Prince of Wales, the English coat of arms, and the ancient motto, "Ich dien" (I serve). There were thousands of persons of all ranks present. The Prince arrived at about ten o'clock, and was greeted with loud, enthusiastic and prolonged cheers—the bands playing "God Save the Queen." The Prince was dressed in the full uniform of a British Colonel. He was accompanied by the Earl of St. Germans, who was dressed in blue, with a badge, and the Duke of Newcastle, who wore his full uniform.

"The Prince danced six times during the evening, and remained with the company until half-past two o'clock this morning. The dancing, on the whole, among the company, was not very good. The Prince very affably and good-naturedly corrected some of the blundering dancers, and every now and then called out the different figures of the dance. He is himself a very graceful and accomplished dancer, as he fully proved in the way he whirled through waltzes, polkas, and quadrilles. While he danced he was repeatedly cheered, and he very properly took a new partner whenever he stood up to dance.

"The people everywhere are greatly delighted. The unpretending and genial disposition of the young Prince has gained him the affection of many true and worthy hearts. The noblemen who attended his Royal Highness did not mingle in the festivities of the dance. The ball was closed at three o'clock this morning; but, before leaving, the Prince and suite expressed themselves greatly pleased at the cordial and affectionate reception accorded to them."

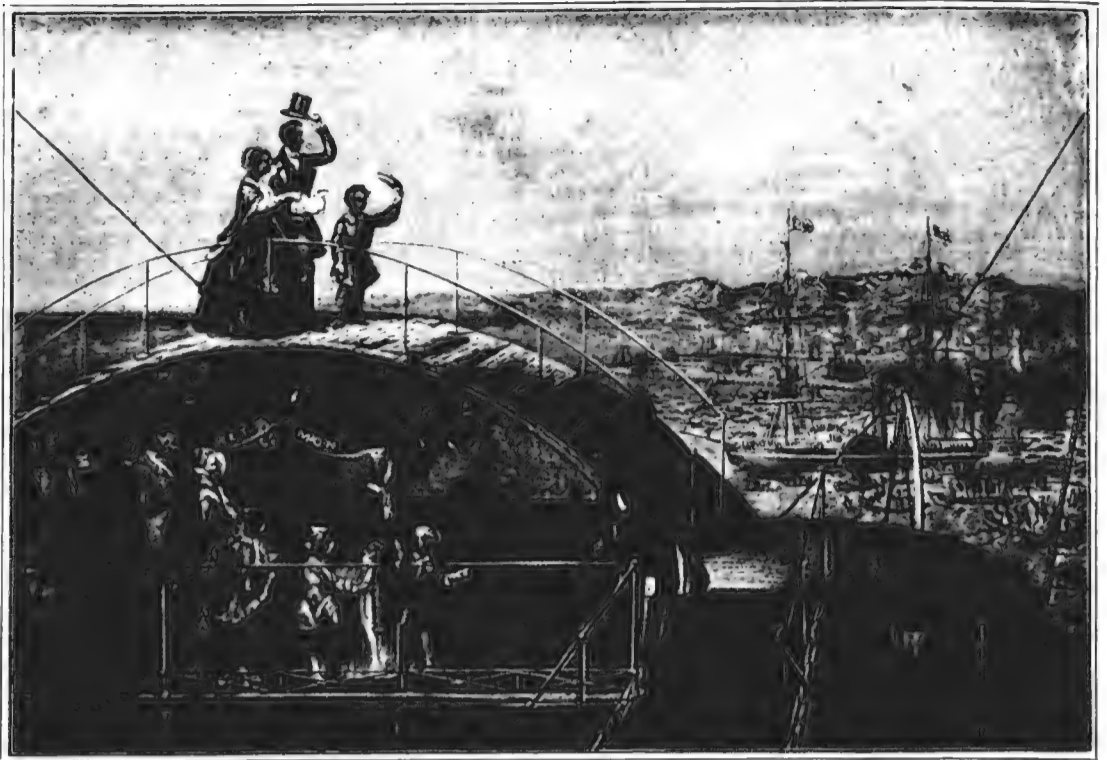
From Newfoundland to Nova Scotia. At the City of Halifax the Prince received an address, reviewed the troops and Volunteers, inspected the Citadel, witnessed the sports of Red Indians, went to a dinner party and attended a ball at which 3,000 persons were present. There was also a regatta. I only mention these things to prove that the rejoicings were much the same everywhere. A medal was struck by order of the Grand Trunk Railway Company in honour of the Prince's visit. On the obverse was a bust of the Prince; on the reverse was the Plume surrounded by maple leaves. Five of these medals were struck in gold, fifty in silver, and five hundred in bronze.

The Prince landed at Quebec on the afternoon of August 18. On the 23rd he proceeded to Montreal. Here he opened an exhibition, laid the corner stone of the Victoria Bridge, reviewed the troops—there were still British regiments in Canada—and the Volunteer Forces; visited the towns and country round; went on to Ottawa and there laid the foundation stone of the New Parliament House.

It is noticeable that the only jarring incident in the Canadian journey happened through the zeal of the Orange party, who insisted upon joining the procession with their flags and bands. The Duke of Newcastle, however, would not allow of any party demonstration, and at one or two places where the zealous Protestants insisted on parading their religious symbols the Duke refused the intended visit and struck it out of the list. Great and stormy was the indignation everywhere against the ill-judged zeal of the men who had carried their party hatreds across the Atlantic, and wanted to drag the young Prince into their feuds.

At Toronto, for instance, an attempt was made to parade the Orange emblems; they displayed an Orange flag in the procession; and on an arch they put up the portrait of William III. The Mayor had to offer an apology for this untoward zeal before the Prince consented to receive him with the Corporation and their address.

He visited the Falls of Niagara, and saw Blondin cross on the tight-rope with a man upon his back. Here he made a stay of three or four days, rejoicing in a temporary rest from receptions and addresses, and able to go about without a crowd at his heels, and not even a band of music within hearing or a Venetian mast in sight. One must not forget to note that he paid a tribute to Canadian heroism in placing the last stone on the monument of Brock on Queenstown Heights. He also received an address from such of the veterans who still survived from the war of 1812, in which the Canadians so greatly distinguished themselves. One must also not forget to place on record an act of gracious mercy. It happened at Ottawa. The Prince found there an old man who had been signal midshipman on Nelson's flagship, the *Victory*, at Trafalgar. For some act of insubordination, or offence against discipline, the nature of which is not recorded, the unfortunate young officer had been tried by naval court-martial and dismissed the service. This was fifty-five years before the Prince's visit. The case was reported to him: he sent for the man, and, it is



ARRIVING WITH QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCE CONSORT AT KINGSTOWN  
THE KING'S FIRST VISIT TO IRELAND, 1849



THE KING AT THE OPENING OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION BY QUEEN VICTORIA, MAY 1, 1851

Prince Consort



The Princess Royal  
(The late Empress Frederick)

Princess Helena  
(Now Princess Christian)

Princess Alice  
(The late Grand Duchess of Hesse)

Queen Victoria

The King  
(Then Prince of Wales)

Prince Alfred  
(The late Duke of Coburg)

THE KING'S CHILDHOOD: THE ROYAL FAMILY IN 1848

FROM THE PAINTING BY F. WINTERHALTER

said—I suppose he had received powers allowing him to do so—restored him formally to his old rank. So that one imagines that the veteran died, still in the rank of midshipman, the oldest nuddy in the service.

The last levée was held at the town of Hamilton. And the opening of an agricultural exhibition at that place terminated the Prince's visit to Her Majesty's Dominions in North America.

Sixteen years after this visit the present writer was visiting a little place on a lovely lake in the backwoods of Canada. They were holding a rough up-country exhibition of agricultural produce. It was held, I remember, in a sawmill; the exhibition was crowded with people; they were all dressed as backwoodsmen—that is to say, not in uniform, but in varied costumes of fearful and wonderful guise, especially as regards their hats. That they were all prosperous, all full of health and hope, was shown not in their broken felt hats but in their faces. Among them was a man older than most, who in the little wooden hotel where some of us sat in the evening, talked at large of the Prince's visit in 1860, and of that Exhibition of Hamilton which the Prince had opened. "My word!" he said, being a Yorkshireman, "but he was a handsome young chap! I shall never forget how he talked and how he laughed—specially with the girls." He laughed himself at this pleasing reminiscence. "Look at that hand now!" He held it out, and, indeed, it was a very fine hand, about fifteen inches in length and broad in proportion. "That hand, gentlemen, has been shaken by the Prince of Wales himself!" "Look at this, then," said another of the company producing a weather-beaten fist, also of a size larger than is generally met with; "this hand, gentlemen, has been shaken by the Countess of Dufferin!" In 1876 there were two memories which those honest people of the backwoods loved: first, the memory of the gallant young Prince; and next the memory of the gracious and beautiful Countess of Dufferin.

On leaving Canada the Prince entirely dropped his state; he became the Lord Renfrew, travelling as a private gentleman, with a few friends, in a foreign, but not an unfriendly, country.



THE KING AND HIS BROTHER, PRINCE ALFRED (DUKE OF COBURG), IN 1842  
FROM THE PAINTING BY F. WINTERHALTER

One cannot but feel, in reading of the reception which was accorded to the Prince in the United States, how great a difference there was in the general feeling of the American people toward the Old Country in the year 1860, and that, say, in the year 1896—not 1898 or 1899. There seems to have been, during the whole of the Prince's visit in the States, not one jarring note; he was welcomed everywhere, not only for himself but as the representative of the Queen and the whole of the English people; the angry memories of the War of Independence and of the short but irritating war of 1812, in which neither nation could claim the advantage, seemed to be fast dying out; the baleful influence of Irish hatred was hardly felt as yet. Certainly it was not recognised as a factor in national feeling; the country was more friendly to England than it had been for nearly a hundred years. Alas! the old rancour was about to begin again and to grow more bitter and more exasperated. For it was the year before the commencement of the Civil War, in which English statesmen committed the fatal blunder of giving their sympathies to the side which represented disruption; the break up of a great proud country; and the cause of slavery. Why? One knows not, except that the South was constantly presented to this country as a land of gentlemen and the North as a land of traders. However, our people, most unfortunately, took that side, not only in official acts, as the letting loose of the *Alabama*, but in their newspapers and in their talk, and in a thousand ways, wishing success to the South. Those of us who can remember that time, will also remember how bitter, how exasperated, was the indignation of the North; how the very name of England was held accursed while the North fought out that life-and-death struggle, and while England gave her sympathies to the cause of disruption and slavery. The war came to an end; the right at last prevailed; but the rancour remained in all its bitterness; the *Alabama* business was not wiped out by a heavy penalty; the memory of it survived as a sign and symbol of England's attitude during that awful time.

These are old memories; such atonement as one nation can make another has been made by open confession and abasement and the voices of the



THE KING, WITH QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCE CONSORT, AT THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON I. IN THE PALAIS DES INVALIDES, PARIS, 1855

FROM THE PICTURE BY E. M. WARD, R.A.

better sort; but the thirty years which followed that gigantic blunder were filled with rancorous abuse and misrepresentation of our country in the Republic, which should be its closest friend and strongest ally, so that it has been reckoned only natural for a politician, climbing into power, to use, as his principal weapon, unrestrained abuse of the Mother Country. It is impossible not to think of these things when one reads of the Prince's visit to America in 1860, and of the fatal blunder of England when her sympathies went out altogether to the party of Secession, and her tears shed for the conquered cause, and Canada was filled with Southern fugitives, and embassies from the South found partisans all over England.

Here are two letters, the first from the President Buchanan to the Queen, and the second her reply. Both are a little stiff in the wording, but they are cordial and sincere:—

“Washington, June 4, 1860.

“To Her Majesty Queen Victoria,—

“I have learned from the public journals that the Prince of Wales is about to visit your Majesty's North American Dominions. Should it be the intention of His Royal Highness to extend his visit to the United States, I need not say how happy I should be to give him a cordial welcome to Washington. You may be well assured that everywhere in this country he will be greeted by the American people in such a manner as cannot fail to prove gratifying to your Majesty. In this they will manifest their deep sense of your domestic virtues, as well as their convictions of your merits as a wise, patriotic, and constitutional Sovereign.

“Your Majesty's most obedient servant,  
“JAMES BUCHANAN.”

“Buckingham Palace, June 22, 1860.

“My good Friend,—

“I have been much gratified at the feelings which prompted you to write to me, inviting the Prince of Wales to come to Washington. He intends to return from Canada through the United States; and it will give him great pleasure to have an opportunity of testifying to you in person that these feelings are fully reciprocated by him. He will thus be able, at the same time, to mark the respect which he entertains for the Chief Magistrate of a great and friendly State and kindred nation.

“The Prince of Wales will drop all state on leaving my Dominions, and travel under the name of Lord Renfrew, as he has done when travelling on the Continent of Europe.

“The Prince Consort wishes to be kindly remembered to you.

“I remain, ever your good friend,  
“VICTORIA R.”

The first place visited by the Prince was the City of Detroit (September 20, 1860), where he was welcomed to the United States by Major Bahl, on behalf of the City. From Detroit he went on to Chicago. At this time Chicago, with its population of 97,000, had not yet succeeded in taking the first place among the



WOUNDED SOLDIERS FROM THE CRIMEA RECEIVING DECORATIONS  
THE KING WITH QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE CONSORT AT NETLEY IN 1856

Cities of the West. Her great rival, St. Louis, had a population double that of her own. Both cities were advancing in prosperity by leaps and bounds. One reads that the Prince stopped three days at Chicago, in order to get some shooting in the prairies between that City and the Mississippi. There was then nearly a hundred miles of prairie between Chicago and the river: it was covered with herds of buffalo. Where are those herds now? And where is that prairie? The herds have vanished: the prairie is now covered with towns and townships, and broken up in farms: the City stretches out long arms across that broad level, and railways cross it in every direction. If the King, after forty years, returned to the prairie, he would not recognise it any more than he would recognise, in the City of a million people, with more than the average American energy and nervous force, the quiet little City of 1860, where people were only beginning to understand that their position was commercially as good as that of Babylon, and better than that of Venice.

The good people of America refused to hear anything about Lord Renfrew; they had with them the Prince of Wales, and they were not going to disguise that remarkable event. It was the first time that any member of the British Royal family had ever visited the land of the Rebellion Triumphant. The people had by no means forgotten that they were rebels triumphant—they never intend to lose that memory; but they were magnanimous; they were prepared at this time to forgive the people they had turned out. Everything shows that the process of forgiveness was going on peacefully and happily—as I have said above. A single twelvemonth more, and the old bitterness was to break out again more bitter still.

From Chicago the Prince proceeded to St. Louis, where he visited the Fair of the Agricultural Association. The Duke of Newcastle held a reception, at which the principal citizens were presented to the Prince, and the popular enthusiasm broke out in serenades of welcome at midnight. A New York paper wrote of the commencement of this journey:—

“It was well arranged that the Prince should travel from West to East, as he thereby sees the development of our country in its various stages, from prairie, forest, log cabin, village and town, to the great Metropolis. He travels from the new to the old portions of the country, and sees from the first germ to the full flower of civilisation. He went as far west as time would allow, and still the country reached before him; he now turns his face towards the rising sun, and as he goes sees the full maturity of our powers.”

From St. Louis to Cincinnati, where there was a ball; next to Pittsburg, and thence to Washington, where the party arrived on the 31st. At every station where the train stopped there were crowds to see their visitor, and the Prince had to step out upon the little platform at the back of the car to show himself to the people. At Washington the President showed the greatest cordiality to the Prince. He gave a great dinner party, and he held a Levée. He also took the Prince to see Mount Vernon, where Washington lived and died—a memorable visit.

From Washington the party proceeded to Richmond; thence to Baltimore and Philadelphia. At the latter city, where the Quaker element was still predominant, the Prince was received with a quiet and unostentatious welcome.

On October 11 he arrived at New York. He landed at Castle Garden Battery, where he was received by the Mayor, who addressed him briefly:—

“As Chief Magistrate of this City I welcome your Royal Highness. In this welcome I represent the entire population without exception.”

The following notes of the New York reception were taken from the *New York Herald*:—

“The Prince changed his walking-dress for the uniform of a Colonel (the Duke of Newcastle wearing his uniform of Lord-Lieutenant), and, accompanied by his suite and the principal American officers, the party went from Castle Garden to the Battery, where were drawn up the five brigades of the New York Militia, mustering in all some six or seven thousand men.

“Slight and almost boyish in his appearance in morning dress, in uniform and on horseback, the Prince looks a young nobleman, of whom, apart from his exalted position, any Englishman might be proud to see acknowledged as a representative of his nation. He sits a horse as only a young Englishman can, and receives his homage of welcome with the easy grace of one to the manner born. Certainly, as he cantered down to the Battery, his horse rearing and prancing with timidity at the tumult of cheers around, he looked worthy of the great welcome that awaited him.

“After some hours spent in the inspection of the Militia, the



THE KING, WITH QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE EMPRESS FREDERICK (THEN PRINCESS ROYAL), SKETCHING AT LOCH LAGGAN

FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER

Prince proceeded in an open barouche towards the City Hall Park, passing up Broadway. The enthusiasm seemed boundless, inexhaustible.

"Half a million people lined Broadway, and there was a splendid military display. About seven o'clock His Royal Highness arrived at that palace of all American hotels—the Hotel of the Fifth Avenue.

"In the evening a grand ball followed at the Academy of Music—it was very select—confined to 3,000 of the upper ten thousand.

"The next day was spent in visiting the chief objects of interest in the Broadway—shops, bazaars, etc.

"On Saturday night there was a grand torchlight procession of firemen.

"On Sunday the Prince of Wales attended Divine Service at Trinity Church.

"During the Service prayers were offered up for Her Majesty, the Prince Consort, and Albert Edward, Prince of Wales—the first time that such a petition has ever been made for English Royalty in that building since Dr. Inglis lost this chief living for persisting in making it."

The journey was drawing to a close.

On the 17th the Prince arrived at Boston, where he met with the same kind of reception as at New York, reviewing 20,000 Militia, and attending a ball at which were present 3,000 guests. On the 20th he arrived at Portland, Maine, where he once more embarked on the *Hero*.

The cannon thundered from the American and English ships and the batteries; the bands played the national airs of the two countries, and the Prince sailed away. He left a land of friends who for thirty years and more were to be converted by the madness of his countrymen into a land of enemies. His journey through the States occupied, in all, no more than five weeks. But for that lamentable error of judgment which followed in 1861 how much this visit might have done to restore and consolidate friendship between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race! As it is, we might regard it as wasted but for the kindly memory of a right friendly welcome, of a gallant and handsome youth—whose comely looks and graceful courtesies were taken everywhere to represent the mind of his own people towards the people—their own people—of the West.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT

ON Saturday, December 11, 1861, at midnight, all those who were within sound of the Bell of



PORTRAIT OF KING EDWARD VII. AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN  
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY E. M. WARD, R.A., FEBRUARY 12, 1857

St. Paul's, and were not already asleep, were startled and terrified by the deep and solemn toll, the funeral knell, which proclaimed the death of one of the Royal Family. But those who heard that bell were few, and of those who did hear it still fewer knew, or could guess, for whom that knell was tolled. Early on Sunday morning the news was shouted by all the newsboys through all the streets of London and the suburbs, "Death of the Prince Consort!" The people who were already in the streets hastened to buy the papers; those who were at breakfast were startled by the cry of the newsboy and rushed out to buy the paper; those who were on their way to church bought the paper and read the news before they entered the church with sinking hearts.

The news was cried through all the streets of all the great cities; it was known early in the morning in every town which the electric wire could reach. But in those villages remote from the telegraph the event was unknown save to those who received the news by special messengers from the nearest station. The great mass of the people heard nothing and knew nothing and suspected nothing. They learned what had happened for the first time in church, when the name of the Prince Consort was omitted from the prayer in the Litany.

There could hardly be chosen, if we think of it, a more touching, a more tragic, a more dramatic way of telling the people that the Queen had lost her Consort. The omission was observed in every church; the news was whispered from one to the other; it was understood at first with difficulty; it was amid tears and sobs from the drooping heads of the congregation that the Service was concluded. It was not, at first, the national calamity that was realised; it was the bereavement of the Queen that struck the hearts of all the people. Their sorrow and their sympathy went forth for the Queen first. Afterward, they began to consider what the loss might mean to Prince and Princess; then, but later on, to the nation and themselves.

I am not here writing the life or the eulogy of the Prince Consort; that has already been done by more competent hands; I speak only of his death in relation to the duties and responsibilities which it threw upon the eldest son.

No one knew that there was any danger. On the 7th it was announced that the Prince Consort had been confined to his rooms by a "feverish cold, attended with pains in his limbs." On the following Wednesday a bulletin was issued which reported that the Prince was suffering from fever, "unattended by unfavourable symptoms, but likely from its nature to continue some time." There was no uneasiness abroad; it was no more than if we were to read to-day that the King was confined to his room by an attack of



ROYAL SPORT IN THE HIGHLANDS: THE KING'S FIRST STAG, SEPTEMBER, 1858



THE KING AT THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL TO THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES, JANUARY 25, 1893  
FROM THE PICTURE BY JOHN PHILIP

influenza, "unattended by unfavourable symptoms." No one, I believe, gave more than a passing thought to so harmless an announcement. On the afternoon of Saturday, however, when as yet no bulletin had been issued, and when no alarm had been conveyed to the Lord Mayor or the City, it was whispered in the West End that the condition of the Prince had suddenly assumed a serious aspect; that threatening symptoms of a most alarming kind had set in; and later on it was asserted in many places that the case was hopeless and the Prince sinking. This was only in the West End, however, and in those clubs and places where Court news arrives before the papers get it; often when the papers never get it at all. Through the length and the breadth of the island, of the Empire, the minds of the people were at rest: there was no alarm and there was no anxiety. Then, suddenly, with no warning, the intelligence of the event was revealed, as I have said, to the nation by the omission of the Prince's name in the Litany! Surely, there were many, then kneeling for the Litany at this moment, who would have welcomed permission to pray for the soul of the dead. No more melancholy day than that Sunday—Day of Tears—Day of Weeping—ever fell upon the country—save, perhaps, another memorable Sunday when, eleven years later, from the same cause, another Prince lay hovering between life and death.

It was observed that not only in fashionable and aristocratic quarters, but also in the poorer parts and in villages, the grief was universal. Knots of women gathered together before the cottages and in the dismal streets of poverty, talking over the Queen's bereavement; to these honest folk it seemed impossible that the Queen—even the Queen—should be subject to the common lot, the danger of bereavement;

that the thing which might happen to any of them—early widowhood—should be the portion of the Queen as it was too often their own.

The national mourning, officially ordered, was universally assumed before that order was issued. The streets were filled with mourners; to judge by their outward garb alone, the cities of Great Britain were given over to those who mourn for the dead.

The *Extraordinary Gazette* of December 15 announced the death of the Prince, and stated that the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Princesses Alice and Helena, were present at the bedside of the dying Prince. "The death," it is said, "of this illustrious Prince will be deeply mourned by all Her Majesty's faithful subjects as an irreparable loss to Her Majesty, to the Royal Family, and to the nation."

The papers were naturally filled with nothing but communications and articles on the life and character of the Prince. It was as yet too early for anything but generalities. What they did not know, and what no one could tell them, was the prudent and self-effacing part that had been taken during twenty years of wedded life by the wise adviser who was contented to stand silently beside, or unseen behind, the Throne, and to take his part without any recognition in the Councils of State; nor could they know, nor, I think, do many know, to this day, how the Prince, a German through and through, with all the Teutonic respect for rank, Royal caste, and privilege and ceremonial; to whom the Sovereign was as a Captain, one who must be obeyed without question as in command of the Army, which is the nation, who might have done infinite mischief to the country by insisting, or by acting, upon these views, by communicating them to his son and educating him in those views, or by influencing the mind of the Queen by those views, set aside his early teaching

and adopted the part of adviser to a constitutional Sovereign. We know the mischief that was done to George III. by a mother who held the German views of absolutism and Royal authority. Imagine, if you can, a modern Prince of Wales brought up with these opinions, and think, if you can, what would happen to this country if another George III. were to mount the Throne and to begin once more with the assistance of his Ministers to demand an extension without limit of the Royal prerogative.

We have considered the education of the Prince. Was it, let me ask, such as would be adapted to an absolute Monarch? Was it not carefully and wisely laid down upon lines which placed the interests of the Sovereign behind those of the people, and made him rather a President of a Republic than a King after the Continental type, yet beyond the reach of greedy demagogues; removed from the dangers of popular election and protected by something of the glamour of hereditary rank, privilege, and lawful succession?

In this scheme of education I find the strongest proof of Prince Albert's wisdom. He found himself among a people very different from the Germans of his time—Germany in 1840, when Prince Albert came over here, was split up into small States, every one with an absolute Prince; there was no German people; there was either a tyranny oppressive or a tyranny benevolent; there were no rights or privileges as we in England understand these things. He was, however, happily, a young man of a large mind and a discerning eye; like many cultivated Germans of his time he had studied the English Constitution; he found himself in a nation proud of their freedom, jealous of their rights, resolved above all things upon the maintenance of their constitutional privileges. He came at a time when the great extension of the

franchise and the Reform Act of 1832 had produced a forward movement which sometimes threatened destruction to the ancient institutions which it had become his duty to defend; it was a movement forward in every direction—education, regulation of work, art, music, science, communication internal and maritime, expansion of Empire and the growth of Colonies. The Prince saw that not only the ancient institutions, but also these desirable objects could be safeguarded against Revolution by the active co-operation of the Royal House. He understood, also, that the people, so stubborn as to their liberties, were essentially the most loyal in the whole world. They had remained loyal to George III., though sorely tried; and to George IV., who was less difficult in his public capacity. Now they had a Queen young, pleasing, sweet and gracious of disposition, upon whom they were ready to pour out such loyalty as had never been known since the days of the great Queen Elizabeth; they were ready with such loyalty, but only so long as the Queen was loyal to them; they were as determined to maintain the Throne so long as they could maintain their own liberties. The Prince Consort, therefore, recognising this fact as of vital importance, deliberately educated his son to take such a position as this view of the Crown required. If you remember what this education was you will, I think, agree with me that the Prince Consort rightly appreciated the temper of the English people; their loyalty, with its reality and its depth, as well as its limitations; the new and modern necessity that a Sovereign should at all times manifest sympathy with their work and knowledge concerning their industries, their aims, their ambitions, and their sufferings. "Especially," that wise counsellor might have said, to a young man already full of generous impulses,



CENOTAPH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT IN THE ALBERT MEMORIAL CHAPEL, WINDSOR

"especially encourage, foster, advocate all attempts at improving the condition of the working classes; receive with attention and consideration all schemes for the amelioration of the common lot; let them be none too low or miserable for your sympathy; never forget, whatever calls are made upon your time and thought, the claims of the poor and the sick, the old and the impotent." It will be acknowledged that these counsels fell upon a fruitful soil: it must be acknowledged that they produced a goodly harvest of golden grain.

The remains of the Prince were laid at first in the tomb of the Princes of the House of Brunswick, beneath the Chapel Royal of Windsor. Afterwards the coffin was removed to the Mausoleum at Frogmore.

The Prince of Wales, henceforth, not only took the place of his father beside the Throne; he was called upon to perform the public duties that had before this event devolved upon the Prince Consort, together with those which had been performed by the Queen

herself. For a young man of twenty the burden was heavy, the responsibilities were very great. Allowance would have been readily granted for imperfections and omissions. But no allowance was required. Remember that this young man stepped straight from a position of seclusion, carefully guarded by tutors and guardians, whose only experience of public life was that of his Canadian visit, to the position of Representative of the Sovereign on all those ceremonies and occasions when the Queen was fain to appear through and by her son.

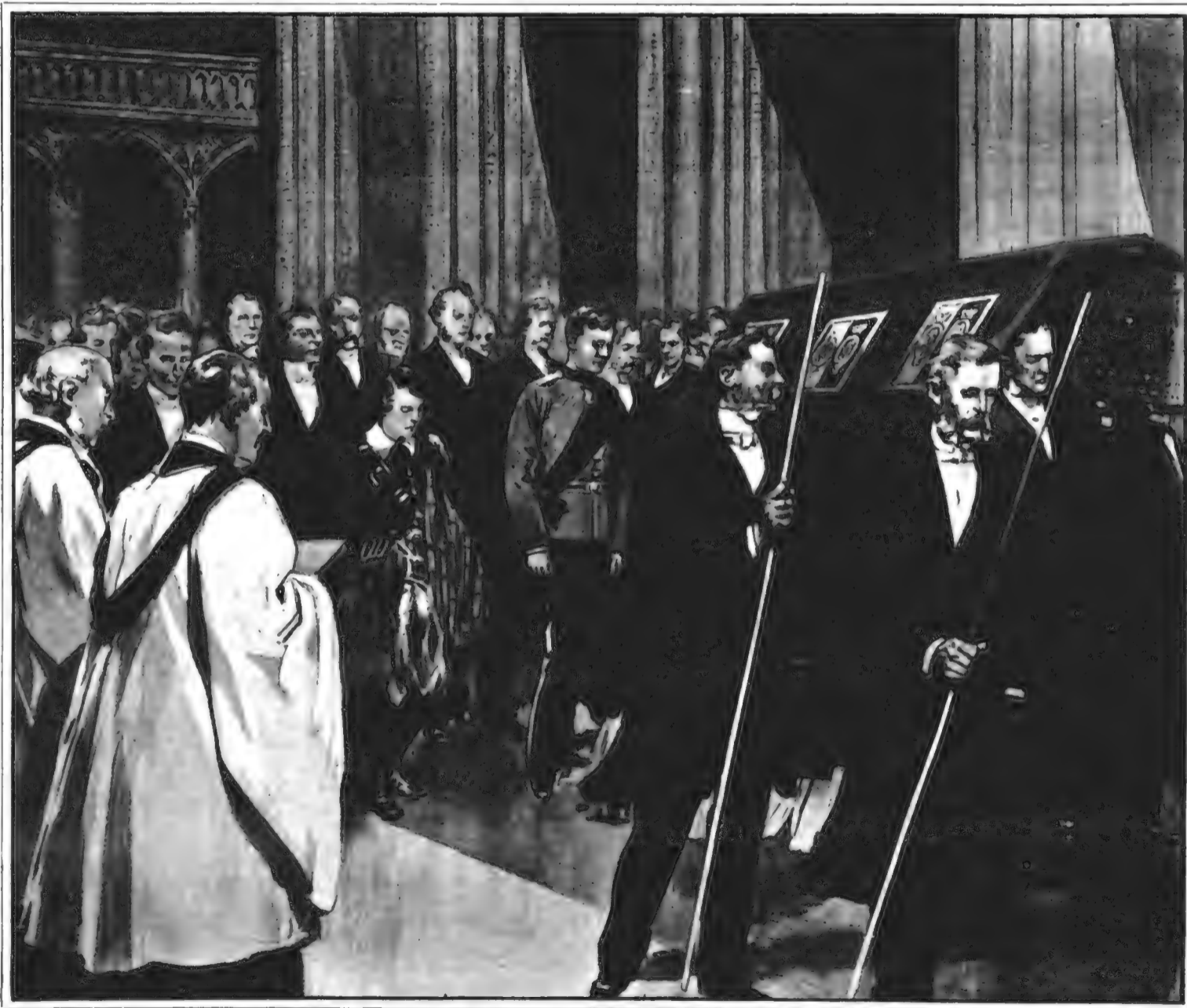
#### CHAPTER VI.

##### THE HOLY LAND

It was part of the Prince Consort's plan that the Prince of

Wales should travel in the East, and especially in the Holy Land. After his death, therefore, the Queen resolved that the scheme of education should be carried out and completed, and that without any delay, although it seemed that the place of the Prince should be henceforth at her right hand. For the Queen's eldest son to leave her in the early days of her sorrow was hard; that he should leave her when he might be called upon to perform unexpected State duties might possibly produce serious complications. But it was part of the father's scheme of education, and preparations were made for the journey with the understanding that the Prince should travel in the most private manner possible.

On February 6, two months after the death of his father, the Prince left Osborne for London, and on the same evening he crossed the Channel from Dover on his way to Trieste, where the Royal yacht *Osborne* was to take him on board. As in the United States, he travelled as Baron Renfrew; his suite consisted of six gentlemen only, among these being his physician, Dr. Minter, the Hon. R.



THE FUNERAL OF THE PRINCE CONSORT, DECEMBER 23, 1861: THE PROCESSION ENTERING ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR



ASCENDING THE GREAT PYRAMID  
THE KING IN EGYPT IN 1862



DINING WITH THE SULTAN AT THE PALACE OF SALEH BAZAAR ON THE BOSPHORUS  
THE KING IN CONSTANTINOPLE IN APRIL, 1860

Meade, who had been with Lord Dufferin on his mission to Syria in 1860, and Dean Stanley, the most accomplished, though not the most learned, scholar in the English Church, and one whose influence over a young man at this critical time of life, and under circumstances so strange and so dangerous, proved to be most important and most beneficial.

On his way across the Continent the Prince stopped first at Munich, and next at Vienna, where he was visited by the Emperor and the Archdukes of Austria. From Vienna he proceeded to Venice, where the Empress was then residing, and thence to Trieste, where the *Osborne* duly awaited him. He landed at Alexandria on March 1. At Cairo the Viceroy provided one of his Palaces for the Prince's residence. The journey up the Nile which followed was much less common at that time than now, when the tourist swarms everywhere, and is carried to the uttermost parts of the earth, and in all desert and desolate places between the two Poles, on a contract price. It was still considered an adventurous and dangerous thing to climb the Great Pyramid and to sketch the Mystery of the Sphinx, while there were few indeed who could boast of having gone up the great river and seen the Temples of Philæ. Those who were boys, or young men, in the early sixties will remember how a man who had travelled in the East was regarded with a kind of awe, much as one might have looked upon Marco Polo or Mandeville or Shirley. To have sailed across the Atlantic was a great thing, to have stood under the Falls of Niagara was a still greater thing, to have gone all round the world, to have crossed the Prairies and climbed the Rockies and sojourned in the Western States of America, to have journeyed to India and the Far East, to have gone up the Nile, was to have gained for life the fame and name and honour and glory of a traveller, an explorer, an adventurer. Even to visit France and the Continent was something among a people who as yet had not begun to travel; who crowded to hear Albert Smith sing songs and make jokes upon the solemn silence of the Alps and the glaciers of Mont Blanc as one venturing upon mirth among perils unnumbered and unknown; who crowded to buy the "Tour on the Continent" of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, and laughed at the Prussian Army only a short twelve months before Sedan and two or three short years before Sedan. We must remember this insular view of travel; it was a thing exceptional, a thing costly, a thing beyond the ambitions of the professional classes, a thing full of dangers and most likely to produce adventures and certain to result in observations useful and discoveries startling. We can understand that in the Prince's journey to the East there were no great perils, unless we reckon malarial fever; that he was going into lands which for the greater part of mankind existed only in books; and that, except in the rare case of William IV., the sailor, or the Duke of Kent, once Governor of Gibraltar and of Nova Scotia, the Princes of the Royal Blood were kept at home with the greatest care and jealousy. What opportunities of travel had George IV.? None. What had George III.? None. The Heir Apparent, it was thought, must be kept at home as jealously as if he were Heir to the Empire of the yellow Celestial. I forget what was said by people in general as to this tour; so far as I remember, there was a general uneasiness, as if the Prince was needlessly going into danger, and that at a time when there might prove to be the greatest need for his presence at home. Besides, there were fanatics to consider, men who run amuck; the difference between a Malay and an Egyptian fellah was not yet clearly established in men's minds; there were strange stories of poisoning, of midnight murder, of

disease. Nobody knew what might happen, what dark plots were hatching, what dreadful news might be brought home. I believe that the quidnuncs in the taverns, where men of the middle-class still resorted in the evening, shook their heads and murmured things oracular and terrifying.

I recall these forebodings in order to show how the Prince's journey, of which we now think so little, appeared at the time a great and perilous undertaking.

The thing was very well managed. The Viceroy provided the party with tents—sumptuously furnished—and with camels. They saw the Pyramids: the Prince climbed up the Great Pyramid without assistance, then reckoned a considerable feat, as indeed it was, even for a boy of twenty, though stronger than the average: they gazed upon the Sphinx: they went up the Nile as far as Assouan, where they rested, and visited Philæ, the Holy Island on the frontiers of Nubia and Egypt; they saw the temples at Esneh, Edfon, Thebes and Karnac. The Nile journey occupied eighteen days; they

returned to Cairo on March 23; crossed the Desert by the railway which then ran from Cairo to Suez; and from Suez crossed the Gulf in a small steamer, and visited the Ain Moussa—Wells of Moses. During the journey Dean Stanley discoursed upon the history and antiquities of ancient Egypt in his own delightful manner, and according to the knowledge of the time, concerning this ancient and venerable country. Needless to say it was not quite the same thing as the knowledge of Egyptian antiquity that the Dean would have exhibited in after years.

From Egypt the travellers went on to Jaffa and to Jerusalem. The Prince saw the Holy City before modern innovation had altered it: it was still, as Burton called it, the "sleepy little city of the Jebusites," yet the centre of the history and traditions of Jew, Christian, and Mahomedan. It was again, before the labours of Sir Charles (then Captain) Warren had brought to light the foundations of the Temple, and proved the magnificence and magnitude of the ancient buildings—for a hundred feet and more the

grand old walls of King Solomon's Temple were covered up with the debris of twenty sieges, and the rubbish accumulated during two thousand years. Yet there was enough left above the surface to show the former extent, if not the former height, of the walls and the sacred Precinct. Of King Solomon's Temple there remains above ground nothing that can be so called with certainty, of Herod's very little. The buildings over which Dean Stanley conducted his party, were chiefly Mahomedan and Christian of the Crusading times. Scholars had already, moreover, begun to throw doubt upon the traditional sites; explorers had already visited the spots with minds open to argument and even to suspicion. There were two schools as to the true site of the Holy Sepulchre. First there was the orthodox class, comprising everybody in the Roman and Greek Churches, and most of those in the Protestant Churches. The older school, headed by the late James Fergusson, whose case was adopted in the "Dictionary of the Bible," maintained that the modern site was invented by the priests and monks at some time unknown; that it was transferred from its true site on Mount Moriah, and that the Moslem Dome of the Rock actually covers the cave which was the Holy Sepulchre. Doubts had also been thrown upon the traditional sites by a German traveller and by an American traveller.

The small world of antiquarians and scholars had their doubts in these matters: they mattered nothing to the ordinary pilgrim: he knelt and wept at the Holy Sepulchre; he gazed upon the many sites which were multiplied around this sacred spot; his faith was strengthened merely by looking upon the place where certain events were said to have happened, and he went away.

I do not think it at all likely that Dean Stanley thought it desirable to shake the faith of the young Prince as to these sacred sites. Probably as yet he had not even begun to entertain any doubts himself; and, indeed, a very good case has been, and still may be made out, for the genuine and authentic character of the principal and most important site—that is, the Holy Sepulchre; the controversy had not yet assumed the acrimonious character which it afterwards obtained; and many men of learning fully equal to that of their opponents remained till death fully persuaded that Christ had actually been laid in that tomb which is still shown as His. Indeed, if the question were reopened there would still be found scholars to take that side. It has been complicated by a new theory which places the site on a hill outside the city, called the Hill of the Skull.

It is interesting to recall the stormy controversy; how book after book and pamphlet upon pamphlet appeared on this side and on that; and how the



THE KING AS COLONEL IN THE ARMY, 1861  
From a Photograph by Mayall and Co.

principal controversialist, Fergusson, tired of being told that he had never even seen the spot, went all the way out in order to remove that reproach, and came home a stronger Fergussonian than ever, and how he died in that faith and conviction.

When in 1865 the Palestine Exploration Fund was founded the Queen became the Patron, the Prince of Wales was one of the first contributors, Dean Stanley was one of the earliest members of the committee, and the first thing the committee attempted was to decide, once for all, the original site and size of the first and second Temples, the course of the Second Walls, and the true site of the Holy Sepulchre. That was more than thirty years ago; they have gone on looking for these things ever since; they have made great and important discoveries, but they have not yet found beyond a doubt the position and the dimensions of either Temple, they have not yet found the course of the Second Wall, and they have not yet proved the true site of the Holy Sepulchre. And if another Prince of Wales was to stand to-morrow where his predecessor of 1862 stood, looking into the place where Christ was laid, he would be in no greater certainty than when Dean Stanley took the Prince by the hand and said, "Come—for I will show you where He lay."

Before his visit in 1862 only two English Princes had ever set foot in the Holy Land. One of them, Richard Cœur de Lion, landed at Jaffa, but deemed himself (with a laudable insight into character) unworthy even to look from afar upon the Holy City. The other, Prince Edward, got no farther on his way than Acre, where advance was barred by the Saracens. Among the many Crusaders, French, Flemish, and German, there must have been some of the Prince's ancestors. It is, however, noteworthy that the part played by England in the Holy Wars was of so much less importance than that of the French or the Germans that we can only find two English Princes on the shores of Syria. The Crown of Jerusalem, I believe, is claimed both by the King of Italy and the Emperor of Austria; France has never ceased to consider herself the rightful heir to the Holy Land, while even Russia, who never contributed to the Crusades at all, is believed to hold that the Holy Places are hers by right Divine. To whom they will fall in the struggle and scramble of the immediate future it is impossible to say. Perhaps, in the irony of fortune, to the Power which has never coveted them and never claimed them.

This journey of the Prince was admirably planned and admirably conducted. What was regarded at the time as the crowning success of his tour was his visit to Hebron, the old sacred town, which is regarded by the Mahomedans as only second to the Dome of the Rock in sanctity, and as superior to the Dome of the Rock in the fact that no Christians since the fall of the Latin Kingdom had ever been allowed to set foot within its precincts. This sanctity the Prince was permitted to break through. Hebron, or Kirjath Arba, its more ancient name, stands upon the site of the Cave of Machpelah. Of all the traditional sites there is none which is more generally accepted than this. Jewish tradition, from the most remote antiquity, has assigned to this place the tomb of the Patriarchs; the early Christians of Syria, many of Jewish descent, continued to honour and venerate this spot; for the same reason, in their turn, Mahomedans followed their example. The later Christians took over the site and carried on the tradition. Since the twelfth century, when Mahomedans again obtained possession of the place, no Christian or Jew, with one or two exceptions, has ever been allowed within the precincts. Among these exceptions the earliest was the Prince of Wales with his party in 1862, Mr. James Fergusson a year or two later, the Marquis of Bute in 1866, and our young Princes in 1882.

A high wall, of Herodian construction, surrounds an open quadrangle, within which is a mosque, formerly a Christian church of the twelfth century. Under the mosque is the cave itself, which has not been entered by anyone, it is said, for many centuries. Yet within this cave are the tombs of Abraham and Sarah, of Isaac and

Rebekah, Jacob and Leah. There are cenotaphs of these ancients above ground. In the year 1167 Benjamin of Tudela visited Hebron, and descended into the cave with lighted candles. Here he saw the tombs. No objection was made under the Christians to visiting the place. He says that there are three caves, the first two of which are empty, while the third contains six tombs.

It was one of the objects proposed by Dean Stanley to obtain permission to visit the precinct; as for visiting the cave itself that was out of the question. The Sultan was asked to issue a Firman granting permission. This he refused to do, being careful not to wound the feelings of the Moslem world in the matter. But he referred the question to the Pasha of Jerusalem, recommending him to do what he could and leaving the matter to his own discretion.

later the Marquis of Bute, who also got in, looked down a hole in the rock, like the hole in the Sacred Rock of Jerusalem, and saw the light of an iron lamp, which is always kept burning day and night, two structures, "ugly buildings like low cottages," which he was told were the tombs of Isaac and Rebekah. Colonel Combe, who accompanied the young Princes to the same place twenty years later, remarks that if anyone had the courage to force a way down into the cave by the disused stairs, in all probability the Mahomedans, even the most fanatic, when they saw that nothing followed to denote the wrath of God, would admire the temerity of the desecrator and abandon the sanctity of the place. It is not so very long ago that the sacred Mosque of Omar was in like manner held sacred from the desecrating feet of every Christian, even the most illustrious. Now the meanest pilgrim can get in if he can only pay the entrance fee.

Leaving the south country, the Prince travelled north to Bethel, Shiloh, and Nablus, arriving at the last place on the eve of the Samaritan Passover. From Nablus they proceeded to cross the Plain of Esdraelon to the Hills of Galilee, spending Easter beside the walls of Tiberias on the shores of the Lake of Galilee.

It was a more dangerous thing to venture into the streets of Damascus than into those of Hebron. The memory of recent massacres of the Maronites were still alive among the people, who gave the Prince and his party a reception of sullen silence, refusing even to salute him. However, no active demonstration occurred.

The journey was planned to include almost everything. Besides Palestine itself, the Prince was taken to Baalbek, Beirut, Tyre, and Sidon, the Island of Ruad, seldom visited, Tripoli, the Cedars of Lebanon, and the Litany River. In the Greek Archipelago the Prince visited Rhodes, Santorin, Antiparos, and Patmos. After these places, the cities of Smyrna, Constantinople, and Athens brought the party back to modern civilisation. They sailed to Marseilles, paid a short visit to the Emperor Louis Napoleon at Fontainebleau, and, on June 11, the Prince arrived at Windsor Castle, after an absence of five months, spent, not among Courts, or in camps and barracks, but among the monuments of the past, the visible remains which make history real, and, in a way, when they belong to the historical part of religion, do undoubtedly strengthen the faith; they were spent also among Orientals. The Prince had not yet visited India, but he had learned something of the temper, the fanaticism, and the prejudices which the rulers of Mahomedans have to recognise and to respect.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### ON THE THRESHOLD

THE Heir had now completed his education. He stood on the threshold of public life. Travel in the East was the conclusion of the long work of preparation. It was to consist, as we have learned, of books, but not too many; of travel at home, as much as possible; of the study of constitutional history, of practical acquaintance with every part of the Empire, if possible; of a knowledge of British industries, commerce, and enterprise; of the acquisition of skill in manly exercise and sports; and, as no small part of the whole, of the cultivation of manner. To every one in every station it is still most true that manners, or rather manner, make the man; but it is far more true of a Prince than of any

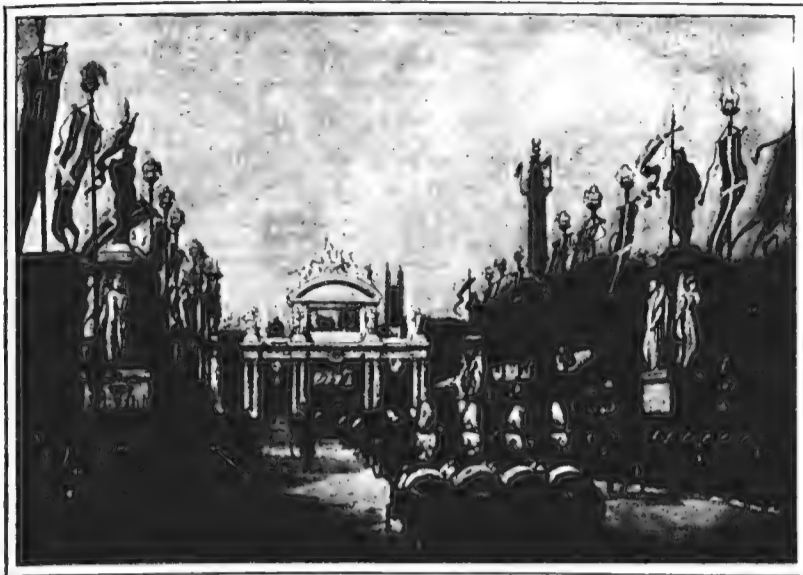
other person. To him a gracious deportment is not only important—it is necessary. This affability, so easy that it seems natural—as no doubt it was, yet daily fostered and encouraged—became the distinguishing characteristic of the Prince. He was a remarkable example (which it would be dangerous to follow or to recommend) of the possible superiority for educational purposes of experience and observation over books. Most of us help out our memory by reference to books; we learn, not things, but where to look for things in printed pages; the Prince, for his part, kept everything stored away in his own brain; he talked to men on their own subjects and learnt; he read the newspapers and marked what went on in the



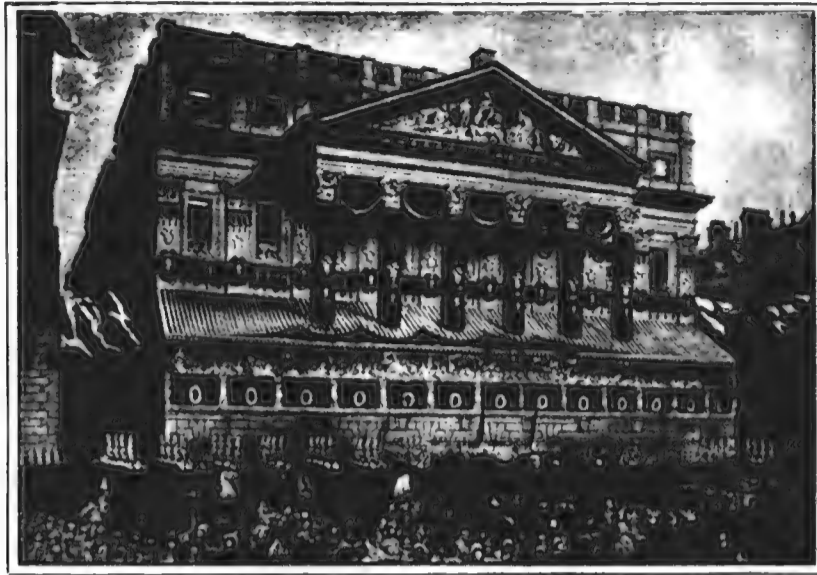
QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE. MARCH 10, 1863

ENGRAVED BY SAMUEL COUSINS, AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY R. LANCHET

The Pasha refused at first, absolutely. The Prince therefore relinquished his design and left Jerusalem with some signs of displeasure. Then the Pasha relented. He came after the Prince with a strong military escort, he seized on the Haran or sacred enclosure, turned out the guardians, planted sentinels and guards at every spot where a fanatical Moslem might make an attempt upon the Christians, and so brought the Prince into the sanctuary, but not into the cave. Except as a very curious and ancient place full of traditions and associations, the Precinct of Hebron offered little that was new or attractive. As for the tombs themselves, there seems to have been no attempt made to see them; four years



APPROACHING THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT THE CITY BOUNDARY ON LONDON BRIDGE



PASSING THE MANSION HOUSE

THE KING BRINGING HOME HIS BRIDE, MARCH 7, 1863: THE ROYAL PROCESSION IN LONDON

world; he remembered men, where he had met them, and under what circumstances, what they had done and what was their line and what their record. It is a most remarkable faculty, and, in a sense, hereditary—George III. never forgot a face or a man whom he had once seen. Yet this faculty was carefully developed for the Prince and in him by the methods laid down for his education by the Prince Consort, his father.

But about recreation? As Prince of Wales, the King rode and hunted a great deal. He has always gone out shooting, and is one of the best shots in the country. He resided a good part of the year at his country house, he went abroad to foreign watering-places, he travelled, he rejoiced in the society of his own domestic circle and in the conversation of his many friends; he went to the theatre—the drama seemed to be his favourite form of imaginative recreation—he kept racers and has won the Derby. In a word, his favourite recreations may be summed up by saying that they took the many forms which please and amuse the country gentlemen of England.

On his return from the East the Prince, who was now to enter upon the arduous duties of representing the Sovereign, was not yet twenty-one. It was a difficult post to fill; the duties involved not only their perfunctory performance but also their performance in such a manner as to preserve or to increase the loyalty of the people, their desire for the maintenance of the Throne, and the fostering and deepening of the personal affection of the country for the Queen herself first and for himself and his own family next. In this part of his duties, which he carried out so well, he has been, most happily for himself and for the country, very greatly assisted by another, who has stood by his side, a very pillar of the Throne since the year 1863.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## IN THE UPPER HOUSE

ON November 17, 1862, the Prince came of age. A certain ceremony, of the highest constitutional significance, was then necessary to be performed—that, namely, of taking the seat in the House of Lords to which he was entitled as Duke of Cornwall, together with his other titles. The significance of the act lies in the recognition of the great constitutional principle that in this country the Royal Family is not legally a caste separated from the rest of the world. The Prince of Wales has the rights and powers which belong to every Peer, but he has no more.

Whatever custom and convenience may decide as to the intermarriage of Princes, so that the Royal Families of Europe may become what they are, all



THE KING ON HIS COMING OF AGE

From the Portrait by J. W. Walton, engraved by Henry Graves and Co.

one family, cousins and close relations, the broad fact remains that in this country the Princes of the Blood Royal are considered to be subjects of the Queen as much as the meanest of the people, obedient to, and governed by the laws of the country, bound by the Parliamentary constitution and Government, and only privileged because they are Peers and members of the Upper House, whose privileges are for the most part unknown to the people and in no way oppressive to them. That this should be so is a claim on the part of the country to the Parliamentary Right, exercised in the case of William III. and of George I., to nominate the Sovereign, and a recognition of that right on the part of the Royal Family. Therefore this ceremony was performed at the earliest possible opportunity, namely, on the assembling of the Peers on February 5, 1863. The forms observed were the same as were followed on the last occasion, that of George, Prince of Wales, in 1783, when he took his seat on coming of age. The ceremony, to which so much importance from the constitutional point of view must be attached, was curious and interesting. The account which here follows is taken from the *Annual Register* of 1863:—

"At two o'clock the Royal Speech was read by the Lord Chancellor both to the Lords then assembled and to the members of the House of Commons, who had been previously summoned to attend at the Bar of the Upper House for the purpose of hearing it. The Royal Commissioners, in addition to the Lord Chancellor, were the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of St. Germans, Viscount Sydney, and Lord Stanley of Alderley. They were all clothed in their official robes, and took their seats at the foot of the Throne. Upon the conclusion of the reading of the Royal Speech, the Commissioners and other Peers retired, and remained absent from the House till nearly four o'clock.

As the hour of four approached, the Peers reassembled in considerable numbers to await the arrival of the Prince of Wales. Upon the Ministerial benches were Earl Russell, the Duke of Somerset, Earl de Grey and Ripon; and in their immediate proximity were Lord Ebury, Earl Grey, the Earl of Clarendon, Lord Wodehouse, the Earl of Minto, Lord Eversley (the late Speaker of the House of Commons), Lord Cranworth, and the Earl of Dudley (as mover of the Address, wearing the uniform of a Colonel of Yeomanry). Upon the Opposition benches were the Earl of Malmesbury, Lord Redesdale, Lord Colchester, the Marquis of Bath, Earl Beauchamp, Earl Stanhope, Lord Chelmsford, the Duke of Marlborough, the Earl of Lonsdale; the Dukes of Richmond, Buckingham, and Manchester; the Earls of Shrewsbury, Carnarvon and Ellenborough, and others.



Queen Alexandra

Queen Victoria

The King

## A ROYAL GROUP ON THE KING'S WEDDING DAY, MARCH 10, 1863

From a Photograph by Mayall and Co.

"In the side galleries near the Throne were seated their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary of Cambridge, and a large number of Peeresses and foreign Ambassadors. In the Commons gallery were several members of the Lower House.

"At about a quarter to four the Lord Chancellor, attired in his ordinary dress of black silk, full wig, and three-cocked hat, entered the House, preceded by the Great Seal, and took his seat on the Woolsack.

"Prayers having been read by the Bishop of Worcester, a procession of Peers, headed by certain officials, emerged from the Prince's Chamber and advanced slowly and solemnly up the floor of the House. Sir Augustus Clifford, Usher of the Black Rod, followed immediately by Sir Charles Young, in his robes as Garter-King-at-Arms, took the lead. Then came the Prince of Wales, preceded by an equerry bearing a coronet upon an embroidered crimson cushion.

"His Royal Highness was also accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Derby, Earl Granville, Lord Kingsdown and Earl Spencer, in their robes as Peers; Lord Willoughby D'Eresby, Hereditary Great Chamberlain; and Lord Edward Howard, who represented the infant Duke of Norfolk Hereditary Earl Marshal.

"The Prince of Wales wore the scarlet and ermine robes of a Duke over the uniform of a General in the Army. He was also decorated with the ribbon, etc., of the Order of the Garter, the insignia of the Golden Fleece, and the Star of India. As he entered, the House of Peers rose in a body, and remained standing throughout the subsequent ceremony, the Lord Chancellor alone remaining seated, and covered with his official hat. His Royal Highness, having bowed his acknowledgments, advanced to the Woolsack, and placed his Patent and Writ of Summons in the hands of the Chancellor. He then returned to the table, when the oaths were administered to him by Sir J. Shaw Lefevre, the Clerk of Parliament. The titles under which the Prince was sworn were, the Duke of Cornwall, Earl of Chester, Earl of Carrick, Earl of Rothesay, and Lord of the Isles. After signing the roll the procession moved on, passing slowly at the back of the Lord Chancellor, who was still seated, with his head covered, on the Woolsack. His Royal Highness, on reaching the right-hand side of the Throne, took his seat upon the Chair of State specially appropriated on State occasions to the Prince of Wales. Whilst thus seated he placed his cocked hat upon his head. The hat and feathers were such as are worn by general officers in full dress. Having for a moment surveyed the objects in front of him, His Royal Highness rose, and, again uncovering his head, was conducted to the Woolsack, where

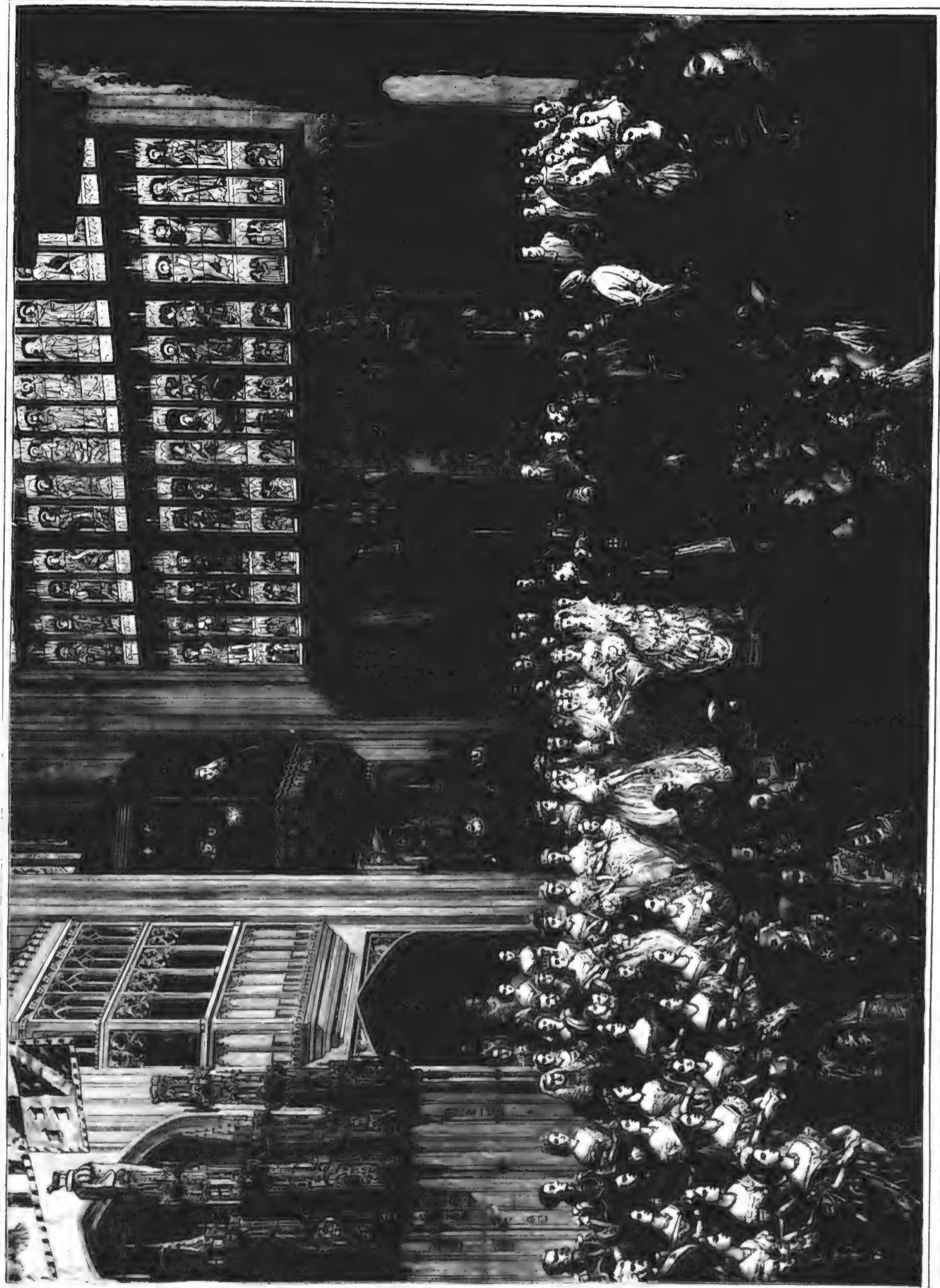
he shook hands with the Lord Chancellor, that high functionary deigning, for the moment he was thus personally honoured, to raise his hat a few inches above his head. The Prince and the other Peers, together with the officials already named as forming the procession, then left the House, retiring by the entrance at the right of the Throne in the same order as they had entered. The business of the House was then suspended until the usual hour.

"At about five o'clock His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge, re-entered the House (both dressed in private clothes) and took his seat beside his Royal kinsman on one of the cross benches. The Prince remained almost throughout the entire debate."

## CHAPTER IX.

## HIS MARRIAGE.

We have seen that, when the Prince was as yet no more than fifteen years of age, the papers had already begun to speculate on his future bride. Among the eligible young ladies then discovered in the various European Courts was the Princess Alexandra of Denmark, eldest daughter of Prince Christian, Heir Presumptive to the Crown of Denmark. The Princess was born on December 1, 1844. She was, therefore, three years younger than the Prince of



THE MARRIAGE OF THE KING TO PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK AT ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, MARCH 10, 1863  
FROM THE PICTURE BY G. H. THOMAS

Wales, and in the year 1862 was eighteen years of age. The curiosity of the public is not likely to be satisfied as to the manner in which Royal alliances are first considered, then talked over, and finally agreed upon; it is quite certain that such alliances are more difficult to arrange than those of Corydon and Chloris. There is warrant enough in history to assume that many are entered into from purely political considerations, in which case the prospects of domestic happiness are not generally hopeful. In this case, however, it has always been understood—in fact it has never been questioned—that the marriage was one of pure affection on both sides, and that the Prince, fortunate in all other respects, was most fortunate in this, that his engagement, like that of quite common folk, was entered upon in the truest spirit of homely love. Alexis and Phyllis met, saw, and loved.

Perhaps those who see farther than most through stone walls began to suspect that something was intended or proposed when it was discovered that the Prince of Wales, as the guest of the King of the Belgians, met at Brussels the Prince and Princess Christian of Denmark and the Princess Alexandra; that—which was really suspicious—the small party was not enlarged by any other guests, and that they went about visiting places of interest, the Prince and the Princess Alexandra always together. The visit lasted a week. Something was clearly in the wind. The world began to talk and to expect.

On November 5, the following announcement appeared in the *London Gazette*. But by this time the news was already well known in certain circles and whispered in others:—

"At the Court at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, the 1st day of November, 1862.

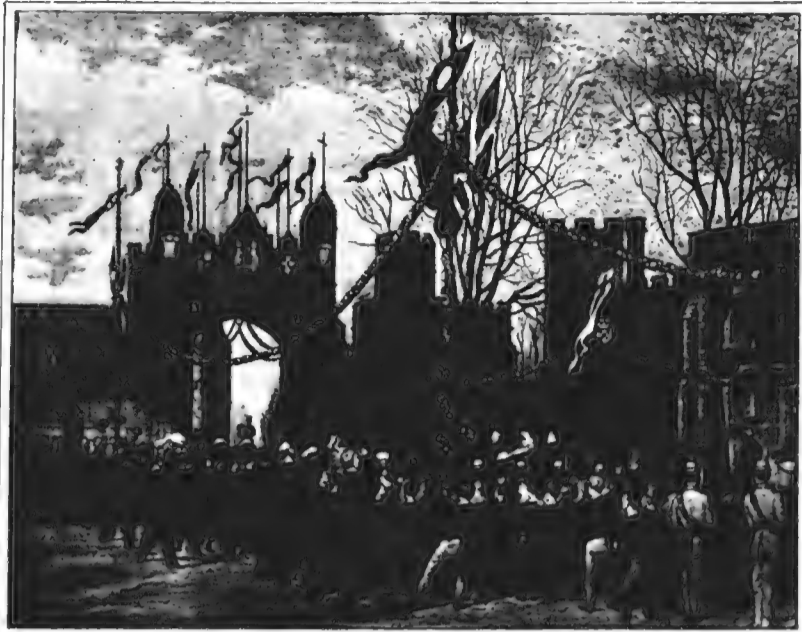
"Her Majesty in Council was this day pleased to declare her consent to a contract of matrimony between His Royal Highness Albert Edward Prince of Wales, Duke of Saxony, &c., and Her Royal Highness the Princess Alexandra Caroline Maria Charlotte Louisa Julia, daughter of Prince Christian of Denmark; which consent Her Majesty has also caused to be signified under the Great Seal."

Two days later Prince Christian and the Princess Alexandra arrived at Osborne on a visit to the Queen. On this occasion it was arranged that the Queen should make the acquaintance of the Princess without the disturbing presence of her *fiancé*. Accordingly the Prince of Wales was allowed or instructed to be abroad in the company of the Crown Prince of Prussia and his sister in the Mediterranean and in Italy. It was on this occasion, one may mention, that he was received by the Pope in private audience, and, perhaps, exhorted not to forget that a good many Roman Catholics existed in the British Empire and were subjects of the Queen.

On December 1, however, the Prince met his *fiancée* at Lille on her way home from Osborne—her last home-coming before her wedding.

The arrangements for the wedding were then taken in hand. It was to be celebrated in the Chapel Royal, St. George's, Windsor, and not, as many hoped, at Westminster. That is to say, it was to be considered as a private, not a national, function, one to which the nation was not to be invited. At first the day was fixed for April, but this date, for some reason or other, was advanced by a week or two. Meantime the Lord Chamberlain was preparing to make the occasion one of the greatest possible magnificence. As a beginning the household of the Princess was considered, her officers appointed, the private income which the country was willing to allow her was settled. She was to receive 10,000*l.* a year for this private income; this amount was, however, to be increased to 30,000*l.* a year should she survive the Prince.

Since the greatest event in the life of a man—the most fateful in its issues—the happiest, at the moment—is his wedding day, and



ETON BOYS WELCOMING THE KING'S BRIDE ON HER ARRIVAL AT WINDSOR THE DAY BEFORE HER MARRIAGE, MARCH 9, 1863



QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN HER WEDDING DRESS, MARCH 10, 1863

From a Photograph by Mayall and Co.

since there was certainly never any wedding in English history which was hailed with so much interest and such great and well-founded hopes for the future as this of March 10, 1863, it becomes my bounden duty to dwell at a greater length upon this function than upon any other of the many ceremonies which belong, though I have passed them over briefly, to this biography.

Everything combined to make the day one of hope and joy. For more than a twelvemonth the gloom of the Prince Consort's death had been hanging over the Court and the country. That gloom, it was now certain, would never lift from the head of the principal figure. But, by this marriage, though the Queen should still remain in seclusion, a new leader was given to Society, a new head to the social world in the Princess; while both together were to become leaders, as Her Majesty would not be a leader, in all those movements, endeavours, and aims, charitable and philanthropic, educational and scientific, which have made the second half of the nineteenth century one of the most remarkable epochs in the history of the nation—nay, even the history of the world.

The national fabric demands a leader. There must be someone to take the place naturally and by general consent in every branch of the movement and activity of the time. Failing a general leader, a recognised chief, we fall back upon leaders in various branches—as Lord Shaftesbury was the leader in philanthropic endeavours. In the political world Queen Victoria, even in her deepest grief, retained her own place—the place which no one could occupy

so well as herself—which no one could occupy except herself so long as she wore the Crown—she remained the Sovereign of this great Empire, then, as now, spreading and increasing in all directions. It was in the social world that the Prince and Princess took her place, and made her responsibilities ever since the first days of their marriage. Society on this wedding day joyfully put off the weeds of woe, the world awakened once more to the joy of life, and, with this young couple at the head, became once more young and joyous.

Those who are old enough can recall that time, with all the sympathy that went forth towards the bride and bridegroom, can remember the pictures, everywhere, of the bridal pair. The Prince, gallant in his bearing, the idol of the people, generous, frank, good in all manly sports, was like unto a Prince of Fairyland. The bride, more beautiful than the day, the "Sea King's Daughter from over the Sea," was none other than the Enchanted Princess brought by the fairies to the Prince of Fairyland. There was never a wedding with a sweeter bride or more gallant bridegroom. There was never a wedding that appealed more strongly to the sympathies or the affections of the people than this wedding of Albert Edward and Alexandra.

The bride was brought to England, with her parents and her brothers and sisters, on board the *Victoria and Albert*. The ship arrived off Margate at midnight on March 5. Early on March 6 the yacht was visited by the Mayor and Corporation of Margate, who had the honour of presenting the first address of the many thousands which the bride was to receive.

The ship remained in the Margate Roads all that day.

On the 7th she proceeded at half-speed up the river, followed by the *Warrior*, and arrived off Gravesend at about noon.

Here the ship was boarded by the Prince himself, who left Windsor that morning to meet his bride.

At Gravesend, more addresses. This town, not the most beautiful of English towns, had the honour of witnessing the drive of the Princess through the streets, and her first public appearance to an English crowd. It was a short drive from the port to the railway. There the train carried her to Bricklayers' Arms Station, where the party were met by the Duke of Cambridge, the Prince of Prussia



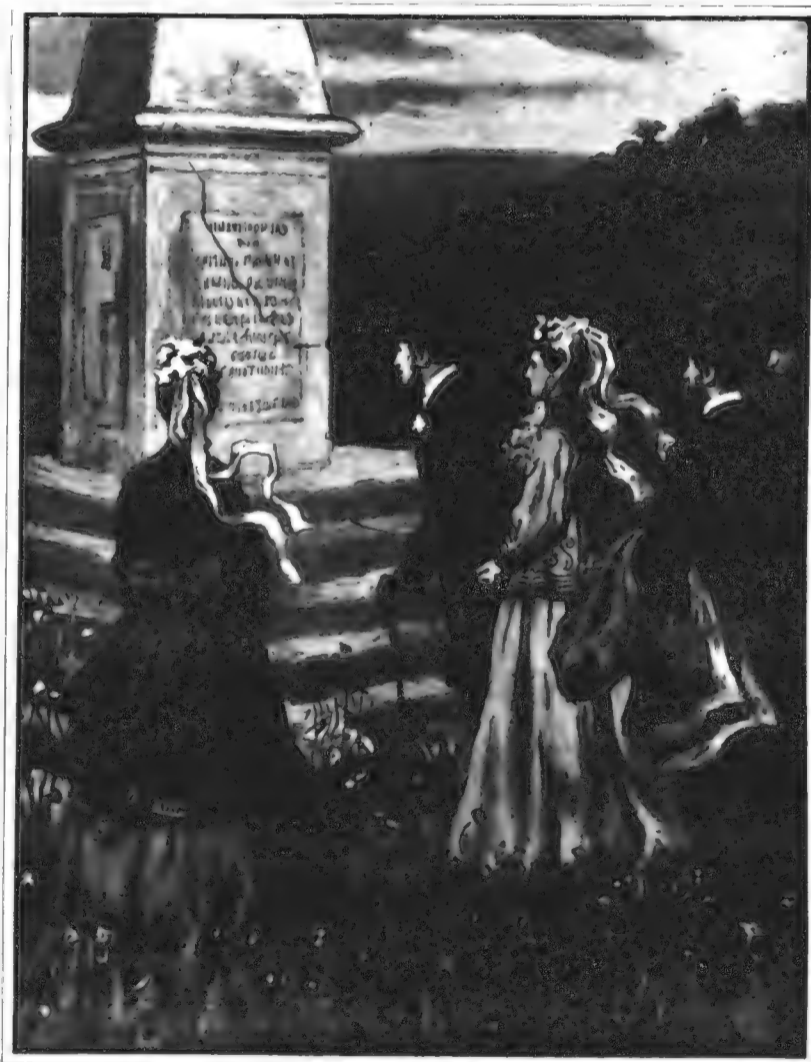
CALLING ON THE METROPOLITAN ARCHBISHOP IN MOSCOW  
THE KING'S VISIT TO RUSSIA, NOVEMBER 1866



HIS MAJESTY BEING INVESTED WITH THE ORDER OF ST. PATRICK IN DUBLIN, APRIL 18  
THE KING IN IRELAND, 1868



ARRIVAL OF THEIR MAJESTIES AT CAIRO, FEBRUARY 3  
THE KING AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN EGYPT, 1869



INSPECTING THE MEMORIAL MONUMENT ON THE INKERMANN BATTLEFIELD  
THE KING AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN THE CRIMEA, APRIL, 1866

the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs and Aldermen. One wonders whether the Civic Fathers thought of that day, four hundred and fifty years before, when they went out to meet Richard II.'s infant Queen, or of that day when they went out to meet Henry V. after Agincourt; or of that day when they went out to meet William III. The City is never unmindful of her importance in the State: some of the Aldermen present, I am quite sure, had read of City ridings and pageants and recalled those ancient glories of which none had been so full of hope and happiness as that in which they were engaged. A *life-guard* was served in the station, and after half a dozen loyal addresses of congratulation had been presented and taken as read—one wonders what has become of all those addresses, and where they are stowed away, and whether they are ever read—the procession started for the long drive all the way through the City to Paddington.

Five great events must linger in the mind of the Princess through all her life, however long it be. This drive through the City was the first, and, I think, the most wonderful. For as she drove, all eyes were fixed upon her, and upon her alone—a terrible ordeal for one so young—and she drove through the whole length of the greatest city in the world, through a city all in holiday garb, apparelled in scarlet hangings, joyous with ten thousand flags, more joyous with millions of eager faces straining to see her while she was yet afar off, gazing after the carriage long after it had passed and vanished, shouting, as only an English crowd can shout, and with every shout a welcome, and with every voice a prayer. I have said that there are five events in the life of the Princess which she can never, if she would, forget. This was the first. The next, her wedding, was to follow immediately after. The other three were the great events of 1872, 1887, and 1897. I speak of public not of private events. I do not speak of the anxieties of a sick-bed or the sorrows of bereavement, but of things public.

It was five o'clock before the Great Western station was reached. At this station there were fifteen hundred persons, for whom seats had been provided. They had been waiting all the afternoon to see the Bride. One can imagine her relief when, after the long triumphal procession, dazed with the enthusiasm of her welcome, deafened by the roar of the countless multitude, weary with gracious acknowledgments, the Princess could sink back upon her seat, while the train carried her out into silence for a brief space.

At Slough, where they alighted, they found the Princes of Prussia and Hesse and the young Princes Leopold and Arthur waiting for them. From Slough they drove to Windsor. Here there were more crowded streets, with more bunting, more addresses and more shouting.

But not for long. In a few minutes the carriage entered the gates of Windsor Castle and the Bride was received by Queen Victoria. She was late; she had been expected earlier. In one of the rooms of the Castle overlooking the entrance drive Her Majesty, with the



Reading the Bulletin at Marlborough House

THE KING'S ILLNESS IN OCTOBER, 1871

Princesses Louise and Beatrice, had been sitting at the window for an hour and more before twilight fell, waiting for the arrival.

In the evening, needless to say, there were fireworks and illuminations in the Royal Borough of Windsor. One must not omit to record the very pleasant fact that the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs came down the next day bearing with them the City's wedding present. It was a trifling little diamond necklace, and it was worth 10,000l.—an appropriate and worthy Civic gift.

Then came the second day, to be remembered all her life—the wedding day.

The wedding was celebrated on March 10 at the Chapel Royal, Windsor Castle, in the presence of a very distinguished, if not a very numerous company, though the Chapel was as full as it could

possibly hold. Queen Victoria looked on from the Royal Closet, arrayed in widow's weeds, and taking no part in the ceremony.

The time appointed was half-past twelve. At half-past eleven the first part of the procession, consisting of the Royal guests, set out for the Chapel. There were seven carriages. The first three contained equerries and officials in attendance; in the other four were the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Duke of Holstein-Glücksburg, Prince William of Denmark, Prince Frederick of Hesse-Cassel, Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg, Princess Dagmar of Denmark, Prince Frederick of Denmark, the Duchess of Brabant, the Count of Flanders, the Princess Christian of Denmark, the Princess Thyra of Denmark, and Prince Waldemar of Denmark.

After this followed the procession of the Royal Family and the Queen's Household, the Lords and Ladies in attendance filling the first six carriages. Then followed carriages containing Princess Mary of Cambridge, Prince Leopold and Prince Arthur, Princess Helena and Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse, the Crown Princess of Prussia, and Prince William of Prussia.

The third procession was that of the Bridegroom. The first five carriages contained officials and Lords in attendance. In the last carriage were the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and the Bridegroom.

At a quarter-past twelve the procession of the Bride set out. The first three carriages were filled with officials and ladies in attendance. The fourth carriage contained the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian of Denmark, and the Bride.

Shortly before twelve the Archbishop and the clergy entered the chapel in procession. The Archbishop was assisted by the Bishops of London and Chester, and by the Dean of Windsor. The Canons and Minor Canons were also present. The altar was decorated with a new alabaster reredos and covered with massive gold plate, chalices, patens, and candlesticks.

How was the Bride dressed? The description of that work of art I must fain borrow.

"The dress of the Princess Alexandra was a petticoat of white satin trimmed with chatelaine of orange blossom, myrtle and bouffants of tulle with Honiton lace; the train of silver moiré antique trimmed with bouffants of tulle, Honiton lace, and bouquets of orange blossom and myrtle; the body of the dress trimmed to correspond. Her Royal Highness wore a veil of Honiton lace, and a wreath of orange blossom and myrtle, the necklace, earrings and brooch of pearls and diamonds, which were the gift of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, rivière of diamonds given by the Corporation of London, opal and diamond bracelet given by the Queen; diamond bracelet, given by the ladies of Leeds, and an opal and diamond bracelet, given by the ladies of Manchester. The bouquet was composed of orange blossoms, white rosebuds, lilies of the valley, and rare and beautiful orchideous flowers, interspersed



THE KING, QUEEN ALEXANDRA, AND QUEEN VICTORIA ON THEIR WAY TO ST. PAUL'S

THANKSGIVING DAY FOR THE KING'S RECOVERY FROM ILLNESS, FEBRUARY 27, 1872



THE ROYAL PROCESSION UP THE NAVE OF ST. PAUL'S



QUEEN ALEXANDRA TAKING HIS MAJESTY FOR A DRIVE  
THE KING'S CONVALESCENCE, 1872



WATCHING THE FIRING OF THE BIG GUNS OF H.M.S. "SULTAN" AT THE REVIEW AT SPITHEAD  
THE KING ENTERTAINING THE SHAH, JUNE 27, 1873

with sprigs of myrtle, sent specially from Osborne by command of the Queen, the myrtle having been reared from that used in the bridal bouquet of Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal.

"The lace for the wedding dress of Her Royal Highness the Princess Alexandra was of Honiton manufacture, and was designed and executed by Messrs. John Tucker and Co., of Branscombe, near Sidmouth. It was composed of four deep flounces of exquisite fineness, nearly covering the dress, with lace for train; veil and pocket handkerchief *en suite*. The design (made by Miss Tucker) was a sequence of cornucopias, filled with rose, shamrock and thistle, arranged in festoons, and interspersed with the same national floral emblems.

"His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales wore a full General's uniform, with the Stars of the Garter and the Indian Order. The ribbon and band of the Golden Fleece was worn round his neck. Over the uniform His Royal Highness wore the mantle of the Garter, with the collar of gold and enamel of the Order."

The following was the order of the Procession of Bridegroom and of Bride:—

Drums and Trumpeter.  
Sergeant Trumpeter.

Morroy King of Arms. Clarenceux King of Arms.

Secretary to His Royal Highness the Bridegroom,  
Mr. Herbert W. Fisher.

The Grooms of the Bedchamber to His Royal Highness the  
Bridegroom,

Mr. Charles L. Wood and Hon. Robert H. Meade.

The Lords of the Bedchamber to His Royal Highness the  
Bridegroom,

The Lord Alfred Hervey, the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe.

The Comptroller and Treasurer of the Household of His Royal  
Highness the Bridegroom,  
Lieutenant-General Knollys.

The Groom of the Stole to His Royal Highness the Bridegroom,  
The Earl Spencer.

THE BRIDEGROOM,

supported by his Brother-in-Law, His Royal Highness the Crown  
Prince of Prussia, K.G., and by his Uncle, His Royal Highness  
the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, K.G.

Followed by the Equerries of His Royal Highness the Bridegroom,  
Major C. Teesdale, C.B., V.C., Captain G. H. Grey, and  
Lieutenant-Colonel F. C. Keppel.

The Gentlemen in attendance upon His Royal Highness the Crown  
Prince of Prussia.

Colonel von Obernitz and Captain von Lucadon.  
Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen in attendance on His Royal  
Highness, Lieutenant-General Sir Henry J. W. Bentinck, K.C.B.  
The Gentlemen in attendance upon His Royal Highness the  
Reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the Baron Von  
Wangenheim, the Baron Gruben, M. de Schleinitz.  
Equerry to the Queen in attendance on His Royal Highness the  
Reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Colonel the Hon.  
Dudley C. F. de Ros

#### PROCESSION OF THE BRIDE.

Drums and Trumpets  
Sergeant Trumpeter.

Herald.

Herald.

Master of the Ceremonies,

Lieut.-General the Hon. Sir Edward Cust, K.C.B.

The Members of the Danish Legation,

Mr. C. A. Gosch, Captain de Falbe.

The Danish Minister, M. Torben de Bille.

The Vice-Chamberlain of the Queen's Household,  
The Viscount Castlerosse.

The Lord Chamberlain of the  
Queen's Household,  
The Viscount Sydney.

#### THE BRIDE,

supported by her Father, His Royal Highness Prince Christian of  
Denmark, and by His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K.G.

The train of Her Royal Highness,

borne by eight unmarried daughters of Dukes, Marquises, and  
Earls.

The Lady Victoria Scott.

The Lady Diana Beauclerk.

The Lady Elma Bruce.

The Lady Victoria Howard.

The Lady Emily Villiers.

The Lady Agneta Yorke.

The Lady Feodore Wellesley.

The Lady Eleanor Hare.

Ladies and Gentlemen in attendance upon Her Royal Highness  
the Bride.

General d'Oxholm, Chamberlain to His Majesty the King of Denmark.

Madame d'Oxholm, Grand Maitresse of the Court of His

Majesty the King of Denmark.

The Countess Reventlow.

Equerry to the Queen in attendance upon Her Royal Highness

the Bride, Lieut.-General the Hon. Charles Grey.

Adjutant to His Royal Highness Prince Christian of Denmark,

Captain Castenschjold, Gentleman of the King's Bedchamber.

Groom in Waiting to the Queen in attendance on His Royal

Highness the Prince Christian of Denmark,

Lieut. Colonel W. H. F. Cavendish.

Equerries to His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge,

Colonel Charles Tyrwhitt, Lieut.-Colonel Henry Clifton.

The Bride, after a deep courtesy to the Queen, took her place  
on the north side, her father on her left, the Duke of Cambridge  
behind her, and her bridesmaids in a circle behind the Duke.

The organ played Handel's March from *Joseph*, while the  
party took their places. The choir, among whom was Jenny Lind,  
sang a chorale composed by the Prince Consort.

Then the service began. It was observed that Prince Christian  
did not place the hand of the Bride in that of the Archbishop, but  
merely bowed. It was also observed that the Prince spoke his  
words plain and loud, so that all in the chapel heard, and that  
the Princess's voice, though lower, was still distinct and audible.

When the ring was put on, the cannon outside were fired, the  
bells rang out a joyful peal, and there was the singing by the full  
choir of the Psalm, "God be merciful unto us and bless us."

After the completion of the service the united procession of Bride  
and Bridegroom was formed, the choir singing the Hallelujah  
Chorus from Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*.

It was nearly half-past one when the bride and bridegroom  
drove back to the castle, where they were met at the Grand  
Entrance by Queen Victoria. The attestation of the marriage  
took place in the White Room with the signatures of the whole  
Royal party, twenty-six in number. There were two wedding  
breakfasts; one for Her Majesty's guests in the dining-room, and the  
other in St. George's Hall for the whole of the company, numbering  
four hundred, who had been invited to the Chapel.

At four o'clock the Bride and Bridegroom drove off to the station,  
where they were received by the Directors of the South-Western  
Railway Company, and put into their carriage for Southampton  
via Reading. It is pleasing to add that the Eton boys broke through  
their bounds, and swarmed along the platform to give cheers as the  
train slowly steamed out of the station, while the Coldstream Band  
played the Danish National Anthem.

At Reading 20,000 people were assembled to greet them. Lady  
Emma Cust, wife of the Vicar, presented a bouquet in the name of  
the ladies of Reading, and an old woman of seventy gave another  
in the name of the poor women of the place. At Southampton the  
Corporation presented an address, after which the *Fairy* took them  
on board, and carried them away through an avenue of Royal Mail  
steamers crowded with people. So, across the Solent, while the  
men-o-war fired salutes, to Cowes, where one more address was  
presented, and at last to Osborne.

The day was observed as a holiday everywhere; the towns were  
illuminated, especially London, where people crowded the streets



THE ROYAL FAMILY IN THE HUNTING FIELD



HIS MAJESTY OUT SHOOTING

#### THE KING'S HOME LIFE AT SANDRINGHAM

all night long, nearly everyone wearing a rosette. There were accidents, of course, to mar the general rejoicing—but these were not heard of till the next day. Six women were crushed, or trampled, to death in the crush and crowd, all in the City—two, namely, in front of the Mansion House, and four on Ludgate Hill.

Everywhere the same rejoicings took place. Everywhere, except in Ireland. In Dublin the students of the Roman Catholic University revolted, and would not allow any illuminations. In Cork there were riots, which had to be put down by the soldiers. But perhaps a riot was the way of the good people of Cork to express their loyalty.

Sea King's daughter from over the sea,  
Alexandra!  
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we;  
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,  
Alexandra!

So ended a most happy wedding-day. Looking back upon it, one feels that the marriage should have been celebrated in a larger place, and that the whole nation should have been represented. Westminster Abbey should have been the place. Perhaps that would have been the chosen place but for the Queen's too recent bereavement. Thirty-eight years have passed since that wedding-day. During the whole of this long period the note struck by Tennyson has been maintained; there has been no slackening, but rather an ever increasing depth of love and admiration felt by all alike, high and low, rich and poor, one with another, for the Princess of Wales, now our Gracious Queen, as good and amiable as beautiful.

## CHAPTER X.

### PUBLIC LIFE.

AFTER the honeymoon the busy public life of the Heir .t once began. He plunged at once into the position of the hardest-worked Prince in Europe. He took the place, young as he was, which he has occupied ever since, as leader in everything outside politics and things military, naval, and ecclesiastic, *i.e.*, in every kind of social work.

It would be tedious and useless to follow the Prince through the many years of leadership which have passed since that early spring day in 1863. It must suffice to say that this long period has been occupied by a continuous succession of functions and ceremonies

and visits; that the Prince never shrunk from performing his part, however tedious that part might be, that he never once showed the least sign of weariness, that he never departed from his habitual cheerfulness and affability, and that the people never grew weary of receiving him with ever-renewed cheers of loyalty and affection. There has been only one Prince in English history concerning whom this long and enduring affection of the people can be recorded—Edward the Black Prince. There was loyalty, it is true, towards George, Prince of Wales and Prince Regent, because there were grave reasons at that time why loyalty should mean not so much personal affection or the admiration of personal qualities, but the determination to maintain the safety, the very existence of the British Empire; it meant the stubborn resolution at all hazards, against all threatenings, against the long-continued and almost miraculous success of the enemy, to persevere in a struggle in which the Throne, represented by the Regent, was the head and leader. But there was never the same personal affection for the Regent himself—how could there be?—that we have seen poured out spontaneously all these years upon King Edward as Prince of Wales. There was nothing in the personal and private character of George, apart from the performance of his duties, which could call for, or create, that affection. I do not suppose that in the

early years of this country the people at large knew very much about the Regent's private life and character; they would not know the tenth part of his virtues and his indulgences and his selflessness. We have learnt these things from the reminiscences and letters of the period; but, on the other hand, there were whispers—of all kinds of whispers—there were caricatures, there were squibs and epigrams, which left little that was not guessed; while there were no record any of those kindly and generous actions which have been constantly whispered, rather than told, of the younger Prince. Above all, with the eldest son of George III., there was little of that friendly intercourse with the people, those repeated visits to one place after the other by which the Prince has become known personally, and has so greatly increased his popularity.

I have thought that a brief and necessarily imperfect chronicle of the first year or two of the early public life of the Prince would be sufficient to show how that public life was begun, and what he himself understood to be meant by the leadership laid upon his young shoulders.

To begin with London, I find the Prince in 1863-64 becoming a member of the Fishmongers' and the Mercers' Companies. In June, 1863, he accepts, with the Princess, the invitation of the Lord Mayor to a great City ball at the Guildhall. It was held to celebrate his taking up of the City freedom as the Prince's right by birth.

It is always pleasant to read of civic entertainments, with their splendour and their survivals of mediæval robes and customs. On this occasion the whole broad courtyard in front of the Guildhall was converted into a ballroom, together with the Guildhall itself. There were two thousand guests; the dancing seems to have been disregarded by most of the guests, who were probably, for the most part, past their dancing days. They were contented to walk about, to gaze at the Royal party, and to admire the uniforms, the dresses, and the decorations.

The Princess, one is pleased to read, wore the diamond necklace presented to her by the City. Prince Alfred was a guest, wearing his uniform as a lieutenant in the Navy, and among others was the Prince of Orange; the poor little "Prince Citron," who afterwards refused to be a King or a Prince, or anything but a Parisian, a position for which he proved not physically strong enough; there was also the Princess of Serbia—was this the Princess Nathalie?



HIS MAJESTY'S INSTALLATION AS GRAND MASTER IN THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL, APRIL 28, 1875  
THE KING AS A FREEMASON



THE KING AS CHARLES I. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN VENETIAN COSTUME  
A FANCY DRESS BALL AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, AUGUST, 1874



A CAPTIVE TIGER LED BEFORE HIS MAJESTY AT BARDA



HUNTING IN THE TERAI: CROSSING A NULLAH

NAGAS DANCING BEFORE HIS MAJESTY'S ELEPHANT IN THE PROCESSION AT JEYPORE  
THE KING'S VISIT TO INDIA, 1875-1876

The entertainment began by the Prince taking the oaths on becoming a Freeman of the City, with the proper legal formalities of which the City would abate not one word. These ceremonies accomplished, the dancing began. If the account before me is true, the chief occupation and enjoyment of the evening was to stand round and to watch the Royal party, for whom a space was cleared. But I cannot quite believe that the young people present—if there were any young people among the two thousand—were contented to gaze at a dance without wanting to dance by themselves. Perhaps the reporter, in his loyalty, saw nothing except the Royal party and the Mayor and Mayoress.

They had prepared a very pleasant surprise for the Princess. As she was conducted to the ballroom she saw on her way a picture. It was a moonlight scene, partly in model and partly in painting, representing the Castle of Bernstorff, where she herself was born; on the lawn in the moonlight stood a figure of herself. If it was well done it must have been received as a graceful attention.

In the same year the Prince was present at the Royal Academy dinner, the first of many such festivities. The speech, one of the earliest speeches, made by him on this occasion was short. He spoke of his late father and of the stimulating interest which he had taken in every institution tending to encourage Art and Science. He also spoke in terms of gratitude for the manner in which the event of March 10 had been received by the nation.

On the completion of the Memorial to the Prince Consort he had another opportunity of speaking in memory of his father, "whose aid and counsel was never wanting where work was to be done or where difficulties were to be overcome."

The Memorial, before the formal unveiling, was visited privately by the Queen, accompanied by the younger members of the Royal Family. The elder members accompanied the Prince of Wales on June 10 for the public ceremony. It is very seldom that a function of any kind brings together all the Royal Family, but on this occasion nearly all were present. The ceremony included a short speech from the Prince, with a flourish of trumpets and a salute of artillery from a battery placed in Hyde Park, the fountains played, the bands struck up the Coronation March from *The Prophet*, and the assemblage dispersed.

The visit to Oxford was, of course, the most pleasing of the many visits of the early years. The June term and the week were chosen. The Princess distributed prizes to the Volunteers. The degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon the Prince by the Chancellor, the Earl of Derby, in a Latin speech. Among those present are mentioned—how many of that brilliant company are living to-day?—Lord Granville, Lord Cameron, Mr. Gladstone, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishops of London, Lincoln, and Chichester, and the Dean of Westminster. There were many others present whose names, once magniloquent and commanding respect, are now mere names which recall nothing to the generations which have come after them. And there was an ecclesiastical group of famous men—Pusey, Stanley, Jacobson, and Wilberforce.

For the rest they attended Commemoration, at which Lord Granville, the Duke of Newcastle, Cardwell, and Sir Stafford Northcote, with others of memory now indistinct, receiving the degree of Doctor.

On the same day they attended the procession of boats on the river; the Balliol men, it is recorded, deliberately upset their boat opposite the barge, and continued their shouting up to the waist in water.

In the same year, among the above incidents, one reads that the Prince was received into the Privy Council; he became President of the Society of Arts; he showed his interest in things agricultural by long visits to the Smithfield Cattle Show; either in 1863, or early in 1864, he visited Christ's Hospital, where he was received by the Lord Mayor and the Governors, and was shown over every part of the School; he reviewed the Volunteers in Hyde Park, he took the Chair at the dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, and he paid a visit to Garibaldi at Stafford House on that patriot's visit to London.

If we turn to the country outside London we find that in the same year he visited Edinburgh, Oxford, Halifax, Bexhill, and St. Leonard's; he began to improve his newly acquired property at Sandringham; he went down to the Highlands for deer-stalking and stag-shooting, and he stayed with the Earl and Countess of Fife, where he met the lad, then fourteen years of age, who was destined to become his son-in-law. One reads, besides, of fox-hunting, grouse and partridge shooting, skating, visits to the theatre, and racing. Everywhere we see life, vigour, and activity, many friends new and old, new places visited and old institutions examined; always we find a young man with a keen sense of enjoyment, of varied interests, whose work required personal fatigue, constant attention to ceremonial and etiquette, with an affability which was never failing to all classes of society; and everywhere we find the intelligent and cheerful performance of all the duties which can be expected of a Prince and Heir Apparent.

In order to illustrate still further this period of early manhood, and how it was spent, let me take two more years, namely, 1866 and 1867. We shall find the same inexhaustible energy, the same patience at functions, which must have been sometimes wearisome in the extreme; the same cheerful readiness to go among all classes of people. The following chronicle is necessarily the briefest possible abridgment, and enumerates with the same brevity events of the greatest and of the least importance.

The first is the chronicle of 1866. The following are the principal events of that year:—

The Annual Volunteer Review at Brighton, the Royal Academy Dinner, the Horse Show, Agricultural Hall; the visit to Colchester, the visit to Aldershot, the Laying of the Foundation Stone of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Opening of the Warehousemen's and Clerks' Schools at Caterham, the Laying of the Foundation Stone of the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum at Snarebrook, the Laying of the Foundation of the Farningham Home for Little Boys, the Presentation of Prizes at Wimbledon, the visit to Norwich, the Journey to St. Petersburg for the Wedding of the Tsarevitch and the Princess Dagmar.

Next we have the chronicle for 1867. The following are the principal functions of this year:—

The installation as President of St. Bartholomew's Hospital,

the Royal Academy Banquet, a christening at Marlborough House, the visit to the Paris Exhibition, the Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall, the ball given in honour of the Belgian visit, the escort of the Sultan Abdul Aziz to various places of interest, the attendance at the annual meeting of the National Rifle Association, a journey on the Continent with the Princess, and lastly, the well-earned holiday at the Norfolk country house.

These two years I have taken at random. Ever since March, 1863, that is to say for thirty-eight years, there has been maintained the same lavish readiness to please everybody, to justify the leadership due to his position, to advance and strengthen the loyalty of the nation, and to assist in every useful, charitable, and philanthropic object. Meantime, the note of duty is struck in the early years. We understand from the chronicle of this time the Prince's recognition of the responsibilities and the duties owed by the Heir Apparent to the country and the people.

By this time, also, his private affairs were arranged for him. The Duchy of Cornwall was found to be worth 60,000*l.* a year; the House of Commons voted him an additional 40,000*l.*, and to the Princess, for her separate use, 10,000*l.* He had begun to settle himself down on the Norfolk estate to which he has been so faithful; and though his position never allowed him at any time to put off the Prince, even at Sandringham, he could always add the country gentleman.

On January 8, 1864, after a heavy frost, the ice of Virginia Water was in fine condition; the Prince and Princess drove over from Frogmore Lodge for the skating, the Princess herself taking a part in the exercise. In the evening, on the return home, she gave birth to a son—the late Prince Edward, Duke of Clarence.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE BLACK DECEMBER

THE peaceful tenour of this life, entirely filled up with the discharge of the duties belonging to his position, and with the social pleasures of which the Prince has never wearied, was rudely broken by the illness of December, 1871.

The Prince had been staying for a few days at the house of Lord Lonsborough near Scarborough. He returned to Sandringham, intending to stay there till the New Year. He was then apparently in perfect health. A few days afterwards he fell ill. The nature of his illness was not at first perceived, but on November 23 it was officially announced that the Prince was suffering from an attack of typhoid fever, but that "there were no unfavourable symptoms." It was remembered ominously that the Prince Consort's attack had been announced in exactly the same manner. It was at first supposed that the fever must have been contracted at Loughborough Lodge. This was erroneous, because it was proved that the sanitary arrangements of the house, which were immediately examined, were

in perfect order. Probably the fever was contracted in some way at Sandringham itself, where another case occurred at the same time—that, namely, of a groom, to whom the disease proved fatal.

On Nov. 29 the accounts from Sandringham became so alarming that the Queen determined to go there herself. She was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh. Already Princess Alice, who had been the Prince Consort's principal nurse during his last illness, was at Sandringham on a visit. Her children and the Prince's elder children were sent off to Windsor in order to be out of the way of infection.

The fever continued its slow course, with alternations of partial recovery and partial relapse, of renewed hope and renewed anxieties, until December 8. Meantime the Queen, as soon as she was assured that there was no danger, returned to Windsor. On the 8th, however, a relapse occurred of so serious a character that the worst was feared, and the Queen hurried back to the sick chamber.

Those who are old enough to remember this "Black December" will recall the breathless anxiety with which the daily bulletins were expected and received: They will remember how crowds gathered round the door of Marlborough House where the telegrams were put up, as they arrived, for all the world to see. They were read aloud by those who were nearest. The crowds listened, said nothing, and melted away silently; they were succeeded by others, and then again by others, all day long. They will remember how the evening newspaper offices were surrounded and besieged, and how the papers were torn open in the morning with burning anxiety.

The general—the individual—outburst of grief and sympathy, the deep personal affection manifested throughout the length and breadth of the land, startled the whole world. The Press, which is so quick to watch and to feel the national pulse, was amazed. Not even the death of the Prince Consort had called forth so wonderful a proof, not only of the loyalty of the nation to the Royal House, but also of personal affection towards the Prince and the Princess. People remembered the Prince who had so manfully and patiently discharged the very heavy duties placed upon him when he was as yet but twenty-one; they remembered his gallant bearing, his cheerful countenance, his affability, his courtesy, his generosity, his support of everything that was manly and brave, as well as everything that was philanthropic. Of these things the people thought with tears and prayers, not only for the Prince, who seemed to be dying, but also for the widowed mother, and the wife and children.

Copies of the telegrams were sent to all the police stations in the suburbs and throughout the whole metropolitan district, and there were crowds round every one of these as well discussing the last bulletin and waiting for the next.

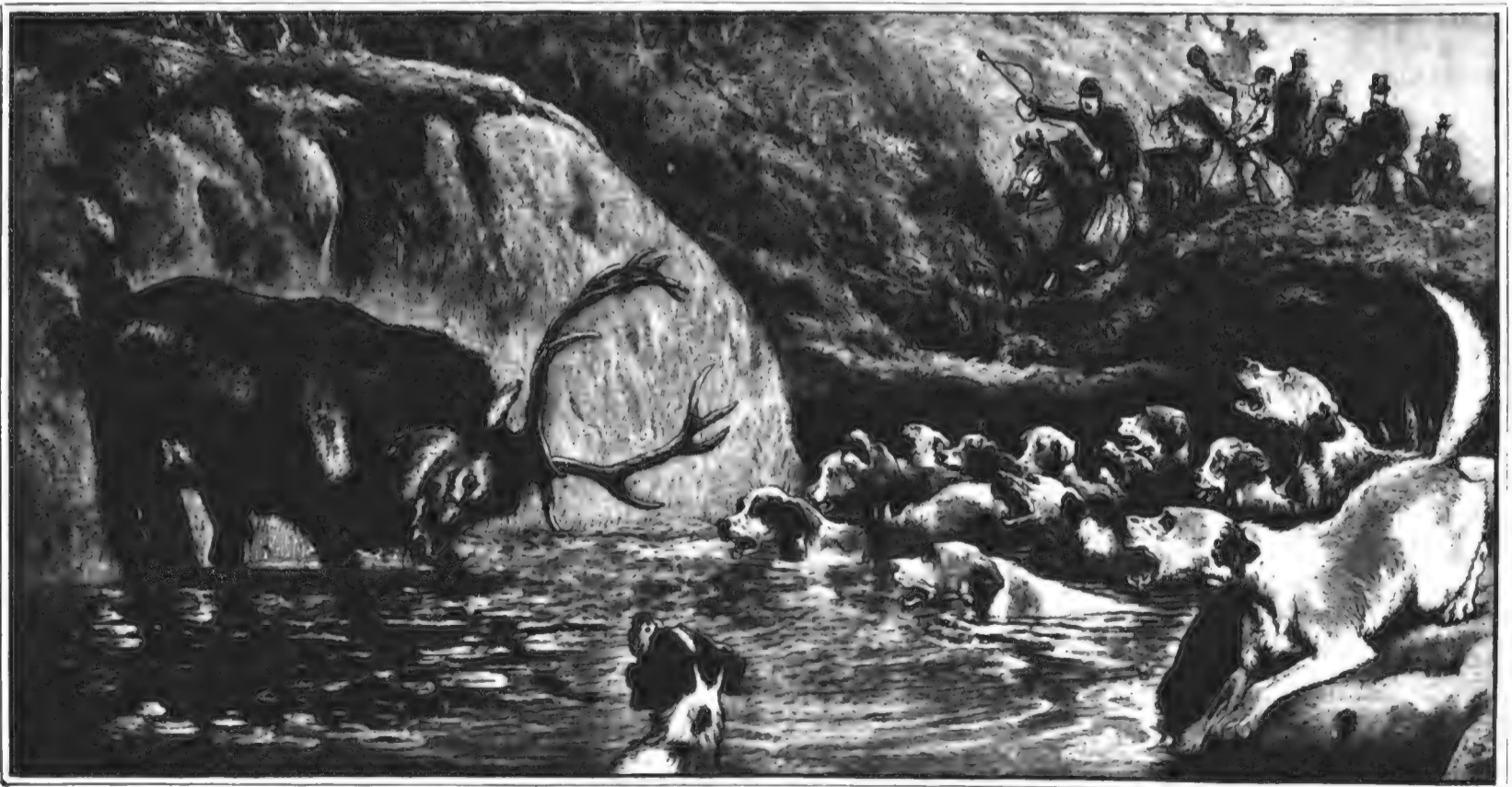
On the 9th a Prayer for the Recovery of the Prince was issued by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and enjoined to be used in all the Churches on Sunday the 10th. Prayers were also offered on that day at every place of worship and in every

Colony accessible to the telegraph wire. The state of tension was relieved a little on Wednesday the 14th, when an improvement was announced. It was slight at first, yet it remained; there was no subsequent relapse, the improvement continued. On the 19th it was considered that the Prince was out of danger, and that the Queen was able to leave Sandringham, which was then left to the Princess and the household, and to the convalescent.

The announcement of the improvement did not at once relieve the anxiety of the people. The present writer remembers passing



QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND HER CHILDREN IN 1875  
From a Photograph by G. E. Hansen, Copenhagen



A KILL IN THE DOONE VALLEY, AUGUST, 1879

THE KING OUT WITH THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS

his Christmas of that year in a certain country town where the festivities and joy of the season were ruined by the persistent gloom that hung over the land. The prophets of disaster improved the occasion. "Out of danger?" they asked. "We were to'd, at the beginning, that there were no unfavourable symptoms. Then came the worse news, then news of improvement, then again a relapse. Now we are told that he is out of danger. To-morrow we shall hear that there has been another relapse—and the day after. . . ." All this with shaking of head and gloomy looks. Happily these prophecies proved false.

On the day after Christmas the Queen made public the following letter:—

"Windsor Castle, Dec. 26, 1871.

"The Queen is very anxious to express her deep sense of the touching sympathy of the whole nation on the occasion of the alarming illness of her dear son, the Prince of Wales. The universal feeling shown by her people during those painful, terrible days, and the sympathy evinced by them with herself and her beloved daughter, the Princess of Wales, as well as the general joy at the improvement in the Prince of Wales's state, have made a deep and lasting impression on her heart which can never be effaced.

It was, indeed, nothing new to her, for the Queen had met with the same sympathy when, just ten years ago, a similar illness removed from her side the mainstay of her life, the best, wisest, and kindest of husbands.

"The Queen wishes to express at the same time, on the part of the Princess of Wales, her feeling of heartfelt gratitude, for she has been as deeply touched as the Queen by the great and universal manifestation of loyalty and sympathy.

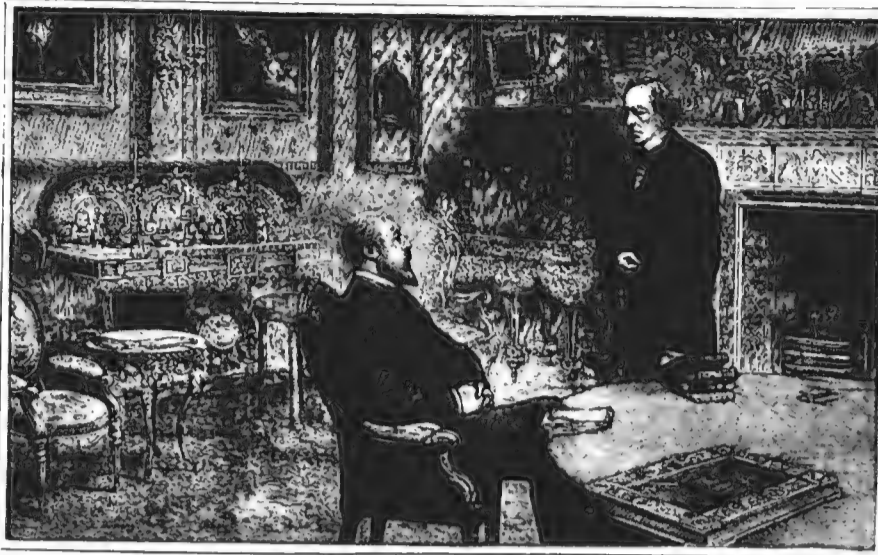
"The Queen cannot conclude without expressing her hope that her faithful subjects will continue their prayers to God for the complete recovery of her dear son to health and strength."

The illness of the Prince had its good side, since it showed the depth and reality of the national sympathy with the Queen in all relations, and especially in those of the heart. I myself remember vividly among all the incidents of that month the emotion with which the Queen's simple response was received by all the world.

Let me call attention to one point—a very important point—in the history of the century. It is this. From the day when Charles II. ascended the Throne, amid rejoicings unparalleled and a loyalty such as had never before been manifested, the personal loyalty—by which I mean personal affection for the Sovereign—steadily decreased even in the lifetime of that King. It was manifestly impossible for the nation to maintain any feelings of personal affection towards a Sovereign who was suspected to be secretly a Roman Catholic, received money from the French King, closed the Exchequer and robbed the City, brought the richest merchants to bankruptcy, and withdrew the City Charter. Some of these things, it is true, were not known to the people at large, but most were notorious.

As for the personal loyalty of the Sovereigns who followed, there was nothing in any one of them, from William of Orange to the Sailor King, which appealed in any way to the heart of the people. Each one of them in turn sat upon the Throne and represented the great principle of Constitutional rule; the country at large was loyal to that principle—that is to say, it was determined to maintain the Throne, but as for personal loyalty—no. There was none; it is a plant which springs from personal character and personal virtues. George III. might have had it, but he never succeeded. His obstinacy, his reception of the City when it offered remonstrance after remonstrance to the treatment of the American Colonies, the loss of those possessions and the national humiliation, his refusal to listen to Reform, these things destroyed his chance. He remained the Dread Sovereign, the Gracious Sovereign, with all the other official adjectives, but there was no personal affection, even though his domestic virtues were known and recognised. In the end, it is true, when the maladies of age fell upon him, when he lost his best-loved daughter, when he lost sight and reason, when he wandered feebly about the rooms of the Castle, the pity of the people went out for him. Some of them remembered how the obstinacy which threw away the American Colonies was an incalculable aid in keeping up the spirit of the country when all seemed lost, and the whole of Europe was falling into the hands of a military despot.

Again, at the Accession of the Queen, even the national loyalty to the principles of the Constitution was shaking. There were prints circulating among the lower classes by tens of thousands in which the Sovereign, the Church, and the House of Lords were assailed with a violence most virulent, indescribably brutal. The cry of "Our Young Queen" could not at first avail. Personal loyalty seemed quite dead and forgotten, Constitutional loyalty was



THE KING'S VISIT TO LORD BEACONSFIELD, AT HUGHENDEN, JAN. 12, 1880

confined to the upper classes, a dangerous spirit of disaffection was everywhere apparent, and most apparent in the manufacturing districts. Personal loyalty had to be created. It was perhaps the greatest achievement of the late Queen herself that she revived this feeling, and attracted to herself and her own family the old affection. It is certainly one of the principal achievements of King Edward that he has carried on and created for himself individually and for his family this personal loyalty, this affection, not for the office and the rank so much as for the man who holds it.

The recovery of the Prince advanced by slow but certain stages. The Queen at first intended to hold a private Service of thanksgiving in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, but was happily induced to invite the whole country to rejoice with her, and appointed a day of national thanksgiving with a solemn Service in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The day appointed was February 27, 1872. Fortunately, it was a fine day. The route laid down for the procession was decorated the whole way from Buckingham Palace to the Cathedral. Venetian masts stood along the streets at regular intervals with pennons and streamers; the houses were hung with scarlet cloth. Strings of flowers stretched from house to house. Every window, every doorstep, every roof was crowded with people; the streets were impassable from an early hour; stands were erected wherever there was a possible site.

The roadway was kept open by a strong force of police and soldiers, but there was no fear of a disturbance. Not a single madman or crank appeared. School children sang hymns as the procession went by, but I think that they were drowned in the cheering and the shouts with which the Queen and the Prince were received.

The Procession was not a long one. It consisted of twelve carriages in all. The first three of these contained the Speaker, the Lord Chancellor, and the Commander-in-Chief; in the last carriage sat the Queen, the Princess, and the Prince.

At Temple Bar the procession was met by the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, Aldermen, and a deputation of the Common Council who came on horseback, which added to the picturesqueness of the procession. Nobody fell off on the way; on the arrival of the Queen, they all alighted safely, while the Mayor delivered to the Queen the City sword, receiving it back in due form. They then mounted



THE BRIDEGROOM'S PROCESSION IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR

THE MARRIAGE OF THE LATE DUKE OF ALBANY, APRIL 27, 1882

again and preceded the Royal carriage to the Cathedral.

There was a congregation of 13,000 persons in the Cathedral; the Royal party consisted of all the Royal Family, except the very young and the two Princesses in Germany.

The Service began with a "Te Deum," composed for the occasion by Mr. Goss, and sung by a chorus of 25 voices.

The special prayer of thanksgiving was as follows:—

"O Father of Mercies and God of all comfort, we thank Thee that Thou hast heard the prayers of this nation in the day of our trial. We praise and magnify Thy glorious name, for that Thou hast raised Thy servant Albert Edward Prince of Wales from the bed of sickness; Thou castest down and Thou liftest up, and health and strength are Thy gifts! We pray Thee to perfect the recovery of Thy servant, and to crown him day by day with more abundant blessings both for body and soul; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

The Archbishop of Canterbury preached the sermon from the text, "Members one of another."

The service was over at two o'clock. The Procession was re-formed and proceeded back by another route.

In the evening there were, of course, illuminations.

This episode in the history of the Prince was closed by the following kindly letter from the Queen:—

"Buckingham Palace,

"February 29, 1872.

"The Queen is anxious, as on a previous occasion, to express publicly her own personal very deep sense of the reception she and her dear children met with on Tuesday, February 27, from millions of her subjects, on her way to and from St. Paul's.

"Words are too weak for the Queen to say how very deeply touched and gratified she has been by the immense enthusiasm and affection exhibited towards her dear son and herself, from the highest down to the lowest, on the long progress through the capital, and she would earnestly wish to convey her warmest and most heartfelt thanks to the whole nation for this great demonstration of loyalty.

"The Queen, as well as her son and her dear daughter-in-law, felt that the whole nation joined with them in thanking God for sparing the beloved Prince of Wales's life.

"The remembrance of this day, and of the remarkable order maintained throughout, will for ever be affectionately remembered by the Queen and her family."

And, since the illness served to demonstrate the true feeling of the nation, and to draw more closely together the Queen and the people, it must be owned that it served a good purpose.

## CHAPTER XII

### INDIA

THE years passed on and the activity and vigour of the Prince continued. I have before me a list very carefully drawn up, showing the many functions, visits, and journeys undertaken by the Prince in the public interest between the years of 1868 and 1885, both inclusive. We have already seen those of 1863, and other earlier years. The result is most astonishing, whether we consider the number of engagements, or the physical activity and fatigue which they represent. Exhibitions were visited, foundation-stones were laid for schools, colleges, universities, asylums, town halls, libraries

—everything; unexpected inspections of hospitals were made, memorials and statues were unveiled, invitations to dinner were accepted, and dinners were eaten; foreign Princes were shown about, parks and bridges and embankments were thrown open; volunteers were reviewed; it would seem as if nothing could be considered complete which was not under the patronage and the Presidency of the Prince. It is quite certain that no King—not even Henry II.—Henry the Restless—ever made so many progresses through the island, and that no Prince has ever before taken part in so many functions. No Sovereign, in fact, would be able to do what the Prince has done, simply because a great part of his work would have been considered as too unimportant for the position and the duty of the Sovereign. By the Prince nothing has ever been considered unimportant—even if it was only a beginning and an experiment—if it was clearly made in the interests and for the welfare of the people.

In this period, then, of eighteen years, I find that the following is the list presented to me of the places visited for the purpose of taking the most important part in a public function. I give the list in alphabetical order. Some



THE KING IN HIS HOME AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE: HIS STUDY.

FROM THE PICTURE BY SYDNEY P. MALL, M.V.O., DRAWN IN 1902.



SANDRINGHAM HOUSE: HIS MAJESTY IN HIS STUDY

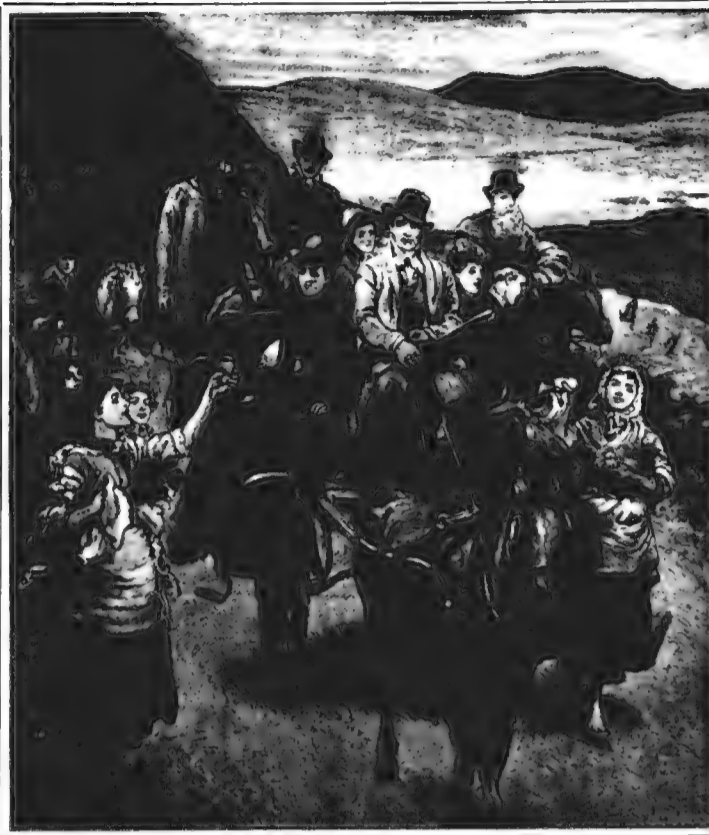
PICTURE BY SYDNEY P. HALL, M.V.O., DRAWN IN 1886

suburbs of London are set down among them, and are, of course, quite as difficult of access as many country towns. And it must be remembered that the list stops short at 1885, leaving the work of sixteen years unmentioned. But these were not idle years:—

Aberdeen	Dublin	Ireland	Rome
Aldershot	Eastbourne	King's Lynn	Sandhurst
Alexandria	Edinburgh	Leeds	Sheffield
Athens	Eddystone	Liverpool	Southampton
Berlin	Elmham	Leicester	Stockholm
Bloomsbury	Folkestone	St. Leonards	Swansea
Biarritz	Germany	Margate	Trentham
Birmingham	Glasgow	Newcastle	Truro
Bradford	Greenwich	Norwich	Thurso
Brussels	Gr. Grimsby	Nottingham	Vienna
Cambridge	Hammersmith	Oxford	Wantage
Chelsea	Hastings	Paris	Wanstead
Copenhagen	Holloway	St. Petersburg	Wandsworth
Constantinople	Hornsey	Plymouth	Whitechapel
Corfu	Hughenden	Portsmouth	Woolwich
Cork	Hythe	Putney	
Denmark	India	Redhill	

It was in 1875-76 that the visit, long in contemplation, to India was actually accomplished. There were many points to be considered; there were many ceremonies to arrange for the most ceremonial of all countries; there were special dangers to guard against—dangers of climate, and, above all, of people. Every journey of a Prince, even the common and daily drive through a London street, is attended with some danger; there are always unfortunate creatures who are crazed with the thought that the murder of a Prince, or even an unsuccessful attempt at murder, would be followed by some advantage to themselves or to their cause. A mad Anarchist buries his knife in the heart of an innocent Empress, a mad politician shoots a President, a Nihilist hurls a bomb at the Emperor, a lunatic shoots at the Queen—all in the madness of belief that the crime will help some cause. This danger follows a Prince everywhere. It must be considered as part of the position, and it cannot be denied or avoided. But the danger is far greater in a country swarming with fanatics, filled with disaffected persons, perhaps, and revengeful persons, perhaps. It was, therefore, with considerable anxiety that the people received intelligence that this journey was actually to be undertaken. Fortunately no attempt was made upon his life. It was, however, thought necessary that he should be most carefully guarded throughout the whole journey. The Prince left Dover on October 11, 1875, and returned to England on May 11, 1876, after an absence of seven months. He was accompanied by a large suite of twenty, among whom were the Duke of Sutherland, Sir Bartle Frere, Lord Charles Beresford, Canon Duckworth, Mr. W. H. Russell, and Mr. Sydney Hall.

There is no space here in which to follow this journey in detail. The Prince visited a great many interesting places, such as Goa, Cashmere, Nepaul, Benares, as well as the capital cities.



CROSSING THE GAP OF DUNLOE  
THE VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN TO IRELAND, APRIL, 1885

He was received everywhere with demonstrations of the utmost loyalty by dense masses of people of all castes and all sects—millions upon millions of people. He held Levées for the reception of the native Princes. He reviewed troops and laid foundation-stones; for recreation he shot elephants and tigers.

He came home, his journey completed, with two hundred animals, which he presented to the Zoological Gardens. It was characteristic that a day or two after arriving, to show that he was not in any way tired with his travels, he dined at the Mansion House with the Lord Mayor. The following day he reviewed the troops in Hyde Park.

To the native mind the sight of the Empress's eldest son in the

splendour of his uniform, and surrounded by his suite, produced a most favourable and, it is hoped, a permanent impression. The Oriental loves a blaze of gold and diamonds; a Prince must be dressed as such; he must never be seen unless surrounded by his staff and personal escort. The sight of the Prince brought home to their minds, as no other form of teaching could do, the truth that their country formed part of the great British Empire.

The traveller, for his part, was enabled to realise the responsibilities of ruling this great and wonderful land filled with peoples of different languages, different races, and different religions; he was also enabled to realise the greatness of this possession, the most glorious outcome of generations of enterprise and courage.

The King has not seen the whole of his dominions. There are many ocean islands of ethereal beauty which His Majesty has never seen; there are many broad plains and rugged mountains on which his foot has never stepped. But he has seen more than any English King before him: he knows, it may be safely said, more about the colonies and their peoples; the countries under English rule and their races than any English King before him; more, indeed, than any of his subjects. On the Empire, as a whole, geographical, political, military, ethnological, the King should be our greatest authority. Other men know certain countries better—His Majesty is not a specialist—but no one knows the whole of the Empire better than King Edward VII.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### TWO DAYS OF JUBILEE

I HAVE said above that there are five days in the public life of Queen Alexandra, when Princess of Wales—as well as that of the King when Prince—which must stand out above all other days in her life, as days never to be forgotten. The first was the day when she was carried through the City of London from the Borough to the suburb of Paddington, amid such a concourse of people, offering such a welcome as had never before been offered to King or Queen, Prince or Princess. The second was the day of her wedding, a comparatively private function, to which neither the people nor their representatives were bidden. The third was the Day of Thanksgiving for the Recovery of the Prince, when the voice of the nation was once more loud in the cheers that saluted one snatched from the hand of death, and on his way to offer his thanksgiving at that Cathedral which is, above all others, national. The true centre of the Anglican Church is not Canterbury, but London: it is not Westminster Abbey, but it is St. Paul's. The fourth and the fifth days are those two days, supreme in the history of this century, unrivalled in the history of the country, the first and second days of Jubilee. Both these days belonged to Queen Victoria. They were essentially hers—her own. Yet they form part of the life of King



PRINCESS VICTORIA PRINCESS LOUISE PRINCESS MAUD THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE THE PRINCE OF WALES  
THE KING AND QUEEN'S SILVER WEDDING DAY: THEIR MAJESTIES AND THEIR FAMILY, MARCH, 1888



QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE PROCESSION, JUNE 20, 1887: THE ESCORT OF PRINCES



THE JUBILEE THANKSGIVING SERVICE AT WESTMINSTER, JUNE 20, 1887: QUEEN VICTORIA KISSING HER RELATIVES AT ITS CONCLUSION

Edward. It was not in his honour that the houses were decorated, and that the streets were crowded, and that all the most illustrious and all the most distinguished of the people gathered together in Westminster Abbey. Yet the two days must not be passed by without notice, because they mark certain great changes in the mind of the people, and because they deepened and strengthened the new thoughts.

I have already spoken more than once of the recovery, by Queen Victoria, or the creation, of personal loyalty. The reason for dwelling so strongly upon this point is its extreme importance both for the present and the future. If there was any doubt possible, those two days, separated by an interval of ten years, must be acknowledged to have dispelled that doubt.

At one time it seemed as if popular opinion was turning rapidly and irresistibly towards a Republic. The talk of demagogues was confident and loud. Crown, Church, Lords, the Throne, the Cathedral, the Upper House, were all to be swept away; there was to be no more rank, no inequality save that imposed by diversity of gifts. The language used about the Sovereign was abusive and insulting to the highest degree, every clergyman was a bloated pluralist, every member of a noble family was a profligate by profession. I have listened, standing among crowds in the street, to the mob orator—nobody objected to the violence of his language—it seemed quite right and true, and useful, that these institutions should be abused.

Possibly one may still come across some of the old wild abuse—but it is mild indeed compared with that of thirty years ago. Stump orators still make attacks upon the Church, but not from the same point of view. Even when there is a scandal in the papers about some person connected with the Lords, the scandal is no longer, as was formerly the case, attached to the whole of the aristocracy. There is no longer any oppression, no longer any injustice connected in the mind of the people with the House of Lords: they no longer pack the House of Commons, nor do they confer sinecures upon their cousins: there is no reason why the people should dis-



QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND HER DAUGHTERS: A TRIO AT SANDRINGHAM  
A SKETCH MADE BY SYDNEY F. HALL, M.V.O., IN JULY, 1889

like an inequality of rank which is attended by no humiliation for themselves: it is not even pretended by those who attack the Upper House that the Peers are likely to throw out Bills demanded by the general voice. It is also quite certain that no official corruption, bribery or money-making, can be charged upon any ministers or statesmen who belong to that House. I say that the people do understand these things—not all the people, but most. Let it be conceded that they have been led to this better mind partly by the improvement of the daily Press, which teaches by methods of improved regard for truth; partly, also, that they have been led to a better mind by the improvement of their education; partly by the broadening effect of cheap postal arrangements, cheap and easy communication, and a closer connection with lands across the sea.

The Pageant of 1897 presented, to the millions who witnessed it, for the first time in history something like the outward and visible sign of the country's greatness. It was not complete; it was not adequate; there were grave omissions; but it taught great lessons which sank deep into the mind. As it rode slowly along, the men of Asia, the men of Africa, the men of America, the men of Australia, the men of the Isles, the men of the Far East, proclaimed aloud the great and marvellous extent and strength of the Empire. Those who looked on, those who understood, trembled at the sight. For it was not intended as a Pageant of Pride and Vain-glory, it was a Pageant of Praise and Thanksgiving and Gratitude. And when the long procession closed with the Queen, the Head and Chief of all that had gone before, there were tears and sobs, as well as shouts, tears and prayers and sobs and softened hearts. For it seemed to all as if this miracle had been wrought by a woman. Once more it was whispered as she passed, "Dux Femina Facti"—a woman has raised the Empire.

Many there were who saw in the Pageant the triumph of the English Constitution. It could only be under such a Constitution, they thought, that this expansion of the race could take place. For, consider the effect of our laws in one



SIGNING THE REGISTER IN THE LOWER DRAWING-ROOM AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS LOUISE, THE KING'S ELDEST DAUGHTER, JULY 27, 1889

respect. The elder son succeeds to the estate, the younger sons go out into the world, the elder son succeeds to the rank and the privileges of rank, the younger sons belong to the mass of the people. There is no aristocratic caste, yet there is an aristocracy, each family of which preserves, in the title of its chief, the memory of distinction in arms, in arts, in manufacture, in statesmanship, in law. It is surely good to preserve these memories: it is good to point to these families as a proof of the rewards—the abiding rewards—which the nation can confer upon such men and their descendants. These families are scattered about over the whole country; they are centres, they provide leaders; they should be, and often are, centres and leaders of light and culture. And at the head of the aristocracy is the Royal Family, and the first Peer of the Realm is the Prince of Wales.

The dispersion of the younger sons causes a continual movement up and down the social ladder. Some are always going down; some climb up a little and then fall. The lad of enterprise goes out to a colony and there enters upon a new life, none the worse for being the son of a Peer, and joins the new society of Colonists, no way unfitted for the rough life of the farm or ranch because he was educated at Eton. His sons go up or they go down. The family history helps them up; perhaps they forget the family history altogether as they sink lower and lower. My point is chiefly this: that always in all our Colonies and at home there is a constant movement and a healthy movement in the strata of society, some climbing up and some sinking down. More than half of the House of Lords are new families; in every calling one may find the lad who steps up; he rises out of the ranks of the working men; he becomes a master; his son becomes a professional man; his grandson becomes a Judge and a Peer and creates a new family. That the old families should remain in honour, while the new families come up and are added to the old, their equals in honour, their inferiors only in the long list of distinguished members, seems to me a happy development of our institutions and of the greatest importance in encouraging the courage and the enterprise of the younger folk.

There is another advantage in an ascending scale of rank. To place the Sovereign on the Throne with nothing between him and the House of Commons would create a situation full of peril. Even the American Constitution carefully provided a second House. Again, the country wants a class which has nothing to gain for itself, apart from the nobler ambitions, which can forward objects, promote associations and encourage effort. I know that there are many in the House of Lords for whom this cannot now be said, but there are also many of whom it can be said. These are the natural leaders, especially in local efforts—they are most useful, they supply offices which the poor man cannot fill, they take up duties which to the needy man would present temptations and lead to scandals. Now the Prince of Wales is, above all, such a man. He does not want to make money out of anything; he has no ambitions of his own, no petty interests, no selfish ends; he is a natural leader by birth and place; he has been a true leader by ability and aptitude.

This is not the place to defend such an aristocracy as our own, but the memory of that great and wonderful day when the long line ended with Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales riding at her right, recalls strange and unaccustomed thoughts, and made one realise not only what the Empire is, but by what a strange development of old Teutonic customs and Norman innovations the Empire became possible.

The Procession, I say, was not complete. There wanted something more besides the show of arms, the presence of Colonial Ministers, and the carriages filled with Ambassadors. There wanted the recognition of Learning and Science, Literature and Art. There should have been added open carriages containing the Chancellors and Vice-Chancellors of the Universities, the Lord Chancellor and the Judges, the Presidents of the Royal Academies, the President of the Royal Society, and other learned and scientific bodies.

When the Queen passed a certain point there was one among the spectators whose eyes were blinded at the moment so that he saw

but one figure. He heard afterwards that the Prince, with others of the Royal Family, was riding beside that figure. But he saw nothing, only the figure which then represented the whole of this Empire, and was now on her way to thank God in the name of the nation.

"Lest we forget! Lest we forget," cried the poet.  
We shall not forget

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### THE GROWTH OF EMPIRE

THE life of King Edward commences only four years after the accession of the late Queen. He has thus lived nearly through the

roamed over by wandering Blacks at almost the worst and lowest stage of barbarism. Few, very few, even of the early settlers, knew of the possibilities opening out for these agricultural lands; few statesmen at home had as yet the smallest perception of what might happen in the distant future: none could possibly guess the immediate future that awaited them. I have thought that it was a special good fortune for the Australian colonies that they remained so long under the rule of the Colonial Office, simply because neither the Secretary of State nor any of the permanent officials knew anything whatever of their value and their possibilities.

Indeed, in the Thirties, the Imperial idea had died out, if it had ever been held; the Colonies were actually considered a source of danger; successive Ministries were too much occupied with affairs at home to pay heed to those of Canada and Australia and the Cape. All the Colonies, in fact, were neglected or were considered only as places to which young men of good family could be sent as Governors. Emigrants—this was the most amusing blunder—were encouraged to go out to the United States—actually to a country less friendly than France—rather than to our own Colonies, which were praying with outstretched hands for more men, more men, to share their wealth. Not one Colonial Secretary, until very recently, had even begun to grasp the fact that Providence has actually offered to the Anglo-Saxon race the Empire over a third part of the whole world, with the responsibilities and duties attached to that Empire, and has made them, unless they throw away the chance, the ruling factor in the causes of peace, freedom and cultivation. No such offer has ever before been made to any race. "Let the Colonies go," was the cry of the so-called Manchester school. "Why encumber ourselves with the unexampled majesty and the glory offered to our race, so that our little trade at home may prosper, and our manufacturers may grow rich?" Fools! For they could not see that in the direction of the Colonies lay the way of wealth!

In New Zealand the changes which the King has witnessed are even more startling. At his birth no real colonisation of the country had been yet attempted. It was not until the year 1839 that the first settlement was planted on the islands. It was in the year of the King's birth that New Zealand was first formed into a Colony. At the present moment there is a population of nearly a million, though it has had no gold rush or diamond fields to increase its numbers.

In Africa there were a few unhealthy settlements in the west, and in the south there was the Cape Colony, chiefly inhabited by disaffected Dutch—still, alas! disaffected. What are our African possessions now? Think what the last sixty years' history of African exploration and African conquest means. With what bloodshed, what victories, what enterprise, what expenditure, that expansion has been accomplished! Compare the map of Africa of the year 1841 with that of the present year and ask how those changes have been effected.

Again, the Canada of 1841 consisted of Upper and Lower Canada, with a population of a million and a half. It now stretches across the whole of Northern America. It has a rapidly increasing population of nearly six millions, its

cities have multiplied, its trade has multiplied a hundredfold, new provinces have sprung into existence—Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Assiniboia, Alberta, Athabasca, British Columbia—while the discovery of gold at Klondyke has caused a rush of thousands in search of sudden wealth, and has erected a flourishing city almost within the Arctic Circle.

The future historian of Great Britain in this century will not fail to remind his readers how all the conditions were in a conspiracy to enable Great Britain to seize upon, to hold, and to occupy unquestioned and undisturbed, these fair places of the earth. In the midst of a struggle prolonged for nearly a quarter of a century, a struggle not only against a military despotism which at one time threatened to overwhelm the whole world, but even for national existence, Great Britain held command of the seas. There was but one Power which could meet her on the ocean—France, and the French navy failed in her attempt at naval supremacy. Russia was



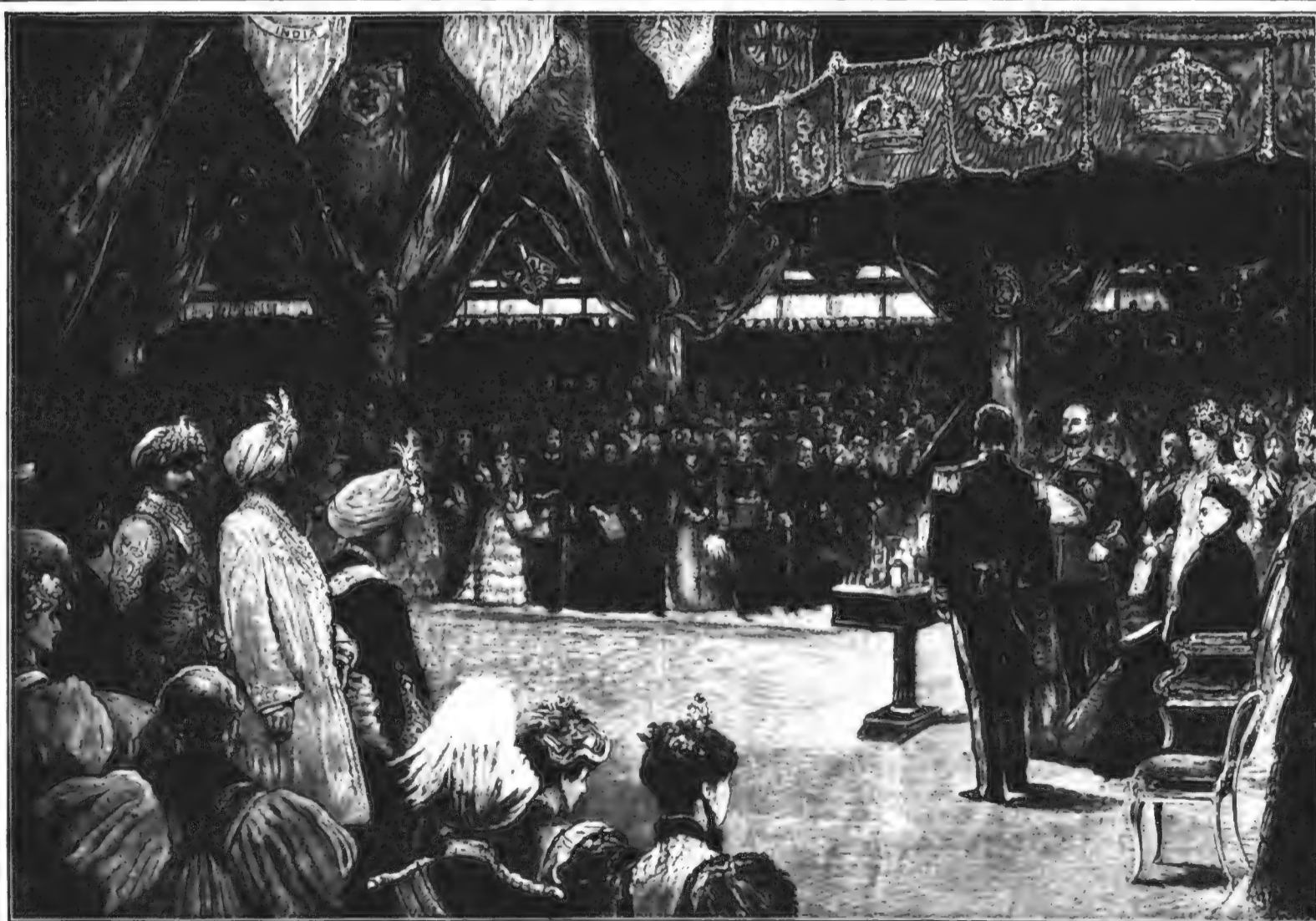
H.R.H. THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE, K.G., K.P.  
FROM THE PORTRAIT BY PROFESSOR HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A.

whole sixty years of the marvellous fortune which so uniformly attended the reign of Victoria—good fortune which makes us tremble for the future, lest we neglect the duties imposed upon us by the gifts of Providence. Let us consider something of this good fortune.

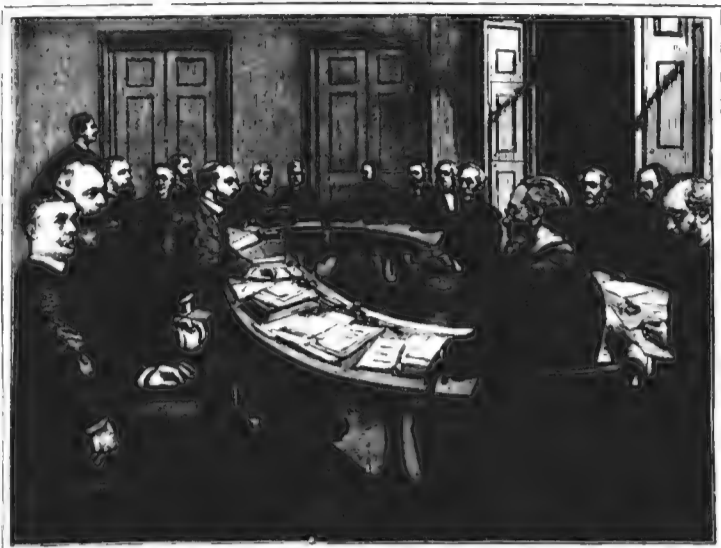
At the King's birth, the whole population of Australia, including Tasmania, was under 100,000. It is now between three and four millions, of whom more than half have been born in the country, while the great cities of Melbourne and Sydney number, each, a population of between a quarter of a million and three hundred thousand. In other words the King in his own lifetime has seen a whole continent actually begin its history of progress, trade, and industry, and carry it on to the point of crowded cities, vast industries, and accumulated wealth. In his childhood Australia was neglected and unheeded; parts of the continent were still used as convict settlements; vast districts fertile and now settled were then



THE FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AT ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, JANUARY 20, 1892



THE OPENING OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE BY QUEEN VICTORIA, MAY 10, 1893



THE KING EXAMINING THE LATE LORD SHAPTESBURY BEFORE THE COMMISSION ON THE HOUSING OF THE POOR, 1884



THE KING RECEIVING A DEPUTATION OF WORKING MEN AT LAMBETH PALACE RELATIVE TO A PARK FOR VAUXHALL, JANUARY 8, 1889

not yet ready; she is not ready after a hundred years; there was no Germany; and Spain was already far advanced in decrepitude. As for the United States, which might have disputed with us the Australian Colonies, they were engaged in filling up the vast territories now clothed with towns which were then the home of Red Indians and the haunt of the buffalo. The population of the States when the King was an infant was twelve millions only; it is now nearly eighty millions; the lands are filling fast; the States have abandoned their old policy of seclusion, and have now practically joined the countries which have colonies and possessions and interests in other parts of the world. Now had the Napoleonic dream of a fatal glory never seized upon the French mind, to the real undoing of France for a hundred years at least; had the French continued at peace with the world and remained free for expansion, one cannot doubt that the occupation of Australia and New Zealand would have awakened the most vehement opposition. In common decency we could not have taken all; the Cape would have remained Dutch; there might have been a partition in India; Quebec might have been returned to the French. As things have happened, France enjoyed the glory of barren victories and conquests impossible to be permanent; she also experienced the defeats and humiliations which followed; and the solid fruits of victory remained with us.

The tutors of the future King did not probably point out to him the very remarkable fact—hardly understood or noticed at that

time—that all these Colonies, as they grew and developed, became, without considering the question at all, or asking what was to be said on the other side, practically Republics. There are now four great nations—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa—which are to all intents and purposes Republics. There is the Governor; he no longer rules as in the last century, he now reigns by means of Parliaments and Cabinets; the people govern themselves, they have taken over the whole of the Anglo-Saxon institutions and liberties, to which they have added ideas and teaching more democratic even than those of the great American Republic. They are loyal, partly on account of personal affection for the King, partly from the habit of looking back to these islands as their home, partly because modern loyalty involves no sacrifice of freedom, no surrender of principle; partly because they do not feel themselves, as yet, capable of self-defence if a combination—say of Russia and France—were to attack them without the defence of the Imperial Navy. The growth of the Colonial Democracy is a symptom of the times which might have been expected by philosophers, but was not recognised by Statesmen in the boyhood of the King; it is a development which he cannot fail to have observed and to have watched with singular interest. For, as he must know full well, the question will one day arise whether it will not be better for each of these four great nations to become independent of the Mother Country, yet federated and joined with her in an alliance and a

friendship perpetual and not to be dissolved. It may be that some of the British desire and respect for rank will arise in these countries and will spread among them. I do not think that this is likely to happen, because the majority of the people must always be working men, and this class, while it makes no objection to an aristocracy which is an ancient institution stripped of the old privileges, not felt as oppressive, or hated as insolent, would certainly object to its introduction into a country whose ideas have always been repugnant to the creation of artificial and hereditary inequality. The States of America have now long passed their first hundred years; they have become a nation of some age—certainly not of yesterday; but there has never been the slightest indication among any of the people, rich or poor, in favour of creating an aristocracy of birth.

The changes which the King has witnessed at home are as great and startling. The increased facilities of communication have enabled the people to get about the country freely and cheaply; the land has been opened out to its occupants; the better sort travel everywhere; there is no longer any of the former illiteracy left; education is universal, and it is free; public libraries are rising in every town; the people have begun to read books as well as newspapers; the popular journals circulate by the million; art schools stand side by side with libraries; the manufactures of the country are increased a hundredfold; the franchise has been so much extended that there is little room left for reform; privileges of rank



THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S, JULY 6, 1893

have been curtailed; the offices of Government are thrown open to competition; there has arisen a mighty army of Volunteers for the defence of the country; the standards of life and of comfort have been raised among the working classes; food is cheap and abundant; wages have been raised; hours are shortened; the Church of England has acquired a new life and new popularity; if she does not commit suicide, there are possibilities of developments which may make her more powerful and more widely spread than the Church of Rome; the housing of the people is better; their clothing is more substantial; the children are protected from the old tyranny of early labour and long hours.

What more? All these changes, and many more, has the King witnessed. As a boy he gazed out upon the Solent covered with stately three-deckers and noble sailing ships; as a man he has seen that sea charged with still nobler vessels propelled by steam, equipped with guns such as Nelson never dreamed of seeing; he has seen the Art of War transformed by the invention of weapons which can carry on a murderous battle against an invisible enemy.

He has lived through the Revolutions of 1848, the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, the numberless little wars to which at a thousand points the Empire is liable. He has lived through the dangers of Chartistism, Fenianism, Socialism. He has witnessed the Emancipation of Women and their admission into almost every field of intellectual achievement. He has witnessed the growth and unity of Germany, the still further decay of Turkey, the addition of Italy and Japan to the Great Powers of the world, the apparent collapse of China.

As for the advance of science one cannot attempt to appreciate it. In surgery the introduction of anesthetics, in medicine the discovery of bacteria, in science the conquest of electricity, the development of photography, the preservation of speech, the annihilation of distance with the telegraph and the telephone, the power of seeing through solid bodies; these and a thousand other inventions mark not only the reign of Queen Victoria but also the life of the King as Prince of Wales.

When he looks back upon the past and considers the things that

he has known, the changes that he has witnessed, he must acknowledge with gratitude that there are some things which have not been changed, some things which there is no desire to change, such as, to repeat once more, the loyalty to the Crown, the respect and affection of the nation to himself and Queen Alexandra.

WALTER BESANT.

[NOTE.—Thus far the narrative of Sir Walter Besant, whose greatly regretted death in the spring of 1902 precluded any further detailed account of the King's career. From this point the continuance of his work was undertaken by Mr. Charles Lave, the English biographer of Prince Bismarck, William II. of Germany and Alexander III. of Russia, and who has had the advantage of being present at all the ceremonies connected with the passing of Queen Victoria and the Accession of King Edward VII.—ED. GRAPHIC.]



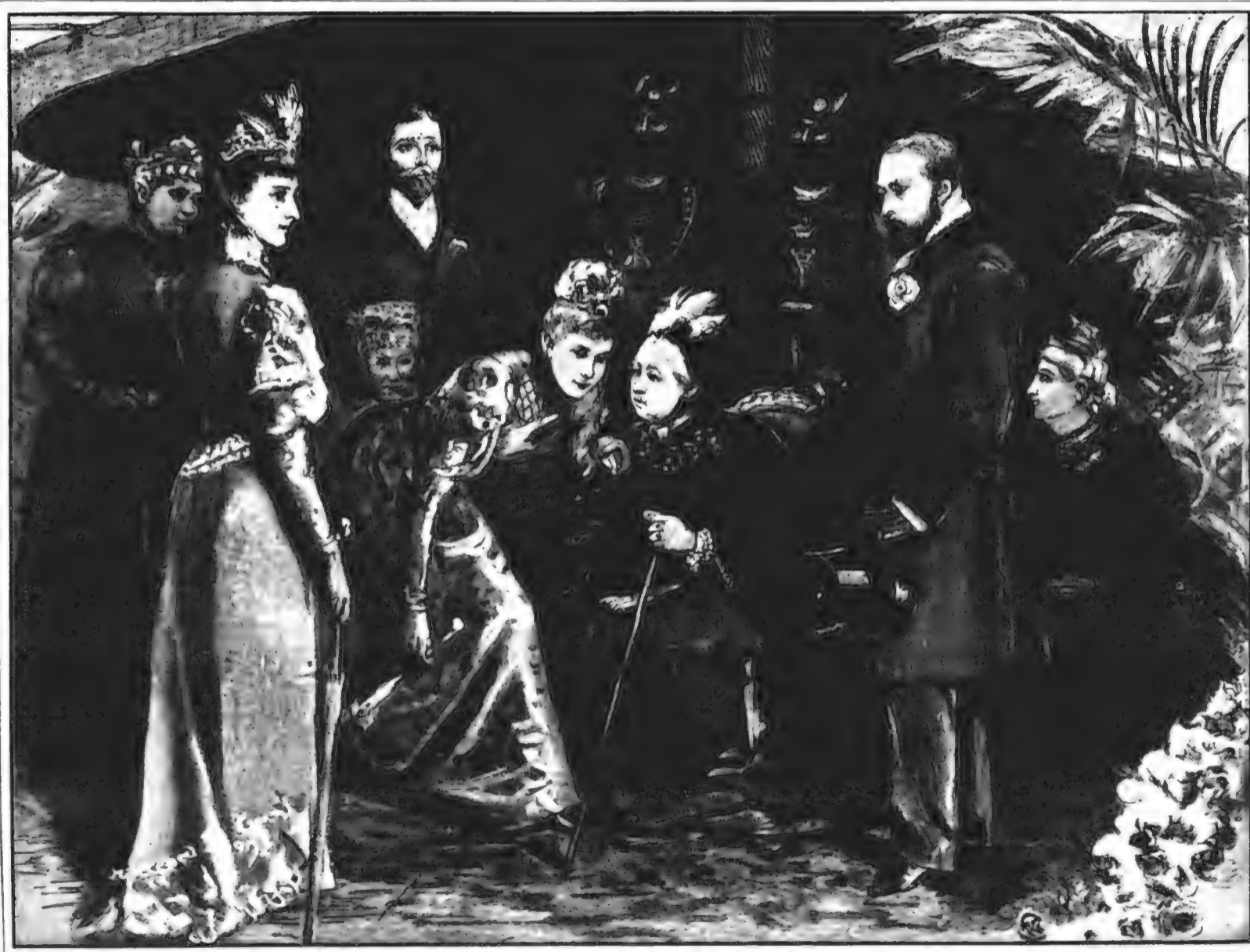
YORK COTTAGE, SANDRINGHAM, WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES'S HONEYMOON WAS SPENT, JULY, 1893

## CHAPTER XV.

### AFTER THE JUBILEE

THE social festivities in connection with the Diamond Jubilee may be said to have culminated in the Duchess of Devonshire's fancy-dress ball, at which the future King appeared in the splendid and well-becoming costume of the Grand Master of the Knights Hospitallars of Malta. And well entitled was the Prince to assume the guise of this noble Samaritan order—seeing that he had instituted the Jubilee Memorial Fund called after himself in aid of the hospitals of London, which, by the force of his advocacy and the magic of his name, he was to be the means of bringing up, by the end of the Jubilee year, to the total of 227,553*l.*, and before the close of the century to 366,907*l.* Moreover, in the year succeeding the Jubilee he inaugurated and became President of the League of Mercy, possessing a national network organisation analogous to that of the Primrose League, of which the object was to act as the advocate and feeder of the Hospital Fund (now known as King Edward's Hospital Fund), one of the finest memorials to the virtues of our great Queen which had yet been set up.

At the constituent meeting of the Mercy League in Marlborough House (December, 1898), the Prince was careful to explain that it was "based on the plan of the Guild founded by the late Duchess of Teck," whose loss her Royal kinsman had to deplore in the previous autumn. The death of this most popular, because most beneficent and most English of all our princesses—the cousin of one Queen and the mother of another to be—was a most as deeply felt by the public as it was by the Heir Apparent, who had always been most affectionately devoted to his kinswoman of Cambridge. He had been the first to call on her when she was able to receive visitors after undergoing a serious operation in the spring; he had congratulated her on the popular plaudits which she had elicited on the day of the great Jubilee procession, and no one was more shocked than he on hearing of her sudden decease. The funeral scene in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where the Prince of Wales,



THE KING'S GARDEN PARTY AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE ON THE OCCASION OF THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, JULY 5, 1893

with his Consort at his side, represented his Royal mother, was almost the only shadow which had fallen across the sunny path of the Jubilee year.

To the Duke and Duchess of York the blow was all the more cruel and depressing by the force of contrast, since they had but just returned from a triumphal progress through the most interesting parts of Ireland, as the representatives of the Queen. For many years the task of representing Her Majesty at social and public functions had devolved upon her eldest heir—a task of which the performance had already constituted him the Sovereign of Society long before he became Monarch of the Realm. But since the Duke of York, by the death of his elder brother, had stepped into the succession to the Crown, it was necessary that he should be trained for the fulfilment of his destiny by the exercise of some of those functions which had hitherto fallen to the lot of his father. In this way the representative burden which had hitherto pressed upon the shoulders of the Prince of Wales—as the world reposed on the back of Atlas—had come to be decidedly less by the co-operation of his son, whose tour in Ireland was a case in point; nevertheless, his father continued to lead the busiest of lives, and to do an amount of social and ceremonial business which would have used up the strength of half a dozen ordinary men.

His speeches alone in the years succeeding the Jubilee would make a volume—speeches always clear and sensible, if conventionally phrased, as became his position; while a bulky catalogue could be compiled of the places he visited; the benevolent and other meetings at which he acted as chairman, the tedious dinners he attended, and the thousand and one other various functions which he graced with his presence, impressing all his hearers by his unflinching tact and his consummate knowledge of our national life and character. The reproach that he does not understand his own subjects is one which cannot be brought against King Edward; but, on the other hand, it may be owned that no other monarch ever enjoyed, or ever courted, such opportunities of making himself acquainted with the social and political institutions of his country—down to the very smallest details.

No man had a higher respect than Mr. Gladstone for the character of the present King, and this admiration was reciprocated by H.R.H.—from the point of view at least of the Liberal leader's personal qualities. In 1880, when Lord Beaconsfield was deprived of power, the Prince of Wales, who had just returned from the Continent, at once repaired to the new Premier's house to congratulate him on his return to office. Nothing had given H.R.H. more annoyance than when, at the opening of the Imperial Institute in 1893, the Grand Old Man of the House of Commons was hissed by some unmannerly jingoes. Once even the Prince and Princess of Wales allowed themselves—a unique compliment—to be photographed with Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, though this, it is true, was after the Liberal statesman's final retirement from politics; and when at last he passed away, in the spring of 1898, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York were the chief pall-bearers at his funeral in Westminster Abbey, while the Princess and her daughter-in-law were also present in the deepest mourning.

Having thus acted as chief pall-bearer at the funeral of Mr. Gladstone, it was not surprising that, in the spring of the following year, the Prince of Wales should have taken the chair at a representative meeting, convoked by the Duke of Westminster, to consider the best means of raising a national memorial to the late Liberal chief, "worthy of him and worthy of the country." "No one," said the King on this occasion, "has a greater admiration for the statesmanlike qualities of Mr. Gladstone, or felt more deeply the friendship I bore him, than myself." Nevertheless, the public response to the appeal for subscriptions to the Gladstone memorial scheme proved far from commensurate with the expectations of his friends.

Another politician for whom the King has ever had the greatest regard, and in whom, indeed, he took considerable pride, was Mr. Joseph Arch, M.P., who had raised himself from the position of a ploughman to that of a parliamentarian, like Mr. Henry Broadhurst. As representing the agricultural district of Norfolk, in which Sandringham is situated, Mr. Arch was always referred to by the Prince as "my member," and in the summer of 1898, when on a visit to

Lord and Lady Warwick, the latter, one Sunday afternoon, drove her Royal guest over to Barford to take tea with the veteran agitator in his cottage home. A week or two later the Prince—such the range of his social sympathies, from the hut of a ploughman to the palace of a plutocrat—was the guest of Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild at Waddesdon Manor, Bucks, and here it was that he met with the most serious mishap which had ever yet befallen him.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

##### A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS

ON July 18, 1898, the nation was alarmed by the news that the Prince of Wales had met with a serious accident at Waddesdon

MacCormac, Sir Francis Laking, and Sir Thomas Smith. In view of the deep and universal public interest, not to say anxiety, aroused by his accident, the Prince caused a detailed account of it and of his condition to be issued, and everyone was delighted, though not surprised, to hear from his doctors that the illustrious patient was "bearing the enforced restraint with exemplary patience and good temper."

After a due consideration of the case, the Prince's medical attendants decided to abstain from an operation, trusting that time, nature, splints, and other appliances would duly do their curative work. Lord Lister had also been called in; and the Sultan, in his tender solicitude for the welfare of England's future King, had even offered to contribute the famous Turkish surgeon, Djemal Pasha, to the circle of his Æsculapian attendants—a noble act of courtesy which recalled the splendid chivalry of the Soudan Saladin in hastening to despatch his Hakim, or body physician, to assuage the raging fever of his Christian adversary, Richard Lion-Heart, as recorded in "The Talisman." Equally gratifying to the Royal sufferer in Pall Mall were the telegrams of sympathy and of inquiry which poured in upon him from all parts of the world, and which acted as a welcome and effective medicine to the mind that could not but be slightly depressed by the sufferings of the body. For a man of the Prince's active habits, it was most irksome to submit to the necessary restraints imposed on him by the conditions of his cure, but everything was done to relieve the tedium of his convalescence; and among other amusements provided for him was the connection of his room by telephone with some of the chief theatres and music-halls, and even with a church, where he heard Canon Fleming refer to the accident and the national anxiety which it had occasioned.

Presently this anxiety was relieved by the announcement that the Prince's doctors had offered no objection to his exchanging Pall Mall for the Solent as an invalid resort; and on July 30, only twelve days after his accident, H.R.H. was carefully conveyed to Portsmouth, where a bevy of blue-jackets, tender in hand as in heart, carried him on board the Royal yacht *Osborne*, which dropped its anchor in Cowes Roads. Here, next day, he was visited by his royal mother from Osborne House, who found him in excellent spirits and constant communication between the royal yacht and the castle was maintained by means of wireless telegraphy, in which the royal patient was very much interested. Recumbent under a glass awning on the after deck, the Prince took great delight in watching all the incidents of the Cowes Regatta; though his pleasure was suddenly marred by intelligence from Copenhagen which deprived him of the companionship of the devoted wife who had hitherto been his tenderest and most assiduous nurse.

News reached the Princess of Wales that her mother had fallen so seriously ill as to induce her to hasten away from the couch of her convalescent husband to what ultimately proved to be the deathbed of a beloved parent, leaving her daughter, Princess Victoria, to take her place on the *Osborne*—such the intricate web of human experience which falls to the lot of the highest as well as the humblest. Three days later it was announced that no further bulletins would be issued from the *Osborne*, as the Prince's progress was so satisfactory. Accompanied by his relatives and some of his private friends, the Prince was now able to take short cruises up and down the Solent, which were at last followed by a more prolonged trip to Plymouth and Torquay, when he paid a visit to Mount Edgcumbe, landing and driving in the park. On September 2, after his return to Cowes, he was allowed to

stand up for the first time and walk a distance of three feet; on the 8th he was able to go up to Osborne in an invalid chair; on the 14th he left for Balmoral, whence he returned to London about the middle of October, in time to receive and congratulate Lord Kitchener fresh from his great victory at Omdurman; and before the end of November the *Lancet* announced to the nation the complete recovery of the Prince.

A pattern Prince of the constitutional kind, H.R.H. had also proved a most exemplary patient during the long interruption of his usual habits; and what had distressed him most during this period was the fact that he had not been able to journey to Copenhagen at the end of September and attend the funeral of his Royal



BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. HENRY GRAVES AND CO.

THE KING IN 1893

FROM THE PAINTING BY ARCHIBALD STUART WORTLEY IN THE JUNIOR CARLTON CLUB

Manor. Contradictory rumours were afloat, but the truth was that, in descending a spiral staircase, the Prince had missed his footing, and that the extreme effort he then made to recover his balance resulted in the fracture of his left knee-cap, or, in medical language, "caused a rupture of the insertion of the left quadriceps extensor muscle, which tore away with it at the same time the upper portion of the patella." The gap between the fragments amounted to a little more than two inches. This was the diagnosis which had resulted from the application of the Röntgen rays to the Prince's fractured limb, after he had been carefully transferred the same afternoon from Waddesdon to Marlborough House, where he was at once attended by the best surgeons in London, including Sir William



THE KING AT THE FUNERAL OF THE TSAR ALEXANDER III.,  
NOVEMBER 19, 1894

mother-in-law of Denmark, to whom he had always been tenderly attached. He was represented at her obsequies by the Duke of York, while the Duke of Cambridge was similarly sent by the Queen.

But this was not the first time that the Prince had been in danger of life and limb, for in the course of his career he had experienced some very narrow escapes. While still a boy he had been very nearly shot at a game battue by Earl Canning; a few years later, when a youth of sixteen, whilst on a tour in the Lake district, he had slipped and rolled down a steep mountain side for a distance of nearly 100 feet; again at Heidelberg, in September, 1861, where he met the Princess Alexandra for the second time—their first meeting having been shortly before in the cathedral of Spire—he had but risen from a chair when a huge chandelier, weighing several hundredweight, fell on it and shattered it into fragments; in 1874, the Duke of Rutland's yacht *Shark* had come into collision

with Count Batthyany's yacht, on which the Prince was sailing; on another occasion, when touring in Palestine, the Prince had narrowly escaped drowning when bathing in the Dead Sea; once, too, he had been bowled over in the Row by a runaway horse, while at Compiègne, when hunting with the French Emperor, he and his horse had been similarly "downed" by the sudden cross rush of a stag; when helping to handle the hose at a fire which broke out in Marlborough House in the early seventies, the Prince had all but fallen a victim to the flames by the giving way of the floor on which he was standing; while, soon after his accession to the throne, the nation was to be alarmed at hearing that their new King had narrowly escaped being killed by the falling of the mast of Sir Thomas Lipton's racing yacht, *Shamrock II.*, the challenger for the America Cup, on which His Majesty was cruising in the Solent.

But all these personal dangers were as nothing to the life-peril from which the Prince providentially escaped in the second year following his recovery from the accident to his knee. On April 4, 1900, the Prince and Princess of Wales reached Brussels on their way to pay a family visit in Copenhagen. After a short halt at the Gare du Nord, during which the Prince had alighted and walked freely about the station, the Royal train was about to resume its course, when a lad of about sixteen jumped upon the footboard and fired two shots with a revolver at H.R.H. through the window of his saloon, but without hitting him. The would-be assassin was about to fire a third time when the stationmaster rushed forward and seized him, rolling with him on the platform. But for his timely intervention—which was subsequently acknowledged by a gold scarfpin from the Prince and the Royal Victorian Order with a letter of thanks from the Queen—there is no saying what might have happened. As it was, the Prince remained unscathed, both he and his consort showing the utmost coolness; and it was only after the journey had been resumed, which it was a few minutes after the attempt, that the Princess began to show, naturally enough, signs of the terrible ordeal she had gone through.

It turned out that this would-be murderer was a rather crack-brained 'prentice tinsmith, Jean Baptiste Sipido by name, whose feeble wits had been further confused by the teachings of Anarchist literature, and, what was much worse, by the ravings and misrepresentations of the Anglophobe and pro-Boer Press, which drew its inspiration and its "facts" from the central fountain of anti-English war-lies at Brussels. On the very night before the Prince's arrival at Brussels, there had been held there a public meeting, at which several speakers said, "the Prince of Wales will be here to-morrow. Let us let him know our feelings in regard to this iniquitous war in South Africa."

Sipido himself, when questioned as to the motives for his wicked act, excitedly replied that "he wanted to kill the Prince who had been the cause of so many thousands being slaughtered in South Africa"—a confession which completely stultified the contention of the Belgian Press, now confronted with the almost inevitable consequence of its shameless mendacity, that Anarchism was solely responsible for Sipido's outrage. As it was, the ravings of the Ultramontane Press which induced Kullman, the journeyman cooper, to level his pistol against the head of Bismarck at Kissingen, during the war between Church and State in Germany, so it is equally certain that Sipido found analogous instigation to



THE KING AT SHAKESPEARE'S TOMB AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON,  
MAY 18, 1895

use his revolver against the breast of the Prince of Wales in the revilings and misrepresentations of the Belgian Press during the war between Boer and Briton in South Africa.

Throughout the British Empire there was burning indignation at the dastardly attempt on the life of the popular and beloved heir to its throne; and by the time the Prince reached Copenhagen on the following evening he found thousands of congratulatory telegrams waiting for him from all parts of the world. His reception in the Danish capital was of the most cordial kind, but nothing compared with the enthusiasm which, a fortnight later, greeted His Royal Highness on his return to England—both at Dover, where the pier was lined with troops, and at Charing Cross, where he was welcomed home by cheering crowds—the company on the platform including the Duke of York, the King of Sweden, and the Belgian Minister.

Queen Victoria's life had been attempted—or at least personal



THE KING AT ONE OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S DRAWING ROOMS



THE CHRISTENING OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S SECOND SON IN SANDRINGHAM CHURCH, FEBRUARY 17, 1896



THE KING AT A SHOOTING PARTY AT BLENHEIM, NOVEMBER, 1896

outrage had been offered Her Majesty—five times in the course of her reign. But this was the first time that the life of the heir to the throne had been aimed at, and it was a new link in the bonds of affection between him and his future subjects that he had now successfully run the gauntlet of bullet-fire. How touched was the Prince himself by this new proof of the hold which he had established on the love of his fellow-countrymen may be seen from the acknowledgment he issued on returning from Copenhagen:—

“Marlborough House, Pall Mall, S.W.

“I have been deeply touched by the numerous expressions of sympathy and goodwill addressed to me on the occasion of the

providential escape of the Princess of Wales and myself from the danger we have lately passed through.

“From every quarter of the globe, from the Queen's subjects throughout the world, as well as from the representatives and inhabitants of foreign countries, have these manifestations of sympathy proceeded, and on my return to this country I received a welcome so spontaneous and hearty that I felt I was the recipient of a most gratifying tribute of genuine goodwill.

“Such proofs of kind and generous feeling are naturally most highly prized by me, and will ever be cherished in my memory.

“ALBERT EDWARD.”

On his way back from Copenhagen to London the Prince of

Wales had been treated to a great and pleasurable surprise at Altona, where he found the station resonant with the familiar notes of our national anthem. These flattering notes proceeded from the band of a colour-carrying guard of honour, formed by a whole company from the local garrison, which the Emperor had ordered out to salute his Royal uncle on his passage across German soil; and with this guard of honour was the Kaiser himself, who had secretly journeyed from Berlin for the purpose, as well as his sailor-brother, Prince Henry, whom he had summoned across from Kiel. On the other hand, however, what was anything but pleasing to the British people was the slack and shifty manner in which the would-be assassin of the Prince was handled by the Belgian courts of



THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MAUD AND PRINCE CHARLES OF DENMARK AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, JULY 22, 1896

justice. Sipido, it is true, was found guilty, but acquitted by the jury on the ground of his irresponsibility, and ordered to be placed at the disposal of the Government until he reached the mature age of one-and-twenty. Set at liberty he escaped to Paris, and, in answer to a question on the subject in the House of Commons, Mr. Balfour stated that "Her Majesty's Government had informed the Belgian Government that they considered the result of the proceedings in connection with Sipido to be a grave and most unfortunate miscarriage of justice—(cheers)—and that they had learned with great surprise and regret that the Belgian Government had not seen fit to detain Sipido pending a decision as to the course they should take in view of the verdict of the jury." In reply the Belgian Government argued that Sipido had escaped to France during the three days' interval to which he was entitled for deciding whether he should appeal. But this reasoning imposed on no one, seeing that what the friends of justice had claimed was, not illegal arrest, but ordinary police surveillance, the lack of which had enabled Sipido to slip away to France—whence, it is true, he was ultimately extradited back to the care of the Belgian police, though the debates of the subject in the French Chamber revealed a feeling anything but friendly to England.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

##### WAR AND SORROW

JUST three months before the breaking out of the Boer War, the Prince of Wales, in the presence of a vast assemblage of spectators, had reviewed 27,000 Metropolitan Volunteers on the Horse Guards' Parade; and the ease with which he sat his horse was a visible proof of his complete recovery from his knee accident of the previous summer. The occasion of this very fine military display was an epoch marking one. Just exactly a century before this George III., in Hyde Park, had held a similar review of the Volunteers who,

the first of their kind, had rallied round their country's flag at the threat of an invasion from Napoleon the Great; and now His Majesty's great-grandson, Albert Edward, the heir to our throne, was paying a similar compliment to the citizen soldiers who had been called into being, in 1859, by the restless and menacing policy of Napoleon the Little.

Sudden and swift was the rush of events. In the September of this year, the Prince of Wales, at Ballater, had presented a new set of colours to the 1st Gordon Highlanders, of Dargai fame—he being honorary colonel of the regiment, raised in what it was his homely custom to call "our part of Scotland;" and within three months of this time the same Gordons were serving as a rally for the Highland Brigade, which, for the first time in all its glorious history, had to endure the unspeakable bitterness of repulse—before the hail of Mauser bullets from the wire-entangled Boer trenches

tute, when the Prince gave a lucid summary of the progress of popular enlightenment during the reign of his mother.

The other address by the Prince, above referred to, was one on workmen's dwellings and cheap trains, which was pronounced, even by the Radical Press, to be "admirable." "The housing of the working classes," said H. R. H., "is a subject in which I have long taken a deep interest. As long ago as 1884 I was a member of the Royal Commission on the subject, and I had an opportunity then of becoming acquainted with the evils attendant upon the existence of insanitary dwellings. I then personally informed myself of the conditions actually existing, by visiting, in several parts of London, some of the most unhealthy districts. I have watched with deep interest the development of the question since that time." "Lord Nelson's captains," he further said, "had a sorry fate, when their names were borrowed to

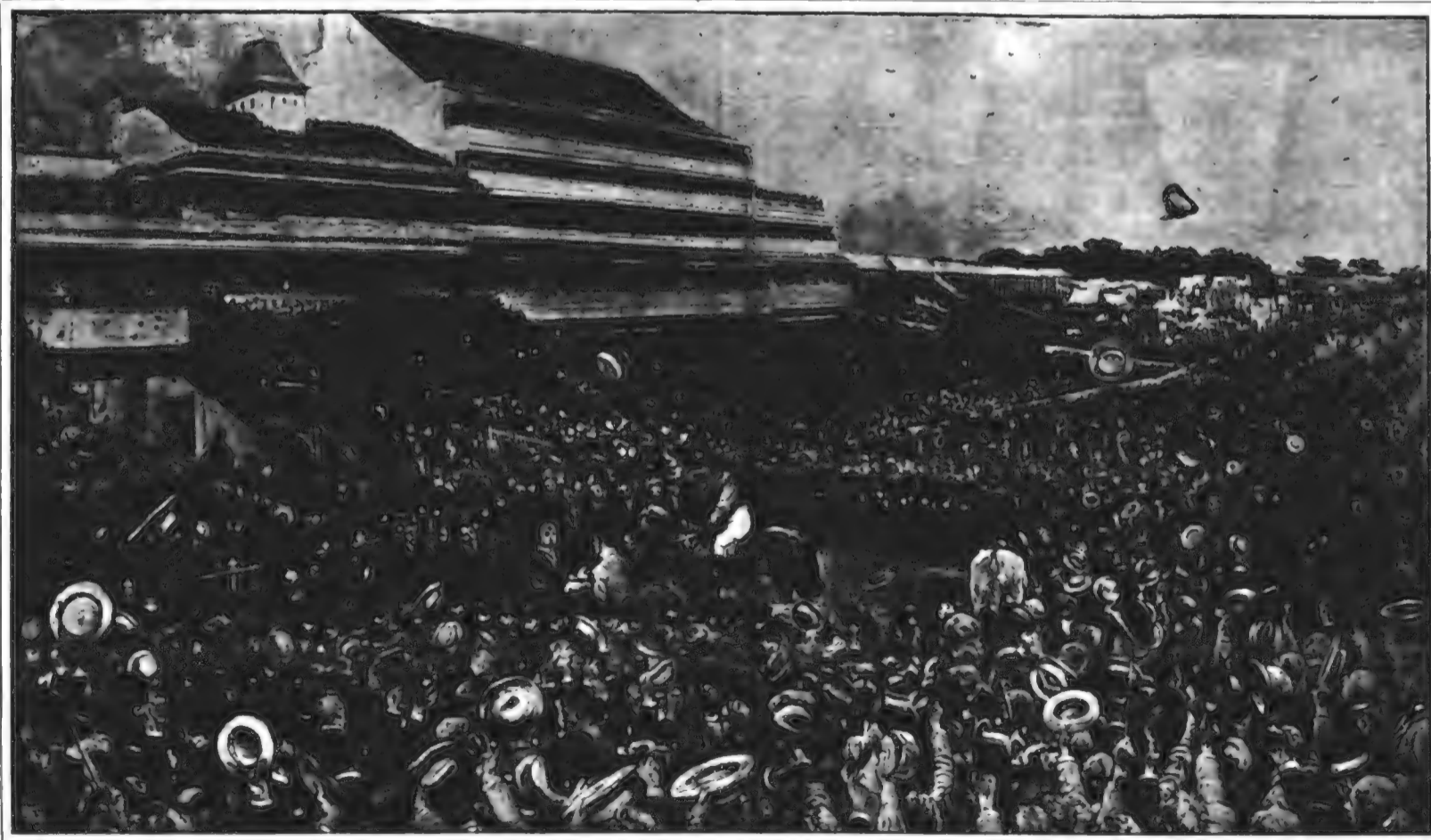


THE KING INSPECTING THE MASSACHUSETTS ARTILLERY COMPANY AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, JULY 3, 1893

at Magersfontein. None more than the Heir Apparent felt the humiliation of that black December week with its threefold disasters at Stormberg, Magersfontein, and Colenso—all the more as he had been so gratified and elated by the previous repulse of the Boers at Ladysmith on November 9, the first time his birthday had been celebrated by a Royal salute with shotted guns.

The war had not been many weeks old before the Queen at Windsor received a visit from the German Emperor and Empress, accompanied by two of their younger sons; and on the Prince of Wales, naturally enough, fell the heaviest part of the pleasant duty of entertaining his Imperial Majesty, whom, among other things, he took with him down to Sandringham to enjoy some of the finest cover shooting that could be got in England.

Engrossed as he was in the vicissitudes of the war, the Prince, nevertheless, continued to respond to all the worthy calls that were made upon his patronage and co-operation in the field of public beneficence—life-boats, agricultural shows, art needlework, and a hundred and one other subjects. On two occasions in the spring of 1900, his speeches were of particular excellence. One was delivered at the opening of the Education Exhibition in the Imperial Insti-



HIS MAJESTY RECEIVING PERSIMMON AFTER HIS VICTORY

THE HISTORIC DERBY OF 1896, WHEN THE KING FIRST WON THE RACE

distinguish the streets and lanes of the foul area which these fair buildings have replaced."

The Prince's knowledge of the improved condition of the dwellings and condition of the poor, which he had done so much to ameliorate, was not derived from official and other reports. It was once more gained at first hand, and the newspapers were full of the surprise visit which he and his consort had one day paid to the City Road to taste the fourpence-halfpenny dinner—or "fill," as the working poor called it—which had been provided for them by the Alexandra Trust. Even the humblest appurtenances of the building were not overlooked, and the Princess was escorted by the manageress down to the basements, where the "lady diners" are permitted to get a "wash and brush" gratuitously. "And do the girls wash before or after dinner?" asked the Princess, as she examined the shining brass taps and the neatly arranged towels. "After," was the reply, for roast beef and plum pudding could scarcely be expected, where hungry workgirls are concerned, to come *after* soap and water. "How extraordinary!" was the comment of the Princess.

After figuring thus as *roi des gueux*, or King of the Beggars, the Prince was surely well entitled to ring the changes on his position by occasionally devoting himself to what has been called the sport of Kings. In the year 1896 he had won the Derby with Persimmon, on which occasion it was said that the Black Prince was not more popular on his return from Cressy than was the Prince of Wales on his return from Epsom. But in 1900 the Prince, with Diamond Jubilee, won the Derby for the second time, and the extraordinary thing about this winner was that, like Persimmon, it had also been produced by Perdita II. and St. Simon, the couple of horses with which the Prince had founded his racing stud.

To turn to other matters further afield, the Prince of Wales was deeply touched by the death of his soldier-nephew, Prince Christian Victor, who had given his life for the Empire in South Africa in the same way as H.R.H.'s brother-in-law, Prince Henry of Battenberg, had also died for it in another part of the Dark Continent. But already a heavier blow had afflicted H.R.H. For within a few days of the date on which the King of Italy had been struck down by the bullets of Bresci—and that was only about four months after the Prince himself had escaped the bullets of Sipido—he was shocked by the news of the death of his brother, Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who suddenly fell a victim to the fell disease which had carried off the Emperor Frederick. With his brother, the Duke of Connaught, and his son, the Duke of York, the Prince hurried over to Coburg, where he was joined by the German Emperor, to attend the obsequies of his sailor-brother.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

##### THE PASSING OF VICTORIA

"My beloved mother the Queen has passed away, surrounded by her children and grandchildren."—Albert Edward, Osborne, 6.45."



THE PRIMATE DOING HOMAGE TO HER MAJESTY AFTER THE SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S  
QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE, 1897

Such was the brief and touching telegram which reached the Lord Mayor of London on the evening of Tuesday, January 22, 1901, the first year of the twentieth century.

But this announcement was not unexpected. For some little time previously the nation had been compelled to admit the fact that the days of its good and great Queen, now in her eighty-second year, were drawing to a speedy close.

Even when the Queen was at Balmoral, as usual, in the autumn, there had been persistent rumours of her failing health, and it was known that she had gone to Ireland in the spring contrary to the advice of her family and physicians. Her visit, prompted by a

sense of duty and gratitude, had overtaken her strength. On returning to Windsor from Deeside, Her Majesty had betrayed a suspicious tendency to sleepiness during the day, especially when driving. Her inspection of the Australian and Canadian contingents had excited her; and she had not been long at Osborne, whither she always repaired for Christmas—before her attendants noticed a marked, almost alarming, deterioration of her health.

It was soon seen that the Queen had reached what appeared to be the beginning of her end, and word was at last sent to the Prince of Wales, who happened to be at Chatsworth, while the Princess was at Sandringham. The doctors' bulletin of January 18 simply announced that the strain of the last year had told on the Queen's nervous system, and that she must keep herself quiet and abstain from all business for the present. On that morning the Prince had intended to go to Sandringham, but a later telegram made him change his plans and proceed direct to Osborne, where he arrived the same night in company with his sister, Princess Louise, who had joined him in London. Later in the night Osborne was also reached by the Princess of Wales, who brought with her the Bishop of Winchester—an ominous sign.

But a symptom still more ominous was the announcement that the German Emperor had decided to start at once for England with the Duke of Connaught, who had gone over to Berlin for the celebration of the bi-centenary of the Prussian monarchy, which also corresponded with the thirtieth anniversary of the proclamation of the German Empire. The Court of Berlin was on the eve of brilliant festivities in commemoration of this double event, but the news from Osborne caused the Emperor to cancel the whole programme. "I am Her Majesty's eldest grandson," he is reported to have said, "and my mother is prevented by her illness from hastening to her bedside." At Charing Cross on Sunday evening the Emperor was met by the Prince of Wales (who had returned from the Isle of Wight for the purpose), the Duke of York and others, and next morning the illustrious kinsmen made haste to repair to Osborne, where meanwhile all the rest of the Royal Family had assembled.

By this time it was quite clear that the Queen had not very much longer to live, though the bulletins varied in their seriousness, while some of them even recorded a slight rally—much to the relief of the millions at home and over sea whose thoughts were all directed to that solemn deathbed scene, the last in the drama of a great and famous life. At last, at four o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday, the 22nd, the Prince of Wales telegraphed to the Lord Mayor: "It is my painful duty to inform you that the life of the beloved Queen is in the greatest danger;" and two and a-half hours later it was the still more painful duty of H.R.H. to announce the end, as recorded in the telegram at the beginning of this chapter.

The Queen is dead! Long live the King! After longer waiting than falls to the lot of most heirs-apparent, Albert Edward had at last come to his own, and now that the great Queen was no more,



QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE: THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE ON THE STEPS OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, JUNE 20, 1897



THE KING SALUTING QUEEN VICTORIA ON HER DEPARTURE FROM LONDON AFTER THE JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS, JUNE 23, 1897



THE PROCESSION OF GUESTS BOWING TO THEIR MAJESTIES

THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE'S COSTUME BALL, JULY 2, 1897

the thoughts of all turned to her successor, who, between Tuesday night and Wednesday morning, was the recipient of countless messages at once of condolence and congratulation from all parts of the world. It was said that, by a happy omen, President McKinley's message to "His Majesty the King, Osborne House, Isle of Wight," was the first that reached the Prince of Wales under the address of his new title, though he still continued to sign himself "Albert Edward" pending the conversion of his new title from one *de facto* to one *de jure* as well.

For this purpose the new King, accompanied by the Duke of York, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Christian and the Duke of Argyll, came up to London next morning to undergo the formalities rendered necessary by the demise of the Crown. The business of the State stays not for private sorrow. The Constitution insists that the Throne shall never be without an occupant, and that the formalities incident to a change of Sovereign shall be observed without delay. To this end it was necessary that the King, sacrificing his personal inclinations to the public weal, should leave the house of mourning in the Isle of Wight and proceed to London. This he did on Wednesday morning. His Majesty wore plain clothes, like his companions, and looked wonderfully composed and serenely grave as he drove down from Osborne House to the Trinity Pier at Cowes, acknowledging the salutations of the crowd in the most gracious manner. "Stand back there; here comes the King!" and the words struck the ears of the people of Cowes with startling suddenness for the first time.

On reaching London, where he was greeted by curious but respectfully silent crowds, the King drove to Marlborough House, where he exchanged his plain frock-coat and black tie for the brilliant uniform of a British Field-Marshal, and then repaired to St. James's Palace, where, meanwhile, there had assembled a large number of Privy Councillors, under their president, the Duke of Devonshire, together with the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs and Aldermen of the City of London—all in their robes of office. The scene was an impressive one, and after the Privy Council had drawn up a proclamation of the new King's accession, His Majesty presented himself to the Council, and made the following declaration, which was his first official utterance:—

"Your Royal Highnesses, My Lords, and Gentlemen, This is the most painful occasion on which I shall ever be called upon to address you.

"My first and melancholy duty is to announce to you the death of My beloved Mother the Queen, and I know how deeply you, the



HIS MAJESTY HANDING THE MEDAL TO HON. MAURICE GIFFORD  
THE KING PRESENTING DIAMOND JUBILEE MEDALS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE TO COLONIAL TROOPS, JULY 3, 1897

whole Nation, and I think I may say the whole world, sympathise with Me in the irreparable loss we have all sustained.

"I need hardly say that My constant endeavour will be always to walk in Her footsteps. In undertaking the heavy load which

now devolves upon Me, I am fully determined to be a Constitutional Sovereign in the strictest sense of the word, and as long as there is breath in My body to work for the good and amelioration of My people.

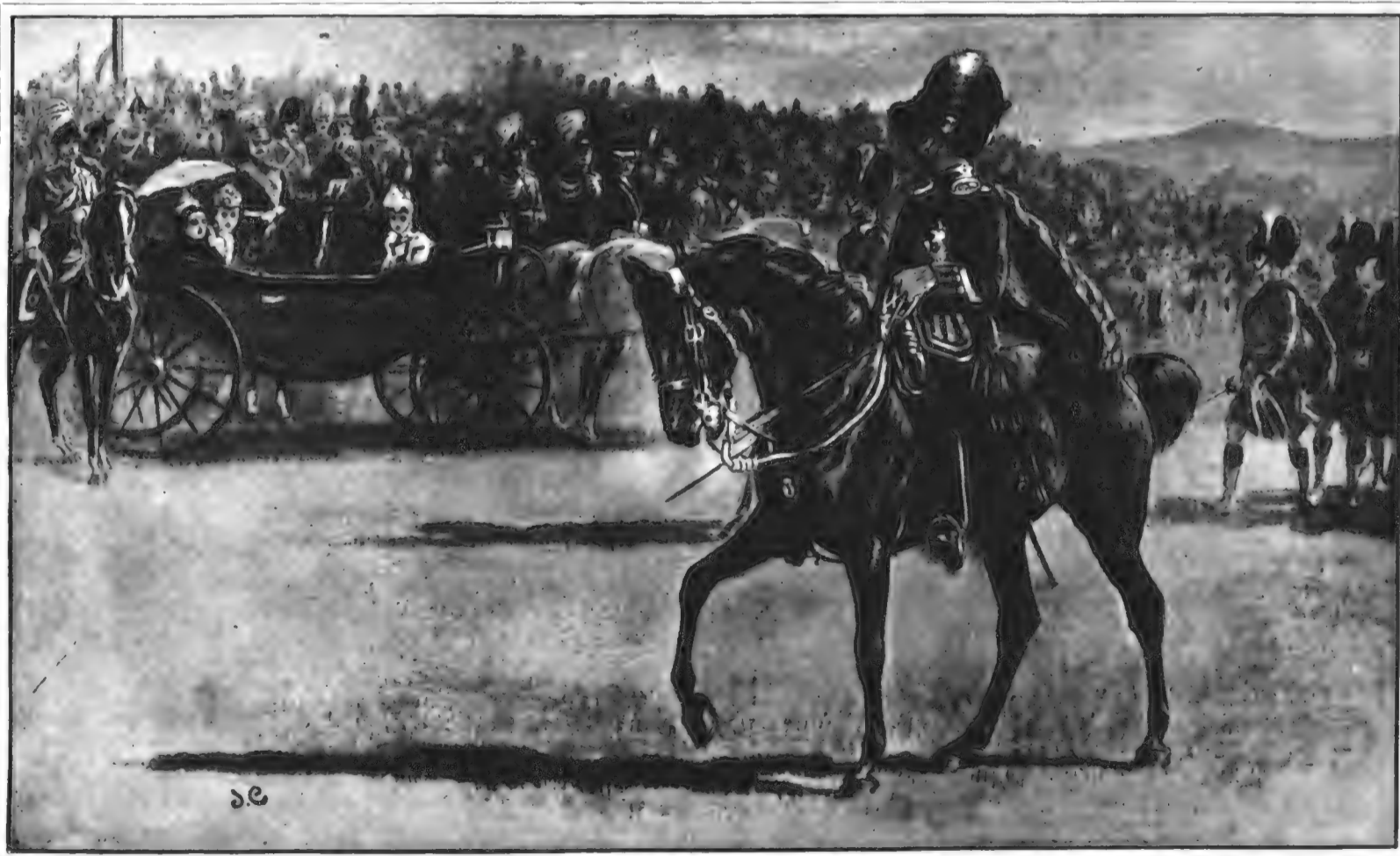
"I have resolved to be known by the name of Edward, which has been borne by six of My ancestors. In doing so I do not undervalue the name of Albert, which I inherit from My ever-to-be-lamented, great and wise Father, who by universal consent is, I think, deservedly known by the name of Albert the Good, and I desire that his name should stand alone.

"In conclusion, I trust to Parliament and the Nation to support Me in the arduous duties which now devolve upon Me by inheritance, and to which I am determined to devote My whole strength during the remainder of My life."

After reading this declaration—of which all acknowledged the good taste, especially the King's reference to his father, and his reasons for assuming the name of Edward—His Majesty swore to uphold the rights and liberties of the Church of Scotland, as established by the Act of Union, which was the only oath he took on this occasion; after which the Privy Councillors took the oath of allegiance—and then dispersed, the King returning to Marlborough House to spend the night, and to receive the oath of allegiance from his Ministers, Judges, and other high officials at another Council next day.

At about nine o'clock on the morning of this day—Thursday—a damp, cold, and cheerless one—the new Sovereign was startled by a loud and triumphant fanfare of trumpets proceeding from Friary Court, in the adjacent Palace of St. James. This was the clarion blast prelude to his solemn and ceremonious proclamation, *urbi et orbi*, as Edward VII., King of Great Britain and Ireland and Emperor of India. The late Queen had been present at her own proclamation in the same place, but she had found the ceremony a great trial, and had expressed a strong opinion that the Sovereign should be absent on such an occasion. Consequently, her successor only heard—as he could not well have helped hearing—the quaint, old and impressive ceremony of his proclamation, though it was witnessed by the members of His Majesty's household and some of his private friends—from the garden terrace of Marlborough House overlooking Friary Court.

Filled with double ranks of tall, bear-skinned Grenadiers, crimson-cloaked troops of gigantic Life-Guards, and a crowd of eager-faced spectators behind the soldiers, Friary Court—with its dingy brick buildings, hallowed by centuries of historical associations—presented the appearance of a spectacular stage,



THE KING RIDING PAST AT THE HEAD OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS  
THE REVIEW BEFORE QUEEN VICTORIA AT ALDERSHOT, JULY 16, 1898

which anon received its full complement of performers with the arrival of Field-Marshal Earl Roberts at the head of the brilliant headquarters and home-district staffs. This imposing cavalcade drew up in front of the palace balcony, which had been draped with a crimson cloth, seats being placed on either side of the central window for privileged spectators, including several high peers of the realm; and then, from the central window, on to the balcony, preceded by the Duke of Norfolk as Earl Marshal, who was accompanied by the Lord Chamberlain and the Lord Steward, there emerged a dazzling group of pursuivants, heralds, and trumpeters, all in the ancient blazonry of their offices. Forth to the front of the balustrade stepped the four trumpeters, who blew a long, exultant flourish, after which, Norroy King of Arms, in the absence of the Garter King, in a voice clearly audible to everyone in the quadrangle, read out the following proclamation, which was signed by the Royal Dukes and by over a hundred members of the King's first Privy Council:—

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to call to His Mercy Our late Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria, of Blessed and Glorious Memory, by whose Decease the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is solely and rightfully come to the High and Mighty Prince Albert Edward: We, therefore, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of this Realm, being here assisted with these of Her late Majesty's Privy Council, with Numbers of other Principal Gentlemen of Quality, with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens of London, do now hereby, with one Voice and Consent of Tongue and Heart, publish and proclaim, That the High and Mighty Prince Albert Edward, is now, by the death of our late Sovereign of Happy Memory, become our only lawful and rightful Liege Lord Edward the Seventh, by the Grace of God, King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India: To whom we do acknowledge all Faith and constant Obedience, with all hearty and humble Affection; beseeching God, by whom Kings and Queens do Reign, to bless the Royal Prince Edward the Seventh, with long and happy Years to Reign over Us.

Given at the Court of St. James's, this twenty-third day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one.

The formal phrasing of the proclamation, wrote an eye-witness,



THE KING THANKING MR. TATE ON BEHALF OF THE NATION  
THE OPENING OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART JULY 21, 1897

lost its ceremonial nature and became a piece of stirring declamation, and when the Deputy King-of-Arms lifted his voice in the crowning prayer, "God Save the King!" the cry was spontaneously and irresistibly taken up by everyone present—soldiers, civilians, and official spectators, who joined with heart and voice in one fervent, responsive shout of "God Save the King!" which was followed by another exultant trumpet-blast while the troops stood to the salute, the King's colour was lowered, and the band broke forth with the ever solemn and moving notes of the National Hymn. With much military display, civic pomp, and popular enthusiasm, the ceremony was forthwith repeated at Temple Bar and the Royal Exchange, soon to be performed by the local authorities in every town and burgh

unfailing loyalty which is the proud inheritance of your noble service.

To the Army:—

On my accession to the Throne of my Ancestors I am desirous of thanking the Army for the splendid services which it has rendered to my beloved Mother the Queen during her glorious reign of upwards of sixty-three years.

Her Majesty invariably evinced the warmest interest in Her Troops, especially when on active service, both as a Sovereign and as the Head of the Army, and She was proud of the fact of being a Soldier's Daughter.

To secure your best interests will be one of the dearest objects of my heart, and I know I can count upon that loyal devotion which you ever evinced towards your late Sovereign.

EDWARD R.I.

On the very day that the King penned these compliments to the

or the Kingdom, throughout the whole Empire, indeed, and on every quarter-deck and barrack-yard surmounted by the Union Jack. At Pretoria the King's titles received an addition with the words, "Supreme Lord of and over the Transvaal."

On the day of his proclamation in London, King Edward returned to Osborne—now flying the Royal Standard on his yacht, which he had not done on first crossing the Solent—and on the following day—25th—His Majesty first gave public expression to his sovereignty by issuing the following addresses to his Navy and Army. As to the former the captain of each vessel was required to read it on the quarter-deck to the assembled ship's company:—

To the Navy:—

Osborne, January 25.

I am desirous of expressing to the Navy my heartfelt thanks for its distinguished and renowned services during the long and glorious reign of my beloved mother the Queen, to whose Throne I now succeed.

Her Majesty, ever proud of the great deeds of her Navy, the protector of our shores and commerce, watched with the keenest solicitude its vast progress during her reign, and made it the profession of my late lamented brother, as I also chose it for the early education of both my sons.

Watching over your interests and well-being, I confidently rely upon that

EDWARD R.I.

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Her Majesty invariably evinced the warmest interest in Her Troops, especially when on active service, both as a Sovereign and as the Head of the Army, and She was proud of the fact of being a Soldier's Daughter.

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HIS MAJESTY AND THE QUEEN ON THE ROYAL YACHT "OSBORNE," AUGUST, 1898  
THE ACCIDENT TO THE KING IN JULY, 1898



THE KING WITNESSING THE TROOPING OF THE COLOUR AT THE HORSE GUARDS  
CELEBRATING QUEEN VICTORIA'S BIRTHDAY IN LONDON, 1899



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE HEAD OF THE 3RD MIDDLESEX AT THE SALUTING POINT  
THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW BEFORE THE KING AT ALDERSHOT, JULY 8, 1899



THE YORK HERALD PROCLAIMING THE KING AT THE CORNER OF CHANCERY LANE, JANUARY 23, 1901



THE KING'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN LONDON AFTER THE FUNERAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA, FEBRUARY 5, 1901



THE KING'S FIRST PRIVY COUNCIL: THE PRINCE OF WALES KISSING HIS MAJESTY'S HAND, JANUARY 23, 1901

sister services, his subjects, through the mouths of their representatives in Parliament—who had hastened to assemble immediately on the demise of the Crown—were equally flattering in their encomia on the character of His Majesty. The primary duty of both Houses had been to swear allegiance to the new Sovereign, which they did on the day after his mother's death; and then their remaining business was to vote an address to the Crown on receipt of the following Royal message, which was listened to by the Legislators with bared heads:—"The King is fully assured that the House (of Lords and Commons) will share the deep sorrow which has befallen His Majesty and the nation by the lamented death of His Majesty's mother, the late Queen. Her devotion to the welfare of her country and her people, and her wise and beneficent rule during the sixty-four years of her glorious reign, will ever be held in affectionate memory by her loyal and devoted subjects throughout the dominions of the British Empire."

In both Houses the following identical motion was moved and carried, without a single dissentient voice in either chamber:—"That a humble address be presented to His Majesty to assure

His Majesty that this House deeply sympathises in the great sorrow which His Majesty has sustained by the death of our beloved Sovereign, the late Queen, whose unfailing devotion to the duties of her high estate and the welfare of her people, will ever cause her reign to be remembered with reverence and affection; to submit to His Majesty our respectful congratulations on his accession to the Throne, and to assure him of our loyal attachment to his person; and, further, to assure him of our earnest conviction that his reign will be distinguished, under the blessing of Providence, by the anxious desire to maintain the laws of the kingdom, and to promote the happiness and liberties of his subjects."

In both Houses the debate on this identical motion took the form of a double panegyric—of the sovereign virtues of the late Queen, and the personal qualities of her successor.

One of the first things the King had done on returning to Osborne was to confer on his nephew, the German Emperor—already an Admiral of our Fleet and Chief of the 2nd Royal Dragoons—the rank of a Field-Marshal in the British Army, nominally in honour of his birthday, January 27, but in reality as a token of the King's

heartfelt gratitude for His Imperial Majesty's very sympathetic presence with him on such a sorrowful occasion, and for the numerous marks of his devotion to the memory of his "beloved, highly honoured and never-to-be-forgotten grandmother"—words which the Kaiser had used when ordering all the officers of his army to wear mourning for a fortnight. On the Emperor's birthday, which fell upon a Sunday, the King had also gone on board the *Hohen-zollern* to congratulate his nephew; and next day, at Osborne, before a gathering of all the Royal Family and his chief Household officials, King Edward ceremoniously invested the German Crown Prince with the Order of the Garter.

On the day after this ceremony—Tuesday, 29th—the King again returned to London, this time accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge; and the following morning His Majesty held another Council at Marlborough House for the transaction of important State affairs, after which he drove to Buckingham Palace to welcome the King of Portugal, who had just arrived to attend the Royal funeral, the *avant-courier* of a Royal and Princely throng of illustrious mourners, representing every dynasty and State in Europe.



THE FUNERAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA: ROYAL MOURNERS AT THE SERVICE IN ST. GEORGES CHAPEL, WINDSOR, FEBRUARY 2, 1901



THE KING PRESENTING A "KING'S COLOUR" TO STRATHCONA'S HORSE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, FEB. 15, 1901

It was only natural, and in keeping with the universal maxim: "*La reine est morte, vive le roi!*"—that, on the demise of the Queen, all eyes for the nonce should be turned from the dead to the living Chief of the State, as being now the central and most engrossing figure in the land. But even now, for a little while, the beams of the rising sun, so to speak, were to be lost to view in the lingering effulgence of the sovereign orb which had sunk to its western rest. For presently there came a temporary revulsion of public interest from the living to the dead. The great and glorious Queen, though the sceptre had dropped from her wearied hands, had not yet entirely ceased to sway her people. As the splendid Grenadiers who hastened down to Osborne to sentinel, like solemn statues, the Royal chamber of death, still claimed to be the "Queen's Company," in spite of the change of Sovereign, and would continue to be so called until they had performed the last tender duties of body-wardenship beside her tomb; so, in spite of the formal proclamation of her



THE KING'S LAST VISIT TO THE EMPRESS FREDERICK, FEBRUARY, 1901

son as Ruler of the Realm, his people, after a while, could not but revert to their old familiar status as subjects of his mother, when at last they streamed out in reverential silence to watch the most magnificent funeral *cortège* which the world had ever seen—first a sea-borne procession through a lane of the mightiest battleships, as became the obsequies of the mistress of the main; and then another and still more imposing one through lengthy London lines of soldiers, many of them war-worn, backed by millions of masses of saddest mourners, whose hearts were in the coffin of their departed Queen. It was not the living King, as chief mourner, who formed the central figure in this unparalleled pageant of the tomb; it was the mourned-for Queen, his mother, who was being borne to her glorious grave on a richly caparisoned and regalia-decked gun-carriage, as befitting the character of the pacific-minded Monarch, whose long reign, by a curious irony of fate, had been a period of almost continuous war, of one kind or another, within her world-wide domains.

There is no need here to describe at length the several mile long funeral procession across London from Victoria to Paddington, a pageant which must still be fresh in the public memory, and which, besides, more properly belongs to the life-history of the late Queen

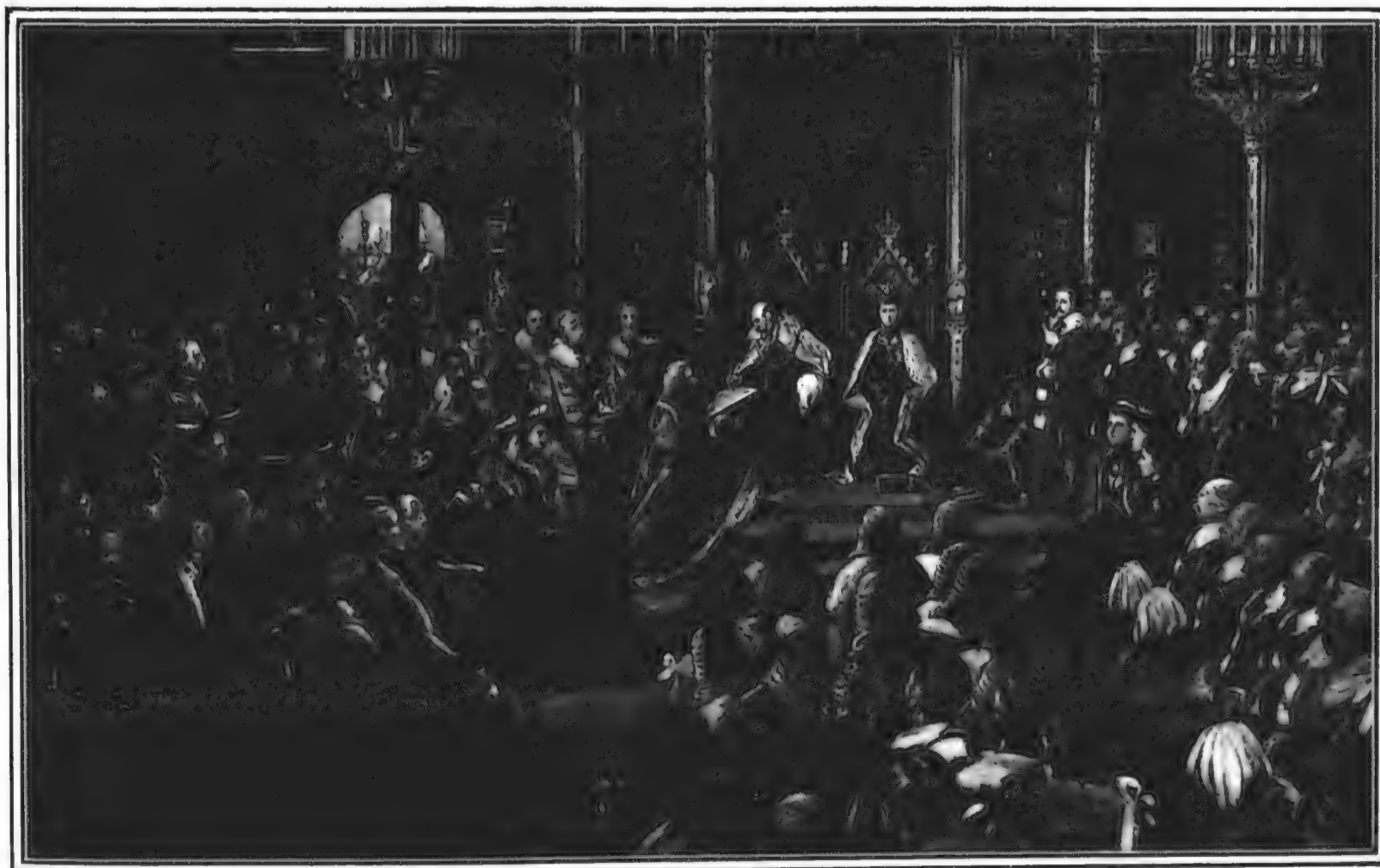


THE KING PLEDGING THE PRINCE OF WALES ON BOARD THE "OPHIR" BEFORE THE PRINCE'S DEPARTURE ON HIS COLONIAL TOUR, MARCH 16, 1901

than to that of her successor, being, as it was, the closing scene of her long and glorious reign.

"Following the coffin," wrote one observer, "there rode by almost before the eyes of the people could be lifted from the gun-carriage with its precious burden, the King, accompanied by Kings and Princes and the scions of many dynasties. King Edward seemed worn and sad, but there was nobility and kingly dignity in his look and attitude, and everyone who saw the procession was struck by it. On his right, on a white charger, rode the German Emperor, also in the uniform of a British Field-Marshal; pale and sad he seemed as well, but a very Emperor. On his left rode the Duke of Connaught in general's uniform." No attempt was anywhere made to cheer the new King, who was merely treated by the millions of bareheaded spectators not as a Monarch but as a private mourner.

Inside St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where the writer enjoyed a privileged point of observation, it was quite impossible to take in, far less describe, all the incidents and aspects of the scene as the



THE KING OPENING PARLIAMENT FOR THE FIRST TIME: HIS MAJESTY SIGNING THE DECLARATION, FEBRUARY 13, 1901



THE LORD MAYOR CALLING FOR CHEERS AFTER THE PROCLAMATION OF THE KING'S CORONATION AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, JUNE 29, 1901

procession entered and moved up towards the altar; and even one's natural desire to concentrate one's attention on the person of the King, as the main personage in the funeral pageant, was utterly distracted by the glittering volume of the Sovereigns, Grand Dukes, and Princes, and their suites, who flooded all the nave behind him like a deep and strongly flowing tide.

Hitherto, the thoughts of all the illustrious congregation of mourners had been with the dead Sovereign, but now they were to be recalled to her living successor. For just as the lingering, ever lessening cadences of the "Alleluia" notes died away, forth to the foot of the coffin, beside the Lord Chamberlain, silently stepped Norroy, deputy to Garter Principal King of Arms, who, in all the tabard blazonry of his herald's office, proclaimed the style and titles of the dead Queen, followed by those of her living son and successor, whom, with a deliberation marked and loud enough for all the listening congregation to hear, he finally acclaimed with "God save the King."



THE KING DISTRIBUTING WAR MEDALS TO ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS AT BALMORAL, OCTOBER 16, 1901

It was to the King that the thoughts of all his people now reverted after this solemn and gorgeous scene in St. George's Chapel, on Saturday, February 2, but more particularly after he had, on the Monday following, seen the remains of his Royal mother finally laid to rest by the side of her beloved and ever-lamented husband, in the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore; just as it was to his various peoples that the thoughts of His Majesty himself now also turned, and found immediate expression in the following separate messages, all dated Windsor Castle, February 4, 1901:—

**TO MY PEOPLE.**

Now that the last Scene has closed in the noble and ever glorious life of My beloved Mother, The Queen, I am anxious to endeavour to convey to the whole Empire the extent of the deep gratitude I feel for the heart-stirring and affectionate tributes which are everywhere borne to Her Memory. I wish also to express My warm recognition of those universal expressions of what I know to be genuine and loyal sympathy with Me and with the Royal Family in our overwhelming sorrow. Such expressions have reached Me from all parts of My vast Empire, while at home the sorrowful, reverent and sincere enthusiasm manifested in the magnificent display by sea and land has deeply touched Me.

The consciousness of this generous spirit of devotion and loyalty among the millions of My Subjects and of the feeling that we are all sharing a common sorrow, has inspired Me with courage and hope during the past most trying and momentous days.



A WELCOME HOME TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES: THE KING AND QUEEN ALONGSIDE THE "OPHIR," NOV. 1, 1901

Encouraged by the confidence of that love and trust which the Nation ever reposed in its late and fondly mourned Sovereign, I shall earnestly strive to walk in Her Footsteps, devoting Myself to the utmost of My powers to maintaining and promoting the highest interests of My People, and to the diligent and zealous fulfilment of the great and sacred responsibilities which, through the Will of God, I am now called to undertake.

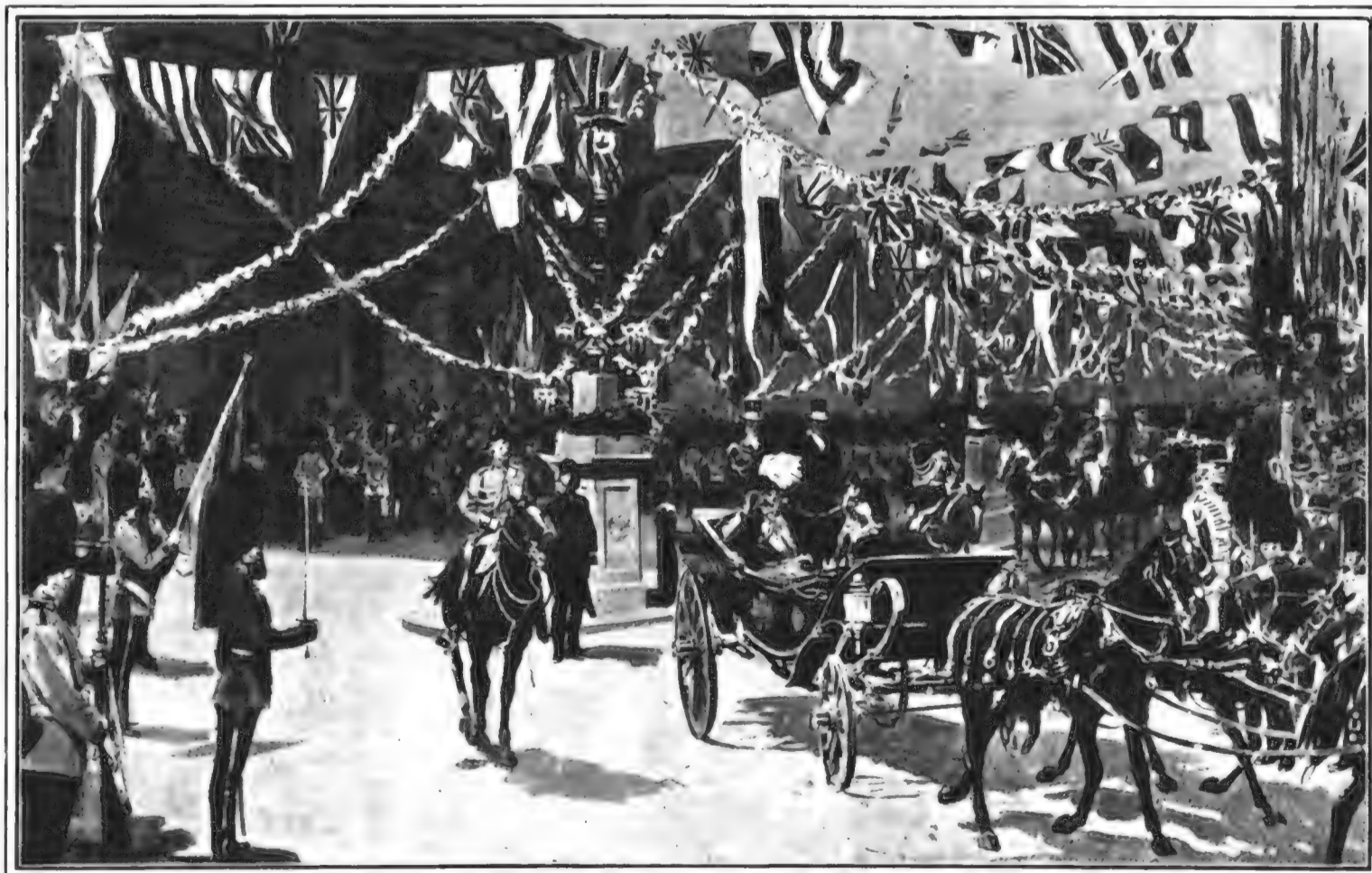
EDWARD, R.I.

**TO MY PEOPLE BEYOND THE SEAS.**

The countless messages of loyal sympathy which I have received from every part of my Dominions over the Seas, testify to the universal grief in which the whole Empire now mourns the loss of my beloved Mother.

In the welfare and prosperity of Her subjects throughout Greater Britain the Queen ever evinced a heartfelt interest.

She saw with thankfulness the steady progress which, under a wide extension of Self-Government, they had made during Her reign. She warmly appreciated



THE RETURN OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO LONDON AFTER HIS COLONIAL TOUR: THE KING AND THE PRINCE DRIVING DOWN ST. JAMES'S STREET, NOVEMBER 2, 1901

their unfailing loyalty to Her Throne and Person, and was proud to think of those who had so nobly fought and died for the Empire's cause in South Africa.

I have already declared that it will be my constant endeavour to follow the great example which has been bequeathed to me.

In these endeavours I shall have a confident trust in the devotion and sympathy of the people and of their several Representative Assemblies throughout my vast Colonial Dominions.

With such loyal support I will, with God's blessing, solemnly work for the promotion of the common welfare and security of the great Empire over which I have now been called to Reign.

EDWARD, R.I.

#### TO THE PRINCES AND PEOPLE OF INDIA.

Through the lamented death of my beloved and dearly mourned Mother, I have inherited the Throne, which has descended to me through a long and ancient lineage.

I now desire to send my greeting to the Ruling Chiefs of the Native States, and to the Inhabitants of my Indian Dominions, to assure them of my sincere goodwill and affection, and of my heartfelt wishes for their welfare.

My illustrious and lamented Predecessor was the first Sovereign of this Country who took upon Himself the direct Administration of the Affairs of India, and assumed the title of Empress in token of Her closer association with the government of that vast Country.

In all matters connected with India, the Queen-Empress displayed an unvarying deep personal interest, and I am well aware of the feeling of loyalty and affection evinced by the millions of its peoples towards Her Throne and Person. This feeling was conspicuously shown during the last year of Her long and glorious reign by the noble and patriotic assistance offered by the Ruling Princes in the South African War, and by the gallant services rendered by the Native Army beyond the limits of their own Country.

It was by Her wish and with Her sanction that I visited India and made myself personally acquainted with the Ruling Chiefs, the people, and the cities of that ancient and famous Empire.

All being ready for their arrival in the gilded Chamber, their Majesties entered hand in hand—the central and all-engrossing figures in a throng of tabarded pursuivants and heralds, household officers, grave, gorgeous-robed statesmen, dainty, dapper pages bearing the Royal trains, Gold Sticks, Silver Sticks, and a kaleidoscopic medley of others.

The King having taken his place on the Throne with the Queen beside him, His Majesty beckoned Black Rod (General Sir Michael Biddulph) to the foot of the Throne, and commanded him to summon His Majesty's faithful Commons into his presence. Squeezing his way with difficulty through the mass of scarlet-robed Peers, "Black Rod" deftly sped him on his way to the hall of the Commons, and for a few minutes there was absolute silence. Then Mr. Speaker, in his robes of office, was led up to the bar of the House by Black Rod, with the Sergeant-at-Arms on the other side, and a sable-coated multitude of eager Commoners behind them—as many as could struggle and squeeze into the restricted space available.

Meanwhile the Lord Chancellor, stepping forward, proceeded to administer to King Edward the Oath of Abjuration concerning Popish ritual and other religious practices and beliefs forbidden to the inheritor of our Protestant Crown by the Bill of Rights—an oath which the King repeated, sentence by sentence, after the Lord Chancellor from another copy in his hand. Then, after the reading of the oath the King kissed the book and signed his declaration with his white-gloved hand on a blotting-pad held firmly up to him by the Lord Chancellor upon bended knee. Here it may be mentioned that the only oath hitherto taken by the King, apart from the present one, was that to defend the rights and liberties of the Kirk of Scotland, to which he had subscribed at his

of the Crown renders it necessary that a renewed provision shall be made for the Civil List. I place unreservedly at your disposal those hereditary revenues which were so placed by my predecessor; and I have commanded that the papers necessary for a full consideration of the subject shall be laid before you." In acting thus, the King, as he said, had only imitated the example set by his predecessors, beginning with his great-grandfather, George III., who surrendered to the nation his interest in the Crown lands, for which he received in return a fixed Civil List of 800,000*l.*, subsequently increased to 900,000*l.*, though, in spite of that, he left debts to the amount of nearly three and a half millions, which had to be paid by Parliament. The same arrangement was continued on the accession of George IV., William IV., and Queen Victoria, whose entire Civil List amounted to 385,000*l.* of which only 60,000*l.* was allotted to the Privy Purse. But the times had changed since then, and with them the cost of all living—high as well as low—so that even Queen Victoria, in spite of all her wise economies, and the reduction of her expenditure owing to the comparative seclusion of her widowed life, had found it necessary to supplement from her Privy Purse the cost of keeping up her Court.

By what the Chancellor of the Exchequer called a "just and reasonable settlement as between the Crown and people for the present reign," the Civil List was increased by a net sum of 67,000*l.*, apart from certain retrenchments and economies, such as the abolition of the Buckhounds—which the King himself, by the way, had been the first to suggest, more from humanitarian than from pecuniary considerations. As compared with the 60,000*l.* devoted to the Privy Purse of Queen Victoria, this item was increased to 110,000*l.* for the joint use of the new King and Queen—the precise



THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT BY THE KING, JANUARY 16, 1902: THE ROYAL PROCESSION IN THE MALL

I shall never forget the deep impressions which I then received, and I shall endeavour to follow the great example of the first Queen-Empress to work for the general well-being of my Indian subjects of all ranks, and to merit, as she did, their unfailing loyalty and affection.

EDWARD, R.I.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

##### THE KING'S FIRST YEAR

APART from the private entombment at Frogmore, the closing scene of the long and glorious reign of Queen Victoria took place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and then, after an interval of ten days, the curtain may be said to have risen, at Westminster, on the opening scene of the historical drama of the reign of King Edward VII. His Majesty had resolved to open his first Parliament in person, and to present his Queen to the assembled representatives of all his subjects.

Great was the popular enthusiasm and loud the cheers and loyal cries which greeted their Majesties when, in their gorgeous State coach drawn by eight richly caparisoned Hanoverian creams, and escorted by "Beef-eaters" and Life Guards, they drove from Buckingham Palace to Westminster, to the accompaniment of cannon-thunder. It was a bitterly cold day, but that did not prevent the Royal route from being as densely crowded as if it had been the finest summer weather. Arrived at the Palace of Westminster, where the King and Queen were met by the great officers of State, their Majesties first proceeded to the robing-room to be invested with all their regal garniture, and then moved in splendid procession through the Royal gallery to the House of Lords.

first Council on the day after his accession. These two oaths, concerning such diametrically opposed bodies as the Church of Scotland and the Church of Rome, are statutory ones, and must be taken by the new Sovereign, as was done by King Edward; whereas the oath to observe and defend the general Constitution of the Realm, as based on the common law, is always administered to the monarch at his or her coronation.

The Oath of Abjuration having been disposed of, the King stood up, all following his example, and after covering his head in token of his Sovereignty, proceeded to the reading of his Speech, which the Lord Chancellor handed him on bended knee, pronouncing it with the utmost calmness, firmness and deliberation. His speech was listened to, of course, in perfect silence, but with perfect appreciation of all its points; and there was one passage which more particularly touched his audience. This was the first paragraph, which ran: "I address you for the first time at a moment of national sorrow, when the whole country is mourning the irreparable loss which we have so recently sustained, and which has fallen with peculiar severity upon myself. My beloved Mother, during her long and glorious reign, has set an example before the world of what a Monarch should be. It is my earnest desire to walk in her footsteps."

After the reading of his Speech the King resumed his seat and again uncovered; but in a few moments His Majesty rose, and bowing to right and left of the high assembly, as he had also done on entering, gave his left hand again to the Queen and led her down the steps, and out by the left entrance this time in the same processional order as before.

In his speech from the Throne, the King had said:—"The demise

amount which had not been judged extravagant in the case of William IV. and his Consort; and out of this sum King Edward and Queen Alexandra, among other things, would have to defray the expense of keeping up not only their old home at Sandringham, but also the Royal residences at Osborne and Balmoral, which had been bequeathed to His Majesty by his mother. But from the same source the King had inherited no private fortune, apart from the revenues, amounting to about £60,000*l.*, accruing from the Duchy of Lancaster—her late Majesty having left all her other property to her younger children—a fact which had to be taken into account in now making provision for the maintenance of her successor. Whereas, therefore, the item in his mother's Civil List for keeping up her Court amounted to 172,000*l.*, this was now increased to 193,000*l.*, and the total to 470,000*l.*, as compared with the 385,010*l.* of the previous reign.

In addition to this, the provision which was to be made for those members of the Royal Family whose position had been affected by the death of the Queen included an annuity of 20,000*l.* for the Duke of Cornwall and York, who would also have the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, which had been greatly augmented since the King succeeded to them, owing to the excellent way in which the estates had been administered under His Majesty's own superintendence. The Duchess of York was to have an annuity of 10,000*l.* and a contingent annuity of 30,000*l.* in the event of her surviving her husband. Should Queen Alexandra survive the King she would receive an annuity of 70,000*l.*, and His Majesty's daughters would have an annuity of 18,000*l.* for their joint lives. The amounts voted for the Civil List and for the members of the Royal Family who were not included in it, with the 25,000*l.*

proposed to be placed in the Consolidated Fund for pensions, would come to 543,000 a year, as against 476,000. devoted to similar purposes in the late reign, or an increase of 67,000.

It was rightly pointed out by the Chancellor of the Exchequer that this expenditure did not fall directly on the taxpayers, as the King had abandoned his claim to the hereditary revenues of the Crown, which amounted in 1900 to £452,000, and which would probably increase. Taking this into consideration, his estimate was that the charge on the taxpayers during the next sixteen years would not exceed 33,000. annually.

Having thus endowed King Edward with an income befitting his position, it only remained for Parliament, later in the session, to amplify his sovereign title in conformity with the territorial expansion of the Empire which had grown to such imposing dimensions during the preceding reign. Queen Victoria herself had well merited the honour of being styled *Mehrer des Reichs, Auctor Imperii*, "amplifier of the Empire"—like some of the German Emperors of the Middle Ages—in recognition of which she herself had assumed the title of Empress of India; and it was thought fitting that her successor should in a similar manner so alter his sovereign title as to express his overlordship over the self-governing Colonies as integral and inseparable portions of the Empire. The Colonies themselves were consulted on the point, and it was found they were all of opinion that a change in this respect was desirable. Consequently there was introduced to and passed by Parliament a Bill, intitled the Royal Titles Act, making

By a happy coincidence it was the Dominion, whose sons had done so much to secure British supremacy in South Africa and create another Dominion there, to which fell the honour of the King's first ceremonial after the opening of Parliament. For next day, in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, His Majesty received the home-returning members—about 400—of Strathcona's Horse, a splendid body of our "Sons of the Empire," to whom he presented medals and a King's colour accompanied with flattering words of gratitude for their gallant services in the war.

A few days after the opening of Parliament, the King had hurried over to Homburg—where he was again met by the German Emperor—to spend a short time with the illustrious sister to whom he had always been tenderly attached. The meeting proved to be a farewell one. King Edward had promised to pay his sister another visit in the autumn, but before he could start again for Homburg the sad, the cruel intelligence reached him at Cowes, during the Regatta week, that the Empress Frederick had at last found merciful release from all her terrible suffering. King Edward and Queen Alexandra hurried over to Kronberg, and thence to Potsdam, to attend the obsequies of the highly gifted but ill-starred Empress Frederick, whose death, occurring within the twelvemonth that had deprived the King of his mother and a brother, elicited heartfelt addresses of condolence to His Majesty from both Houses of Parliament.

After returning from his first visit to his sister, the Empress Frederick, the King, true to the old custom, had despatched special

an address from five hundred Danish Associations congratulating them on their accession to the throne.

After a brief visit to the King of Sweden, their Majesties returned to London, where the King received the American Ambassador, who had begged for a special audience "for the purpose of expressing to your Majesty in person, and in the most earnest manner, the acknowledgment and thanks of Mrs. McKinley and the people of the United States for the constant sympathy you have manifested through the darkest hours of their distress and bereavement." Indeed, it may be accounted one of the King's most conspicuous merits that he had always recognised the wisdom of conciliating the goodwill of the American people, and had already rendered his country inestimable service in this respect; while on the other hand it is flattering to our pride of race, our family pride, to think that His Majesty is never referred to in America as a distinctively foreign Sovereign, such as "King Edward" or the "King of England," but simply as "The King," thus showing that he is much nearer the hearts and traditions of our brethren across the water than any other potentate alien to them in political interest and power.

As for our other brethren of Anglo-Saxon race over the sea, what said the Duke of York, in replying to the toast of his health and that of the Duchess, as proposed in fervent and affectionate terms by the King, at the banquet, on board the Royal yacht, to celebrate the return of their Royal Highnesses from their 45,000-mile journey through Greater Britain?—"I hasten to take the first opportunity on our arrival here to-day to tell you of the intense and enthusiastic



THE KING LAYING THE FIRST KEEL-PLATE OF THE BATTLESHIP "EDWARD VII" AT DEVONPORT ON MARCH 9, 1902

it "lawful for His Most Gracious Majesty, with a view to the recognition of His Majesty's dominions beyond the seas, by his Royal Proclamation under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom, issued within six months after the passing of this Act, to make such addition to the Style and Titles at present appertaining to the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom and its Dependencies as to His Majesty may seem fit."

Within about three months after the passing of this Act, the King issued a proclamation announcing, briefly, that his title would henceforth be "Edward VII., by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India." Thus to the old title there had merely been added the words "and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas," or in the Latin version: "*et terrarum transmarinarum quæ in ditione sunt Britannicæ.*" But the most happy and significant thing connected with this change of title was that it was assumed and proclaimed on the day after the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York—soon themselves to have their own title changed to that of the Prince and Princess of Wales—had returned from a journey of over 45,000 miles on which they had embarked more than seven months previously as the special envoys of the King, entrusted with the high mission of giving greater strength and greater brilliancy to the "golden link" between the Crown and the Colonies from the sunny prairies of the Southern Cross to the snow-clad forests of Canada.

embassies to announce his accession to the European Powers—the Duke of Abercorn to Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Germany and Saxony; the Earl of Mount-Edgumbe to Belgium, Bavaria, Italy, Wurtemberg, and the Netherlands; Earl Carrington to France, Spain and Portugal; and Lord Wolseley to Austria, Roumania, Servia, Turkey and Greece—all these great Lords having other distinguished personages in their train; and presently there began to set in from abroad a counter-current of congratulatory missions, preceded by a picturesque Moorish Embassy, headed by the Grand Vizier of Morocco—the first of its kind that had come to this country since the time of Charles II.

Among the memorable sights witnessed by this Moorish mission was the King's presentation of war medals, on the Horse Guards' Parade, to 3,200 officers and men who had returned from South Africa, some of them still limping from their wounds. Nothing of the same sort had been seen in London since Queen Victoria, in Hyde Park, presented similar rewards to her Crimean heroes, and the ceremony attracted vast crowds.

After the funeral of the Empress Frederick the King, spent several weeks at Homburg taking the waters—his stay there being diversified by frequent motor-car drives in the neighbourhood, and by a visit to the German Emperor at Wilhelmshöhe, where Napoleon III. had been detained as a prisoner after Sedan; and after completing his "cure" His Majesty joined the Queen at Copenhagen, where the King and Her Majesty were presented with

loyalty shown by the people everywhere to you, Sir, personally, and to the throne, as also of their deep love of the Mother-country, which they all speak of as home. Although the majority of them have never been in the old country, and probably never will be, they very often use the word 'home' in speaking of it, and teach it to their children."

The King had been in constant communication, by letter and telegram, with his son during his long and eventful tour; and perhaps the most enthusiastic scene of race enthusiasm and loyalty in which it was so rich, was when, in opening the first Federal Parliament of Australia, at Melbourne, on May 9, the Duke read for them a cablegram from his Royal father:—"My thoughts are with you to-day on this important event. Most fervently do I wish the Commonwealth of Australia prosperity and happiness." Proud and happy were the King and Queen when, on the 2nd November, in circumstances of much State pomp and popular enthusiasm, they drove home to Marlborough House through the gaily decorated and densely crowded streets—with their far-travelled son and daughter-in-law at their sides—a re-united family; and equally proud and happy were that son and daughter-in-law when, a few days later, they figured at the head of the King's first birthday-honours list as Prince and Princess of Wales.

The new reign had begun most auspiciously, and it was generally felt that fresh vigour had been infused into the stagnating currents of our social and political life by the energetic and whole-hearted

# THE KEYNOTE OF CREATION—CHANGE!

'Behold, we know not anything; I can but trust that good shall fall At last—far off—at last, to all.'—*Tennyson*.  
The World **WOULD NOT TOLERATE** long any great power or influence **THAT WAS NOT EXERCISED** for **THE GENERAL GOOD**.

## THE ANTISEPTICS OF EMPIRE.

CIVILISATION OF THE WORLD.

### THE COMMAND OF THE SEA AND BRITISH POLICY.

**BRITAIN MUST EITHER LEAD THE WORLD, OR MUST UTTERLY PERISH AND DECAY AS A NATION.**

#### THE COMMAND OF THE SEA AND BRITISH POLICY.

"AN ISLAND," he pointed out,  
REQUIRED for its PERFECT DEFENCE  
THE COMMAND OF THE SEA.  
ONE of the CONSEQUENCES of  
THE COMMAND of the SEA was that  
THE COASTS of the WORLD were peculiarly  
UNDER the INFLUENCE of the NATION that Held it.  
BUT THOUGH the POWER GIVEN  
BY the COMMAND of the SEA  
WAS SO GREAT,  
IT WAS CONDITIONED by a MORAL LAW.  
THE WORLD WOULD NOT TOLERATE LONG  
ANY GREAT POWER OR INFLUENCE  
THAT WAS NOT EXERCISED  
FOR THE GENERAL GOOD.  
THE BRITISH EMPIRE could subsist  
ONLY SO LONG as it was a USEFUL AGENT  
FOR the GENERAL BENEFIT of HUMANITY.  
THAT HITHERTO SHE had obeyed this law we might  
fairly claim.  
SHE had used her almost undisputed monopoly of the ocean  
TO INTRODUCE LAW and CIVILISATION all over  
the globe  
SHE had DESTROYED PIRACY and the SLAVE TRADE  
AND HAD OPENED to the TRADE of ALL NATIONS  
EVERY PORT on the globe EXCEPT those that belonged  
to the CONTINENTAL POWERS.  
BUT ALL THIS led to the conclusion  
THAT BRITAIN must either LEAD THE WORLD,  
OR MUST UTTERLY PERISH and DECAY as a  
NATION.

SPENSER WILKINSON'S Address at the ROYAL UNITED  
SERVICE INSTITUTE.—*Spectator*.



WHICH MAY BE PREVENTED.

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#### IN LIFE'S PLAY

THE PLAYER of the other side  
IS HIDDEN from us.  
WE KNOW that His play is  
ALWAYS FAIR, JUST and PATIENT,  
BUT we also know to our COST that He  
NEVER OVERLOOKS A MISTAKE.—*Huxley*.

#### WAR!!

Oh, men! what are ye, and our best designs,  
That we must work by crime to punish crime,  
And slay as if death had but this one gate?—*Byron*.

#### THE COST OF WAR.

"GIVE ME the MONEY that has been SPENT in WAR  
AND I will PURCHASE EVERY FOOT OF LAND upon  
the Globe;  
I WILL CLOTHE every MAN, WOMAN, and CHILD in  
an ATTIRE of which KINGS and QUEENS would be proud;  
I WILL BUILD a SCHOOL-HOUSE on EVERY HILL-  
SIDE and in EVERY VALLEY over the whole earth;  
I WILL BUILD an ACADEMY in EVERY TOWN and  
endow it, a COLLEGE in EVERY STATE, and will fill it with able  
professors;  
I WILL crown every hill with a PLACE OF WORSHIP  
consecrated to the promulgation of the GOSPEL of PEACE;  
I WILL support in every PULPIT an able TEACHER of  
righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should  
answer the chime on another round the earth's wide circumference;  
AND the VOICE of PRAYER and the SONG of PRAISE  
SHOULD ascend like a UNIVERSAL HOLOCAUST to  
heaven."—*RICHARD*.  
WHY all this TOIL and STRIFE?  
THERE is ROOM ENOUGH for ALL.  
WHAT is TEN THOUSAND TIMES  
MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR?

"I WILL TELL YOU WHAT IS TEN TIMES AND TEN THOUSAND  
TIMES MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR—OUTRAGED NATURE. SHE  
KILLS AND KILLS, and is NEVER TIRED OF KILLING TILL SHE  
HAS TAUGHT MAN THE TERRIBLE LESSON HE IS SO SLOW TO  
LEARN, THAT NATURE IS ONLY CONQUERED BY OBEYING HER.  
Man has his courtesies of war, he spares the woman and the child; but  
Nature is fierce when she is offended, as she is bounteous and kind when she is  
obeyed. She spares neither woman nor child. She has no pity; for some awful but  
most good reason, she is not allowed to have any pity. Silently she strikes the  
sleeping child with as little remorse as she would strike the strong man, with the  
musket or the pickaxe in his hand. Ah! would to God that some man had the  
pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of PREVENT-  
ABLE SUFFERING—the mass of PREVENTABLE AGONY of MIND and  
BODY—which exists in England!"—*KINGSLEY*.

#### CONQUEST!! EMPIRE!!! THE GREATEST OF ALL EARTHLY POSSESSIONS.

'HEALTH is the GREATEST of ALL POSSESSIONS: and 'tis a maxim with me that a HALE COBBLER is a BETTER MAN than a SICK KING.'—*Pickerstaff*.

### WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

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way in which the King was devoting himself to his duties. The Londoners were delighted with the resuscitation of a Court in their midst with all its pomp and bustle, and scarcely a day passed that did not bring with it some ceremony or incident to arouse their interest and engross their attention—councils, investitures, receptions, presentations, appointments, Royal comings and goings—everything but the gay functions and festivities in which the Royal family were still debilitated from indulging by their period of a year's mourning for the late Queen.

Soon after the Prince of Wales's return home there were reports that the King's health was not satisfactory, but they fortunately proved to have no foundation, in fact, Sir Frederick Treves, surgeon-general to the King, when presiding at the half-yearly dinner of the Aberdeen University Club, said that it was very pleasant in the face of so many foolish and, indeed, wicked reports, to know that His Majesty had never enjoyed such excellent health as at that time. Three interesting proclamations were issued in the following December, one ordering that there be added to the achievement of the Prince of Wales the badge of the Red Dragon, the second announcing the date of the Coronation, and the third announcing the new designs for gold and copper coinage. A fourth proclamation issued later announced that June 26 and 27 were to be

bank holidays. The interest which the King takes in hospitals is well known, and early in January this year Sir Edward Cassel placed at His Majesty's disposal 200,000*l.* to be devoted to charitable or utilitarian purposes. His Majesty decided to devote this generous gift to the erection of a sanatorium for tuberculosis patients in England, and appointed an advisory committee consisting of eminent physicians to carry out his purpose, and thus showed himself to be a ruler combining zeal for the welfare of his people with practical sagacity in its achievement.

On January 16, the King for the second time opened Parliament in person. The ceremony was performed in full state, His Majesty going in procession from Buckingham Palace to Westminster. The King was accompanied by the Queen, and they received a most enthusiastic welcome from the dense crowds which thronged the route. The first anniversary of Queen Victoria's death (January 22) was commemorated by a service held in the Frogmore Mausoleum, which was attended by the King and Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales and many other members of the Royal Family. Next day Their Majesties were present at the confirmation of Princess Victoria Patricia, youngest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and Prince Alexander and Princess Victoria Eugénie of Battenberg, in the private chapel at Windsor. The year of mourning being now

over, the King and Queen visited the Lyric Theatre and saw the performance of *Mice and Men* by Mr. Forbes-Robertson and his company. The occasion was notable as being the first visit to a theatre of the Monarch for over thirty years. Since then, the King has constantly patronised the theatre and the concert hall, giving thereby much pleasure to the London public by appearing before them so often.

The first Levée since the King's accession was held on February 11 in St. James's Palace. The scene in the Park was brilliant, it being a long time since the sight of so many varied costumes had been witnessed. There were bishops in lawn sleeves and scarlet hoods, attended by chaplains in long black gowns with white bands, lawyers in full-bottomed wigs, foreign diplomatists and officers in gorgeous uniforms, and British generals and admirals—the whole scene being full of colour and animation. Later in the month the King journeyed north to spend a week-end with Lord and Lady Burton at Rangmore. The people at Burton village, from which the King drove to Lord Burton's seat, were at great pains to give His Majesty a loyal welcome and decorated the place lavishly and illuminated it so well that the effect was very pretty. A visit was paid to Messrs. Bass and Co.'s brewery, where the King started a special brew, which is to be

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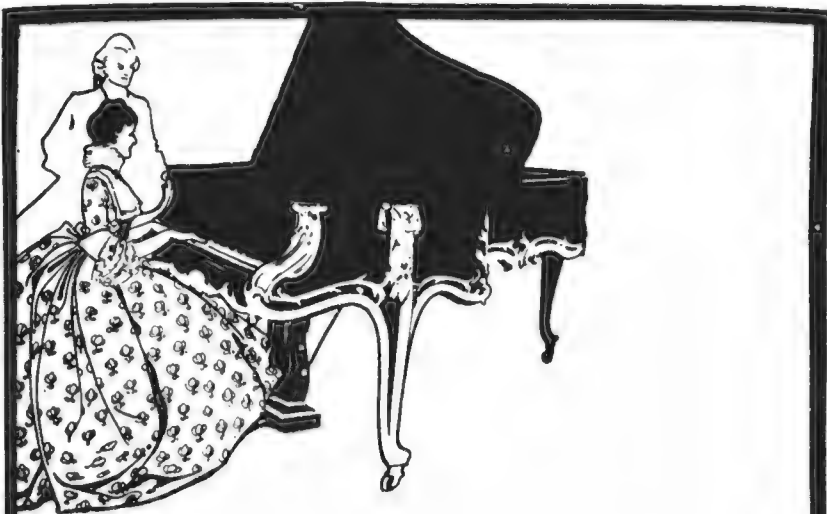
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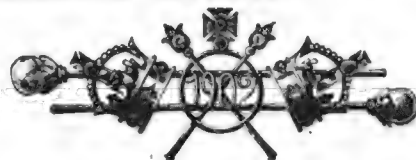
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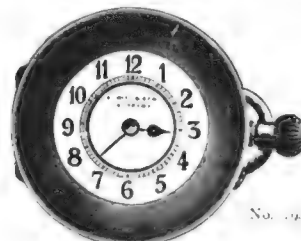
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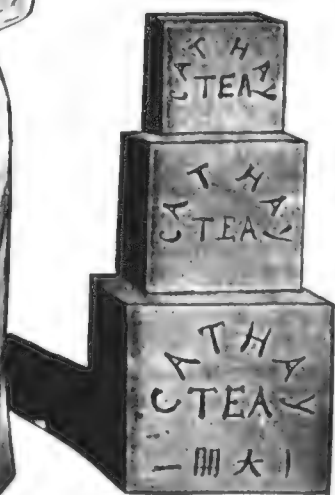
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known as King's ale. The brew consisted of 400 barrels of thirty-six gallons each, and being of special strength and quality was not intended to be put on the market, but was reserved for special occasions.

The King intended to visit Ireland in the spring of the year, but, to the great disappointment of the bulk of the Irish people, the visit was abandoned, owing to the "advice of his Ministers." Instead of the Irish trip, a yachting tour on the South Coast was substituted by the King, who, it was first thought, was going abroad for his well-earned holiday. But before his holiday there was work for the King to do. Two ceremonies of wide and general interest were to be performed by the King and Queen—the laying of the foundation stone of the Britannia College for the training of Naval officers, and the launch of the great battleship, which is to bear the name *Queen*, after the illustrious lady by whom the ceremony was performed. The new Naval College, which, when completed, will take the place of the old training ship *Britannia*, is situated

at Dartmouth. The battleship *Queen* was launched at Devonport, and the King, during his visit to that town, distributed medals to some 350 officers and men of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines who had served in China and South Africa. After the launch of H.M.S. *Queen*, the King laid the keel-plate of another battleship, the *King Edward VII.*, which is being built on the stocks vacated by the *Queen*. On March 14 the King and Queen held a Court at Buckingham Palace which was historically important as the first evening Court of the new reign, these functions taking the place of the Drawing Rooms of Queen Victoria's reign.

On March 27 the King went to Cowes to begin his yachting tour. While in the Isle of Wight His Majesty took another step in his crusade against consumption by visiting the Royal National Hospital for Consumption at Ventnor. In the meantime the Queen had gone to Copenhagen to be present at the celebration of the birthday of her father, the King of Denmark. The King left Cowes on April 3, and in the course of his trip visited West

Lulworth, Whitehead's Torpedo Works, the seat of Lord Mount Edgcumbe, Cotehele, on the Tamar, the Scilly Islands, where he had a most enthusiastic welcome from the people; and Falmouth. In the Isle of Wight and at other places where he landed the King took drives in a motor-car, an amusement to which His Majesty has taken a great liking. Returning to London the King took up his residence in Buckingham Palace, having handed over Marlborough House to the Prince of Wales. Great pleasure was given to his Colonial subjects by the King's visit to Lord's to witness a lacrosse match between a Canadian team touring in this country, and the Duke of Argyll's team. The opera season this year opened with every prospect of a successful career, the King and Queen being present on the opening night. Their Majesties also attended the opening of the Royal Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall. The King's patronage does much to ensure success, and His Majesty seems determined that London shall remember the season of 1902, his Coronation year.

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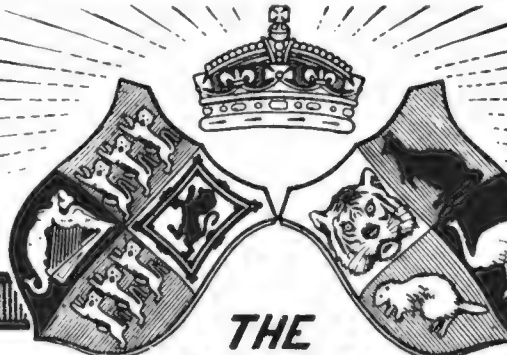
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# A BARONET'S TESTIMONY.

## BILE BEANS CURE HIM OF CHRONIC BILIOUSNESS.

It is impossible to visit even the most remote village in England without finding one or more persons who are indebted to BILE BEANS for good health; and as but one example of the many persons in high places who have proved this preparation, may be mentioned a well-known South of England Baronet—Sir Chas. Clifton-Browne. By the courtesy of Sir Charles we are permitted to publish the chief points in a brief interview he accorded to a representative of the Bile Bean Company who called upon him at his pretty Deal residence, 1, Clanwilliam Road. The object of his call having been explained, Sir Charles said in his usual kindly manner:

"I don't know that there is anything much to say on the subject, and I am in still more doubt as to whether or not I should allow you to publicly mention my name. The facts of the case are eminently simple. Practically from boyhood I have suffered from attacks of biliousness. Indeed, I fancy I inherited the ailment from my father, the late Col. W. L. Clifton-Browne. You will have heard of him as a leading member of the old Surrey Foxhounds. He was a martyr to biliousness.

"Up to trying BILE BEANS I had found nothing which did me the slightest good. One day while staying at a Durham hotel I had a very bad attack. The boots—a queer old chap—said 'Beg pardon, sir, but why don't you try BILE BEANS?' I had a short conversation with him, and gave him five shillings to get me a box.

"I got over that attack of biliousness more quickly than I had ever recovered from one before, and when I came down

South again I took the Beans regularly for a time. What their composition is I don't know, but they have cured me completely, and I have never had another bilious attack since." "May I ask, Sir Charles, if there can be any doubt about BILE BEANS being the sole cause of your cure?" queried the reporter.

"Not the least," was the reply. "I have since told several friends of these Beans, and have had the opportunity of seeing their beneficial effects upon others. But I have nothing more to say on the subject, for as I have said, mine is a simple case of complete cure, and I have no wish to elaborate it."

Sir Charles Wm. Woolfe Clifton-Browne, to whom we are indebted for the above testimony to BILE BEANS, belongs to one of real old Scottish families—the Browns of Fordel, Perthshire. The Browns were at one time the principal landowners in Perth, and many of them fought for Prince Charlie. Sir Charles is the great-grandson of the famous divine, the Very Rev. Wm. Lawrence Brown, D.D., L.L.D., Principal of Marischal College, Aberdeen, and Chaplain to George III. His great-grand-uncle was that great Greek scholar, Dr. Robert Jas. Brown, L.L.D. Another of his ancestors—Bishop Brown, of Dunkeld—built the Bridge of Dunkeld.

When such well-known men as Sir Charles Clifton-Browne speak in favour of Bile Beans, and show proof of their merit, it is powerful corroboration of the statement made on behalf of BILE BEANS—that they are a medicine which has done more good to persons in all walks of life than any other known preparation.



SIR CHARLES CLIFTON-BROWNE, BART.

From a Photo

[By Lorraine Ward, Hounslow.

### INDIGESTION.

Indigestion is an ailment which may develop into a most severe disease if not properly attended to. Acute chronic indigestion is by no means a slight affair. Attacks of indigestion in a more or less mild form are too common to dwell upon for any length of time. As its name implies, this disorder is an insufficient action of the various digestive organs, which prevents the food being properly dissolved. In cases of this kind the effect is twofold:—First, the waste part of the food is kept in the stomach and becomes sour instead of being carried off; and secondly, the bloodmaking or useful part of the food is kept from performing its offices. The causes of indigestion are many. Insufficient liver action, over-eating, eating too fast, and partaking of rich and indigestible foods, &c., &c. Constant worry or mental strain, or lack of regularity, may also cause an attack. The first thing necessary to cure an indisposition of this sort is a thorough opening of the bowels, and a complete clearing out of the whole digestive organism; then the liver should be stimulated to action, and regularity observed in everything.

BILE BEANS will do the first two of these; the patient must attend to the third. Chronic indigestion, of course, needs longer treatment than a temporary attack. It is well to bear in mind that headaches, face pimples, listlessness, and a host of minor ailments arise from indigestion, or some other form of digestive disorder.

### CONSTIPATION.

"This ailment indirectly occasions more suffering, and gives rise to more serious disorders in both sexes, than any other ailment known to medical science."

The above statement, startling as it may appear, is well within the truth, and being so, it behoves every adult to give the matter careful consideration. The causes of constipation may be local or general. The intestines may become narrowed by disease and collection of hard fecal masses may follow. Weakness and feeble action of the muscular fibres of the abdominal wall, &c. Generally, however, the cause of constipation is sluggishness of the intestines, and habitual neglect of the calls of nature. Regular habit is here absolutely essential if health is to be maintained. Now medical authorities agree that to fly to harmful mineral purgatives as soon as this ailment asserts itself is a mistake as serious as it is widespread. A cure is best brought about by natural means. Purging in all cases should be avoided. A suitable medicine possessing aperient properties should be taken, healthy out-door exercise obtained, green vegetables and brown bread freely eaten. The greatest care is necessary in the selection of the medicine. Bile Beans for Biliousness bestow an advantage upon sufferers far above that obtained from any other preparation. They are purely vegetable, they avert the evil of purging, and while correcting the existing evil they also remove the predisposition towards it which months or years of suffering may have occasioned.

# Bile Beans FOR Biliousness

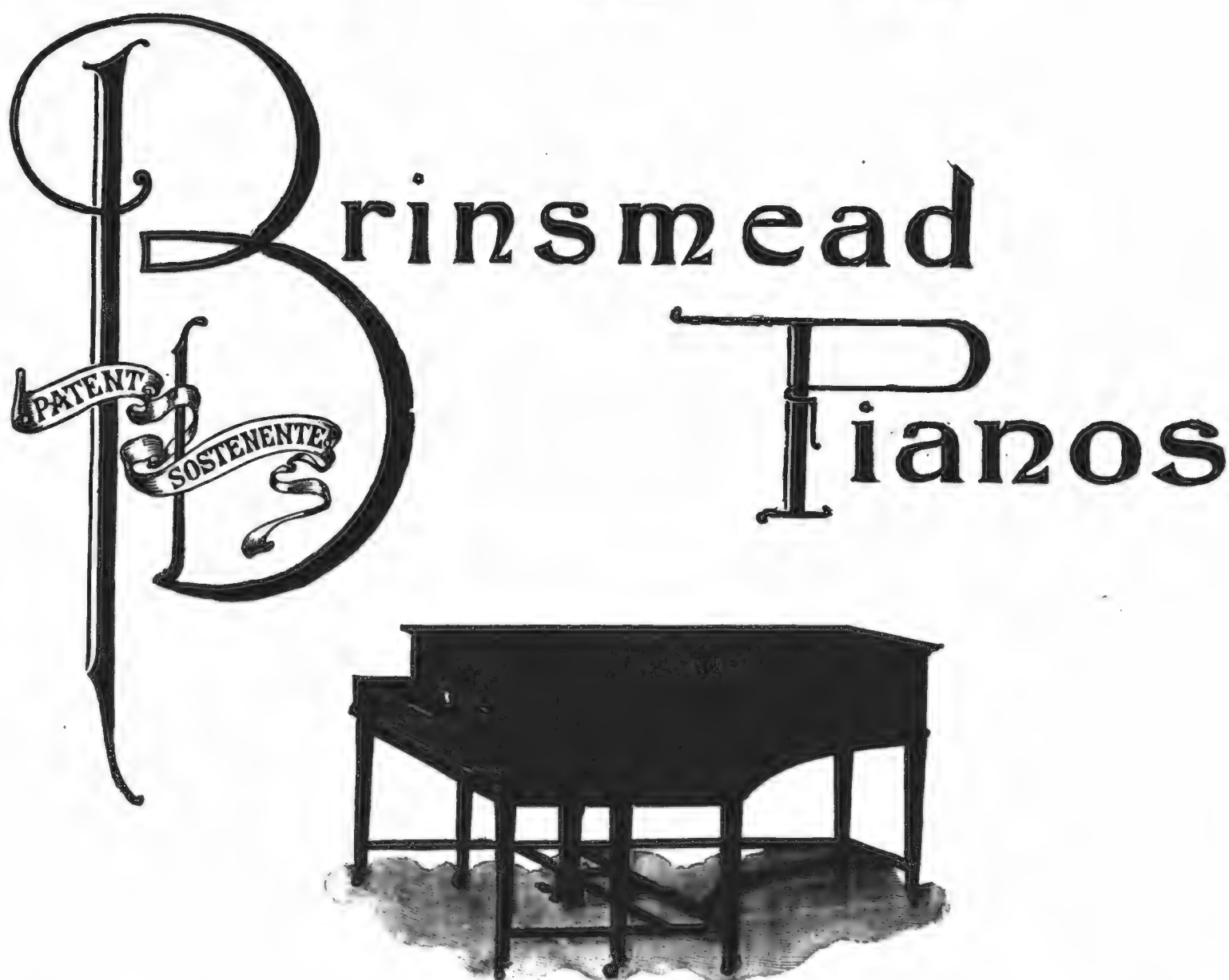
Bile Beans for Biliousness have been proved to be an undoubted cure for Headache, Constipation, Piles, Liver Trouble, Bad Breath, Indigestion, Flatulence, Spasms, Palpitation, Liver Chills, Dizziness, Anæmia, Debility, Blood Impurities, Skin Eruptions, Loss of Ambition, Sleeplessness, Specks before the Eyes, Buzzing Noises in the Head, Spring Ailments, Female Irregularities, and a host of other ailments that owe their origin to defective bile flow, assimilation, and digestion. Obtainable of all Chemists, or Post Free if this paper is mentioned, from the Bile Bean Manufacturing Co., 110 and 120, London Wall, London, E.C., on receipt of prices, 1s. 11d. or 2s. 6d. (large box contains three times the quantity of small size), three large boxes 7s. 6d., or 8s. for 14s.

Bile Beans are packed in sealed boxes only, and are sold in no other way.

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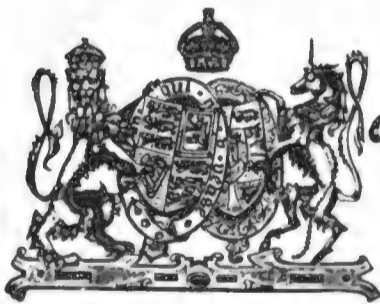
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